

WHAT
IS
THY
NAME?

A BOOK FOR GIRLS

J.P. STRUTHERS

WHAT IS THY NAME?



*"The prosperity
of a book
depends upon
the minds of readers."*

Geo. Henry Lewes

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BY
J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.

"Under the consideration of NAMES I will here make a hodge-podge
of diverse articles." MONTAIGNE. "*Essays*" I. xlv.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY A. L. STRUTHERS.

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P R E F A C E.

These notes on Girls' Names are reprinted from "*The Morning Watch*," for two reasons: the first being that the volumes in which they appeared—1899 to 1908—are nearly all out of print, and the second, that my husband himself had purposed, God willing, to issue them in book form at some future time. In accordance, therefore, with his plan, and in the hope that the book will be welcomed by those for whom he intended it, the notes are now published in this shape.

Very regretfully many of the instances under several of the names have been omitted, lest the volume might have proved too bulky for a girl's bookshelf. The references in the text to previous articles in "*The Morning Watch*" have been retained as they may be found interesting.

A. L. S.

GREENOCK, November, 1915

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WHAT IS THY NAME?

(GEN. xxxii. 27.)

ABIGAIL—ANN

Nomen Omen.—"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. i. 21.

WHEN a child is born, it gets two names. The first or Christian name is chosen for it by its parents and friends. The second name or surname is an inheritance that has come down to it through eight or ten generations at most. Four or five centuries ago people in our country, like the Jews and the Greeks, had only one name. There was a time, they say, when one-third of the men in England were called either William or John, and that was all the name they had. Our surnames were first given to our ancestors from the places in which they lived, or from the trades they followed, or from something striking in their personal appearance. If those who have borne our names before us have been wise, our family names are a rich inheritance; they are certificates of character as well as birth.

For our Christian names our parents alone are responsible. It is a pity that, in choosing them, so

many are guided by custom, swayed by temper, or ruled by pride. A thoughtlessly chosen name may do much to spoil a child's chances in life. When a name, for example, becomes too common, it is not fair in friends to give it to a child. The child might almost as well have no name at all. On the other hand, a famous name is quite as bad. If a boy's name is Knox, his parents ought not to call him John. There is one John Knox already, and there can be no other. And, of course, to give a child a ridiculous high-sounding name is worse than cruel. It compels the child to feel, when it comes of age, that its father and mother were not wise. In choosing names all parents should ask advice from God.

Yet, strange to say, almost any name, however colourless or ludicrous, may be redeemed in process of time. It becomes saturated, so to speak, with a new meaning. It ends by being simply the symbol of ourselves, and people, when they hear it, forget the mere words and think only of the qualities of the men and women whom they designate. And that is one of the things God means by His Own new Name. Take, for example, the Apostle Paul. The word Paul means *little*. Yet no name has a bigger meaning, or holds in it more of God and Christ.

If all is well, I purpose going over the more or less common of Girls' Names, taking them in alphabetical order, and telling you little stories of good and brave women, and sometimes, for your warning, of wicked women, who have borne them. And may all Girls

who at any time may read these words have their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

ABIGAIL means *father of joy*—that is, joyful, happy herself, and the cause of happiness to others.

There are two of this name in the Bible: the first, a sister of David's, whose marriage with Jether, an Ishmaelite, is one of many proofs that in Old Testament as in New Testament times Gentiles and outcasts were welcomed by the noblest and best in Israel into the Church and family of God. Amasa, so treacherously slain by his cousin Joab, was her son.

The second ABIGAIL was the woman "of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance," who was married, doubtless, as was common in those days, without being consulted, to Nabal, an ill-natured, drunken fool. But he was very rich, and perhaps her parents thought him a great catch. Many a time she must have felt that her young life had been flung away. But her husband's neglect and cruelty only drove her nearer God. She is one of the most capable women mentioned in the Bible. By tact and prompt action and "blessed advice" she kept David from shedding much innocent blood. She was one of those to whom "life had grown to be so gracious, so happy, so serious, that she would not infrequently say a thing worth saying." She will be remembered for ever as the woman who coined that wonderful phrase—"bound up in the bundle of life." It is no wonder,

therefore, that as soon as the people of England were allowed to read the Bible, which the Church of Rome had kept from them for ages, this beautiful name became instantly a favourite, and continued so for almost two centuries. It is now, unfortunately, almost unknown in Britain. A curious proof of its disuse is seen in the fact that in Lloyd's Register, which is supposed to contain the name of every steam and sailing ship in the world, there is not at the present moment a single ship called *Abigail*; while a hundred years ago there were six, besides an *Abigail and Ann*. But the name is still in use, I hear, in the United States, especially amongst the descendants of the Puritans. Its contracted form is ABBY.

The best known ABIGAIL in English history is ABIGAIL HILL, the wife of Mr., afterwards Lord Masham. She was the cousin of Sarah, the proud Duchess of Marlborough, who domineered so long over Queen Anne. Being very poor, she served for a time as a lady's nurserymaid. Her cousin, hearing of her poverty, got the Queen to make her one of her waiting-women. When the Queen wished to wash her hands, it was her duty, so we learn from an old letter written in 1728, to take the basin and ewer from the page of the back stairs, set it on the table, and then kneel on the other side of the table over against the Queen, and pour the water on the Queen's hands. She also had to pull on the Queen's gloves, but she called in the page to put on her shoes. When the Queen dined in public, a page handed her glass

to Mrs. Masham, who then handed it to the lady-in-waiting, who in turn handed it to the Queen. It was Mrs. Masham's duty also to bring the Queen her chocolate, and this we are told she did "without kneeling." After a time, being a good musician, and a fine mimic—which is a great gift if used kindly and with discretion—and above all, being able to keep a secret, which is one of the finest things that can be said about a woman, she took the place of the Duchess in her mistress's affection, and was the Queen's friend till death, "never in the way and never out of the way." But it stands on record in history—how a word may be remembered!—that the Duchess one day called Abigail Hill "that wretch."

It may interest some to know that the ten names most common amongst girls in Scotland seem to be, in their order—Mary, Margaret, Janet or Jessie, Elizabeth, Jeannie or Jane, Isabella, Annie, Helen, Agnes, and Catherine. I have gone over lists containing several thousands of names of young people in different parts of the country, and I find that out of every thousand, eight hundred bear one or other of these ten names. Mary, of course, occurs most frequently, and there cannot be too many Marys if they all strive to be like her who was the mother of our Lord. There are two of them, on an average, in every nineteen women whom one meets, and two Margarets in every twenty.

The name ADAH, which is not to be confounded with the Saxon Ada, means *ornament, beauty*

The first ADAH was one of the wives of Lamech. She was the mother of Jabal, the first shepherd who made tents and roamed abroad, and of Jubal, the first musician. She is one of the four women who lived before the Flood whose names are known to us.

This name, common for a time amongst the Puritans, is now almost confined to those who are of Jewish birth. I give one instance of it, and that chiefly for the sake of one incident. There was an actress of varied accomplishments, ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, who attained considerable notoriety forty years ago. She was born in Louisiana, U.S.A., 1835, and after a sorrowful career, and an amount of misery in her married life which recalls to one's mind the story of the Woman of Samaria, died in Paris in 1868, at the age of thirty-three. She is buried there in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and on her tombstone, under her name, are these two most solemn and most touching words, taken from the ancient prophets of the faith in which she died:

“THOU KNOWEST.”

ADELAIDE — which means, like Sarah, *a princess*—was the name of the wife of William IV. She was the daughter of a German duke, and was married to her husband, then Duke of Clarence, in 1818, in her twenty-sixth year, he being in his fifty-third. Though he was not a man of whom any woman could very well be proud, she proved a loving wife to him, and it was in her arms he died, in 1837.

When word was brought to her that George IV. was dead, and that her husband and she were now King and Queen of Britain, it is said she burst into tears. On regaining her composure, she took up a Prayer Book that was lying on a table, and having written her name in it, gave it to the gentleman who brought the news, that it might be her first gift to anyone as Queen. It was thought at first that she meddled with politics, and for a time she was most unpopular. A few months after her accession—it was the time when revolution was in the air—it was not deemed safe for her or her husband to visit the Lord Mayor of London. On one occasion her carriage was attacked in the streets, and her footmen had to use their canes in her defence. In process of time, however, the ill-feeling against her passed away. There was one act of hers which specially touched the heart of the nation. In 1837, when her mother was but newly dead and her husband's health was giving way, she gave a magnificent banquet to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of her niece, the Princess Victoria, our present Queen, that being the age at which it became competent for her to assume the reins of government, in the event of the King's death. Queen Adelaide's own children, two little daughters, either of whom had she lived would have ascended the throne, had died in early infancy, and it must have been no ordinary trial to a mother to welcome the coming of age of one who was to take the place she had once hoped to see filled by one of her own dead little ones. After her husband's death she was forced to travel in search of health. She stayed for some

time in Madeira, and in Malta, where she built an English church in memory of her visit. She gave largely—upwards of £20,000 a year—to benevolent and religious institutions. She died in 1849, in her fifty-seventh year, from the rupture of a blood-vessel in her chest. In her will occurred these words: “I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request therefore that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight, no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors. All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who desire to attend, may do so. . . . I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected nor embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible. . . . I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul.”

She was buried as she wished. At the close of a simple ceremony, the Garter King-at-Arms, standing near the grave, pronounced her titles and style as follows: “Thus it hath pleased God to take out of this transitory life unto His Divine mercy the late **Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Princess Adelaide, the Queen-Dowager, relict of His**

Majesty King William the Fourth, Uncle to Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Victoria." Then, according to custom, her Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain—that is, the officers who had charge of her household—stepped forward to the mouth of the tomb amidst a profound silence, broke the long white staves which were the badges of their office, and kneeling, laid them on her coffin.

ADELAIDE JOHANNA ISIDORA WEDEL-JARLSBERG, the second wife of Baldur Nansen, was the mother of Nansen, the Arctic explorer. She is said to have been a tall, stately lady, capable, resolute, even-tempered, and straightforward. Greatly against the wishes of her father, Baron Christian, a strict aristocrat of old family, she took for her first husband a baker's son. Her mother sided with her, but neither she nor her husband would go to the marriage, though they both at last gave their consent to it. Mrs. Nansen showed her masculine will, further, in cultivating the sport of snow-shoeing, an art which was regarded by public opinion, like skating in our own country forty years ago, unbecoming in a woman. She was an active, managing housewife, not afraid of the coarsest work. She toiled in the garden, and made her boys' clothes. Indeed, they had no other tailor till they were eighteen. She was a great reader, too. It was on a small property belonging to her, at Great Fröen, that her famous son, who is very like her in face, was born, October 10, 1861. She taught her two boys from childhood to endure hardness. They had to take turns in waiting at

table, and for pocket money they had sixpence a-piece per month, for every penny of which they had to give account.

The name AGNES is a very beautiful one. It means *pure*. "And blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Amongst the famous men who had an AGNES for their mother may be mentioned Chaucer, Cranmer, George Buchanan, and Lord Clyde.

In the *Diary of a Highland Lady*, edited by Lady Strachey, there is a short but interesting description of an English servant girl, AGNES RAYMUS. "Pretty tidy Nancy. I remember her kitchen with its sanded floor, bright barred grate, and shelves loaded with glittering brass and pewter. But the room was the glory of Nancy's busy hands, where, too, she had her bird in its cage, her geraniums in the window, shaded from the summer's sun by a white muslin curtain daintily trimmed with a plaited frill. On Sabbaths we used to see Farmer Dugard and his wife going to the church at Thorley Tuyford. Behind them came Nancy, of whom I remember only her rosy cheeks and bright kind eyes, and that she held both her own book and her uncle's and an umbrella. They used to whisper that one of the miller's men liked attending Thorley Church and so would meet the little party at the stile. Whether more came of this I cannot tell."

We may be sure that God was not displeased either with the young miller for going to the church

for Nancy's sake, or with Nancy for liking all the more to go because she knew the miller would be waiting at the stile. From the beginning of the world God made men and women to be helpmeets to one another's salvation. "I taught Ephraim to go; I took them on My arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."

David Livingstone's mother's maiden name was AGNES HUNTER. She was a delicate little woman, with remarkably beautiful eyes; active, orderly, cleanly; calm, yet very cheery, and fond of telling stories of her youth, which means that she loved to remember all the way by which God had led her. She died somewhat suddenly, on the 18th of June 1865, aged eighty-two, after an illness which had confined her to her bed for several years. A few hours before her death, seeing the end was near, her daughter AGNES said to her, "The Saviour has come for you, mother. You can lippen [trust] yourself to Him?" "Oh yes!" Her grandchild was held up to her to get her blessing. Giving her a loving look, she said, "Bonnie wee lassie," and these were her last words.

When her son was returning to Africa in 1856, she said she would like, if it were God's will, that one of her laddies should lay her head in the grave, but thinking that was hardly possible she had fixed on a godly man of her acquaintance to do that office for her. But God granted her her wish. Her famous son was one of the little company who carried her to

Hamilton Churchyard, where she lies under a stone that bears this inscription :

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE OF
NEIL LIVINGSTONE,
AND AGNES HUNTER, HIS WIFE,
AND TO EXPRESS THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD
OF THEIR CHILDREN,
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, AND AGNES,
FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

The first wages Livingstone got he put into his mother's lap. No boy that ever did that ever regretted it. In the April before she died Livingstone finished his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*. His daughter AGNES had helped him to copy his manuscript, and when the last line was written, he cried for her to come, and putting the pen in her hand, made her write the word *Finis*. And every girl should remember that it is her duty and her honour to put the crown, the finishing touch, to the work of her father's and her mother's life. "May the Almighty qualify you," he wrote to this little girl afterwards, "to be a blessing to those around you wherever your lot is cast. I know that you hate all that is mean and false. May God make you good, and to delight in doing good to others."

AGNES was the name both of the mother and of the wife of William Guthrie, the minister of Fenwick, who wrote that famous book, *The Christian's Great Interest*. Mr. Guthrie's mother was the wife of a

Forfarshire laird, and a godly woman. Her son William was heir to the estate, but passed it over to a younger brother, in order that he might give himself wholly to the ministry. In 1645, when he was five-and-twenty, he married AGNES CAMPBELL, the daughter of an Ayrshire gentleman, a woman who is said to have been both beautiful and handsome, of good sense and good breeding, with a singular cheeriness of temper. She and her husband lived happily together till his death in 1665, having one faith and one hope, and with a consuming love to Christ. She could not have loved her husband more than she did; yet, from the very beginning of her married life, she was willing he should face any danger and submit to any loss rather than be untrue to God. One of her granddaughters was the wife of Wodrow the historian.

AGNES MUIRHEAD was the maiden name of the mother of James Watt the engineer. Of her five children three died in childhood, and one was lost in one of his father's ships on a voyage to America. James was a sickly child, and she had much difficulty in rearing him. She was, as one described her, "a braw, braw woman," and, better still, a wise and capable housewife. On one occasion, according to tradition, one of her guests was struck with the fact that Mrs. Watt had two candles burning on the table. Other women, it would seem, would have been content with one; but a woman with such a son might well illuminate her house. She died suddenly in 1755, aged fifty-two. It is said that,

three days before, she heard a voice calling on her to appear on the third day at the judgment-seat of Christ.

The name ALICE, which is said to mean *noble*, though rare in Scotland, is the third or fourth commonest in England.

The great Francis Bacon's wife was ALICE BARNHAM, the daughter of Benedict Barnham, a London alderman. Her mother is described as a "violent little woman." They were married on the 10th of May, after a three years' engagement. I am sorry I cannot describe the bride's dress; it is said she was covered with cloth of silver and ornaments of gold. The bridegroom, though no one will take any interest in him, wore a suit of purple Genoese velvet. In Scotland, one is ashamed to say, marriages in May are very rare. The flitting day, when people get their houses, is the 28th of the month, and that makes it an impossible time for some. But many, who are not troubled by that difficulty, will marry on the last day of April, or wait till the first of June, but marry in May they will not, owing to a superstition that May marriages are "unlucky." To yield to such a thought is not only foolish, but most sinful. It, so to speak, dethrones God for one month in the year, and is nothing less than an act of blasphemy. I hope all Scotch girls who read this, if it be God's will to give them husbands, will marry in May if they possibly can, and help to take away this great reproach from our land.

There is another ALICE whose misadventure not only gave her herself a name and place in history, but enriched the world. When she was thirteen years of age, LADY ALICE EGERTON, daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, and her two brothers were benighted, and lost their way, while travelling through a wood in Herefordshire. The brothers, having left their sister alone in an attempt to explore their path, were unable to find their way back to her. For some hours she was exposed to considerable danger, being at the mercy of lawless men, who at that time infested the neighbourhood. Happily all ended well, and it was to add to the rejoicings with which her father and mother celebrated her safe return that Milton wrote the *Mask*, or little play, which he called *Comus*. In it, under the form of an allegory, the poet shows how the Angels have charge over every pure and godly maiden, and how by the strength of God any girl, however young and helpless, may baffle and overcome the most cunning and most cruel temptations of men and devils.

“ This I hold firm :

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil.

* * * If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.”

Mrs. John Richard Green, the wife of the great historian, whose maiden name was MISS ALICE STOPFORD, has won for herself a double

place in the annals of our country, first by her own scholarship, and secondly by the help she gave her husband while he lived, and the devotion with which she has served him since he died. It is well known that, during Mr. Green's illness, she wrote to his dictation till she lost for a time the power of her right hand, and then she learned to write with her left. In my student days I was tutor in a country house in Fifeshire at which Miss Stopford, then in her girlhood, visited. I still remember, with great delight, the kindness and courage with which, at the discussions that made each meal a feast, she came to the help of every weak and failing cause, and the merry wit and wisdom by which she invariably won the day, and won it so pleasantly that the very vanquished shared the spoils.

THE PRINCESS ALICE was the second daughter of Queen Victoria. She was married when she was nineteen, and died, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, when she was thirty-five. It is not easy to know the truth about persons of royal birth while they are living. There is a little ring of courtiers and flatterers round about them, and outside it there is another and a crueller ring made up of slanderers and envious detractors. But when princes are in their graves we get nearer them. The circles alike of flatterers and slanderers, having no more that they can do, have passed away to fawn on, or to strike at, their successors. The Princess Alice, to judge by the volume of her letters published after her death, seems to have been a good woman, in the highest



ALICE,
GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE, PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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sense of the word. For a time, during her early married life, led away by German philosophy, she lost her faith in God, but the conversation of a Scotch gentleman at court, and above all, the death of her little boy, who was killed by falling from a window, almost in her very sight, brought her back to Christ. Towards the end of 1878 her husband and four of her children took diphtheria. One of them, her daughter May, died. Then, worn out with nursing them, she herself sickened, and passed away on the seventeenth anniversary of her father's death. Her last conscious words were: "Now I shall go to sleep again." Just as she was dying she was heard to murmur: "From Friday to Saturday—four weeks—May—dear Papa."

MRS. ALISON COCKBURN wrote the well-known song "The Flowers of the Forest" about the year 1750, the occasion of her writing it being the ruin, through some financial calamity, of several old families in Ettrick Forest.

"I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing;
But now it is fled—it is fled far away."

It is this piece of music that is usually played by the pipers of Highland regiments at the burial of a comrade, and no one who has heard the wail of it, now waxing louder, now becoming fainter, as a funeral procession has come winding down from the heights of Edinburgh Castle, can forget, or wish to forget, the awful solemnity of it as long as he lives.

Mrs. Cockburn was the daughter of a Mr. Rutherford of Fairnilee, Selkirkshire, an estate which has recently passed by bequest into the hands of the distinguished philosopher, Professor Pringle-Pattison. When she was barely eighteen she married the son of the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, a husband whom she described as "superior to all kings for real worth and native honour." She was left a widow in 1753, when she was forty, with an only son, Adam, who died in manhood, an officer of dragoons and unmarried. Mrs. Cockburn, in a letter quoted in Mr. Craig-Brown's *History of Selkirkshire*, describes herself, even in middle age, as a "veteran in sorrow, like a stripped tree robbed of shelter and foliage." She died at her house in Crichton Street at the age of eighty-two, in 1795, having been for over sixty years one of the queens of Edinburgh society. "The lovely gold of her auburn hair remained unsilvered to the last." There is a portrait of her extant in which she wears "a striped silk sacque, fitting tight to the waist in front, but hanging loose from the neck behind, and terminating at the elbows in three wide frills. Over her shoulders is a black lace shawl or tippet. Her hair is turned back and covered by a flat cap or hood, the ends of which meet beneath her chin."

She was a woman, I need hardly say, of great mental power, as well as beauty. She met Sir Walter Scott for the first time when he was about seven years of age, and described him, in a letter written at the time, as "a most extraordinary genius of a boy."

I have no idea what a "striped silk sacque" is, but the girls who read this, or hear it read to them, will know, or else they will very soon find out. But I have told them about it in the hope that, now and again, when they speak or think about sacques and tippets, or when in happy companies they sing "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away," they may remember two other scenes in Mrs. Cockburn's life. When she was a child of eight, an old gardener on her father's estate employed her to clip his white beard every Saturday, an office, she says, "which I performed with the greatest pride and pleasure. He was a most venerable man, and when he prayed God to bless me, I felt blest." In another letter, quoted by Mr. Craig-Brown, she describes an incident which reminds one of what the late godly General Sir James Hope Grant said, when he was told the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge would like to come to see him—"It will do them no harm to visit a dying man, and perhaps I may be able to say something which will do them good." "In 1756," says Mrs. Cockburn, "I rode over at six in the morning to see an old dying minister—the Rev. Henry Davidson of Galashiels. He had his fine white bushy hair under a fine Holland night-cap; sheets, shirt, as white as snow; a large Bible on a table by his bed, with his watch. He embraced me with fervour, and said I would not repent losing some hours' sleep to see, for the last time, an old man who was going home. He naturally fell into a description of his malady, checked himself, and said it was a shame to complain of a bad road to a happy

home. 'And there,' said he, 'is my passport,' pointing to his Bible; 'let me beg, my young friend, you will study it: you are not yet a Christian' (it was true), 'but you have an inquiring mind, and cannot fail to be one.' Then he prayed fervently for me, and said he was hasted; blessed some particular friends, and bade me farewell."

MISS ALISON HAY DUNLOP, an Edinburgh lady of Huguenot descent who died in 1888 aged fifty-three, a linguist, a scholar, an antiquarian, will be remembered most, perhaps, in years to come as the betrothed of Thomas Davidson, "The Scottish Probationer," whose letters, poems, and songs are well known to students. It was he who wrote the song "The Yang-tsi-Kiang." An old woman whom he met in the train one day had been telling him about her family, and especially about her son, a soldier "far away on the banks of the Yang-tsi-Kiang." She seemed to find a satisfaction in the high-sounding name of the distant river. "The name filled his ear, and he could not rest till he had woven it into the refrain of a little comic song, for which he composed a tune." Poor Davidson died of consumption in 1870, in his thirty-second year. He had been engaged to Miss Dunlop for a number of years, and evidently loved her very dearly.

The name ALISON came from France, between which country and Scotland there was much coming and going several centuries ago. ALISON is the same as HÉLOÏSE, who was the wife of Abelard, the

greatest thinker and theologian of the twelfth century. The story of their love to one another is one of the most affecting in history.

Abelard was born near Nantes in 1079, and died near Chalons in 1142. Héloïse died in 1162, and was buried beside him. But only ninety years ago the ashes of both were brought to Paris, where they now lie in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA was the youngest and, as has often happened in large families, the best and most worthy to be remembered, of the fifteen children of George III. She was born in 1783, and died in 1810. In the records of her father's court we catch a few brief glimpses of her. The etiquette of those days demanded that on the birthday of any member of the Royal Family all the members of it, as well as all the chief officials of court, should appear in new dresses. On each 7th of August, therefore, we see the Princess full of girlish glee, now in "a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, and white gloves," and now in "a French-grey riding dress with pink lapels, with her beautiful, richly flowing, and shining fair locks all unornamented." As a child she very early showed a consciousness of her high rank, yet at the same time won all hearts by her captivating manner and her readiness to be easily pleased.

Here is a pretty scene. There was at court, in some capacity or other, an old Mrs. Delaney, a friend of the famous Dean Swift. This lady being very ill, the little girl of her own accord, when saying

her prayers at her nurse's knee, said, "And, O God, make Lany well again."

She was never robust, and soon showed signs of failing health. When the nation was celebrating her father's jubilee on the 25th of October 1810 she was confined to bed with erysipelas. The King, who was then half blind and only sane at intervals, sent for her physicians four and five times a day, entreating them to tell him truly how it went with her. One day, when he came to see her, she brought out a ring which she had caused to be made—a lock of her hair under crystal set round with diamonds—and saying to him, "Remember me!" pressed it on his finger. That was their last meeting. So great was the King's grief that he passed into that last condition of madness from which he never recovered till his death ten years after.

The Princess, in her time of trouble, wrote some very beautiful and touching lines. Unable either to recall them—for I had never learnt them by heart—or, for the moment, to find any book that contained them, I mentioned my difficulty to an old lady, upwards of eighty-four, who has helped me with the *Morning Watch* many, many a time, and in more ways than I can tell. Taking up her pen, she instantly wrote them down for me, and here they are :

" Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked and sung,
And proud of wealth, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow or of pain ;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

I wonder if any little girl, who reads these words to-day, will learn them, and be able to say them off by heart when this generation, and the next, and the next, even threescore years and ten, shall have passed away.

I told you of an AMELIA who was good. I now wish to tell you of an AMELIA of another kind. She is mentioned in a recent book of Memoirs. But I shall not give you her full name, as she must now have been dead for many years, and it seems unfair to say nothing but evil of one who may have turned out well as she grew older. "AMELIA, with her brilliant eyes, was not a plain girl. But she was worse; she was an impudent one, and many, many a time I should have liked to ship her off to the Antipodes for the annoyance she caused us." That, with one or two brief references to her unladylike dress, and the loud, vulgar giggling of her favourite companion, is all that is said of her. Remember that you are all being noticed and photographed every day though you are not aware of it. Ask God to keep you from awaking here or hereafter to shame and contempt. May it be said of you all, whatever your name may be, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee."

The name ANN, with its various forms, ANNA, ANNE, ANNIE, seems to be the same as the Hebrew HANNAH, which means *grace*, or *favour*. Hence the Reformer James Melville, when dying in 1614, having resolved to put his house in order so long as strength served him, called his children, and lifting himself up both in body and spirit in the bed, declared his will, appointed his eldest son to be in his place as a father to the rest, and left to every one a pledge of his fatherly care and affection. Then, his eldest son having craved for his blessing earnestly, without which all was nothing, he had a speech to every one by way of blessing, "so eloquently and so pertinently, so heartily and in such confidence, as was marvellous to hear." To his daughter ANNA, in special, he wished "humility and meekness; and that, according to her name, *she should insinuate, that is, ingratiate, herself in the acceptation and love of all.*"

ANNE DONNE, wife of the Rev. Dr. John Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the mother of the famous poet William Cowper. He was barely six, and she was only thirty-four, when she died. Yet, fifty years afterwards, he could say, "Not a week passes, perhaps I might say not a day, in which I do not think of her: such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short." It was on the receipt of her portrait that he wrote the poem beginning:

"O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last"—

in which he speaks of "the meek intelligence of thy dear eyes," and recalls the tender memories of

"Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid."

MISS ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH, sister of Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, was the first Principal of Newnham, the well-known Ladies' College at Cambridge. Women, so far as higher education was concerned, were treated with contempt in our country till within the last thirty years. It is to Miss Clough and a few brave men, and still braver women, that we owe the great change in this respect that has happily taken place.

From her earliest youth she determined to live to some purpose. On her twenty-first birthday, in 1841, she wrote in her diary: "O Lord, I desire with all my heart and soul to do Thy will. I am often tired and weary of working, but I will try never to stop. If it is Thy gracious pleasure, I should desire to be able to do great things; if not—as seemeth best to Thee, O God." In the same year she said: "I care not for honour or praise if I could only really do something to benefit my fellow-creatures. If I were a man, I would not work for riches or to leave a wealthy family behind me; I would work for my country, and make its people my heirs." Thirty years afterwards she had the joy of seeing Newnham College no longer regarded as an experiment, but occupying an established position in the country. To a friend who was impatient for happiness she once remarked: "I had to wait for my happiness till

I was fifty." But before that time came she had a hard, hard struggle. "In looking back," she said in her old age, "it seems to me that one of the great things I have to be thankful for is that I was able to be very silent about what happened. Many difficulties were constantly arising about society matters and the conduct of students, but I was for the most part silent, and did not either speak or write about these matters; so they passed over."

Miss Clough died in February 1892. In her will she left instructions about her burial, in the event of bad weather, adding, "It would be a grievous thing if anyone were to get ill at my funeral."

ANNE, third daughter to Charles I., died 8th December 1640. "She was," says Dr. Thomas Fuller, "a very wise lady above her age, and died in her infancy when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' she said to Mrs. Conant, one of her rockers, 'I am not able to say my long prayer'—meaning the Lord's Prayer—'but I will say my short one—Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost."

MISS ANN COOPER was married in 1700 to Francis Chantrey, a member of the family to which the famous Sir Francis belonged. Mr. Holland, in his *Memorials* of the sculptor, mentions that he had

seen a pocket Bible of hers, on the fly-leaf of which were written these lines :

ANN CHANTREY—HER BOOK.

“ If it be lost, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to restore it me again,
And I'll reward you for your pain.”

Most boys have written in their school-books rhymes as poetical, but not so gracious as those; only, I imagine, we wrote them not with any overwhelming anxiety lest we should lose our books, or any consuming desire to find them if they should be lost, but because it made us feel brave to threaten, from a safe distance, the imaginary desperado who, we hoped, might steal them !

ANNE—CLARA

“The honours of a name ’tis just to guard ;
They are a trust but lent us which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor’s fame,
With care transmit them down to other hands.”

SHIRLEY.

ANN GRIFFITHS, a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist hymn-writer, who died in 1805 in the twenty-sixth year of her age, had a remarkable memory. She used to delight in repeating, word for word, the sermons that had touched her, and God meted out to her her own measure, for the hymns which she composed would have been lost if they had not been written down after her death from the recollection of the servant-girl to whom she had recited them.

Six queens of England have been named ANNE, and most of them would have been happier had they been milkmaids :

I. ANNE OF BOHEMIA, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., when she was sixteen became the wife of Richard II., the great-grandson of Edward II. who was defeated at Bannockburn. It was through her Bohemian attendants that John Wycliffe’s writings became known to John Huss

the Reformer, who was burned at the stake at Constance by the Roman Catholic Church, July 6, 1415.

2. ANNE, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, married against her will to the wicked Richard III., who was supposed by many to have had a hand in the death of Prince Edward, to whom she had been previously betrothed. She died in 1485, in her thirtieth year, her last days embittered by the knowledge that her husband was wearying for her death.

3. ANNE BOLEYN, the second wife of Henry VIII. It is said that she loved the preaching of the famous Hugh Latimer, who was burned at Oxford in 1555, "hearing him gladly and doing many things," but there can be no doubt that she deserved the hatred and contempt which the people of England showed her for her cruelty to her predecessor, Katharine, whom Henry had put away. When the news of Katharine's death was brought to her, she exclaimed, "Now I am indeed a queen," and on the day of the burial she and her maid dressed themselves in yellow. After a time the King began to dislike her, the first sign of his ill-will being his omitting one day to send to her table his waiter with his usual kindly salutation, "Much good may it do you." He beheaded her shortly after, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, one of her few consolations at the hour of death being that her neck was very slim, and that the executioner, who had been brought from Calais, was said to be

good at his work. Anne Boleyn was the mother of Queen Elizabeth.

4. ANNE OF CLEVES, a duchy on the Rhine, Henry's fourth wife. The King had promised to marry her after he had only seen her portrait, and was much disappointed when he saw herself. "Is there no remedy," he said, "but that I must needs put my neck in the yoke?" On their marriage day he added, "If it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do that which I must do this day for none earthly thing." On her wedding-ring were the very necessary words, *God Send Me Weale to Keepe*. She was divorced in her twenty-fifth year, but lived for other seventeen, dying in the reign of Mary, 1557, who gave her at her funeral "as goodly a hearse as ever was seen."

5. ANNE, daughter of the King of Denmark, who at the age of sixteen became wife of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England. She lived and died in debt, leaving, at the age of forty-five, a world of jewels behind her, in addition to £36,000 worth which had mysteriously disappeared. Her death was a saving to her husband of £90,000 a year. When she was dying, she asked a maid to bring her water to bathe her eyes with, as she was not seeing well. This done, and her sight being no better, she desired a candle to be brought. "Madam," was the answer, "there is one here already; do you not see it?" That dimness of vision comes to many at the last, and is one of the

things that make us speak of "the valley of the shadow of death."

6. ANNE, queen in her own right, the last of the Stuart dynasty, of whose sorrow in life sufficient proof is given when it is said that James II. was her father, and that she herself died at the age of forty-nine, 1714, having survived all her children, seventeen in number, all of whom died in infancy save one who lived to be eleven.

ANNIE is one of the prettiest, as well as one of the most common, of girls' names. I should have liked to say something about a great many others: about ANNE HATHAWAY, for example, who was Shakespeare's wife; and ANN COOKE, who was Bacon's mother; and the ANNIE who was the mother of Dr. Moffat, the missionary, who, when she was parting on the road with her son when he first left home, made him promise to read a chapter of the Bible night and morning every day as long as he lived—a promise which he never forgot. But I must pass on, for there are other girls who are wondering when their name's turn will come. I shall tell you, therefore, about one more only, and I do it not for the sake of you who are young, but in the hope that it may touch the heart of some grown-up man, who may read these words by chance, who knows some Annie to whom he has not been very kind.

About a hundred and fifty years ago William Ellery, the maternal grandfather of William Ellery

Channing, a well-known American author, married a singularly good and prudent woman, named ANN REMINGTON. It was her great desire that her husband should find no place so comfortable and so agreeable as his own home, but in spite of all that she could do, he used to spend his evenings with a band of companions in some house of entertainment. Mrs. Ellery kept a kind of household almanac, or diary, in which she entered her expenditure. Her husband happening to stay indoors one evening, she mentioned the fact in the diary next day, thanking God for the joy it had given her, and asking Him, if it were His will, to incline her husband to stay often at home with her and the children. A few days afterwards, her husband glancing at the book, by the providence of God, noticed the entry and was greatly touched by it. That night he went as usual to meet his friends. "I am come," he said, "to drink my parting cup with you. After this I mean to stay at home at nights." His friends laughed and jeered at him, but he kept his word; and through his influence and example, in a few months' time the members of the club ceased meeting at an inn, and met instead for quiet and happy entertainment at one another's houses.

ARABELLA DIANA, Duchess of Dorset, married in 1801, at the age of thirty-two, Lord Whitworth, Ambassador at Paris, a man notable even amongst ambassadors for command over his temper. His wife used to give dinners of fifty covers, and as she was never in time, was rightly described by Napoleon as "not a well-bred woman." Napoleon's own

manners in this respect were none of the best. On one occasion he kept the whole Diplomatic Body waiting for four hours, while he was inspecting some new kinds of knapsacks. The Duchess died in 1825, leaving property worth £35,000 a year. Twenty-two horsemen followed her remains to the grave.

THE LADY ARABELLA, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, went to America in 1630 with her husband, Mr. Johnson, a godly Puritan gentleman, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, in a ship that was named after her. She died in Salem, within a month of her landing there. Her husband died a few weeks afterwards, and was buried in a plot of ground which he had chosen as the site of a house for her. So great was the reverence in which he was held that many of the settlers asked, when they were dying, to be buried as near him as possible; and so the field became the first burial-ground in Boston, and may be seen there to this day, just as in Scotland the hole under the gallows-tree into which the Covenanter Peden's body was thrown became the centre of the parish burying-ground at Old Cumnock.

AUGUSTA, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, was the mother of George III. Her husband, Frederick Louis, died, whilst still Prince of Wales, of an abscess caused by the blow of a tennis ball. At the moment of his death, which came unexpectedly, a dancing master was playing the violin beside him. Like Jehoram, King of Judah (2 Chron. xxi. 20), he "departed without being desired." His father had

many a time wished for his death, whilst the people sang :

“ Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead :
There’s no more to be said.”

When Frederick’s son George became eighteen, the King, George II., offered him £40,000 a year if he would leave his mother Augusta and set up an establishment of his own. George refused, and continued to live under his mother’s roof. It was she, unfortunately, who taught him to have that overweening idea of his own wisdom and greatness that led him and the country into so many disastrous mistakes. “ George, *be king*,” she used to say to him. She could have given him no better advice had she only known what a king’s chief end is. Unhappily, her notions of kingship were such as the kings of the Stuart dynasty had in our own country, and such as the German Emperor has at the present day. No matter how great or how old a statesman was, George III. would keep him standing for hours as long as he was in his presence. He insisted on the judges keeping on their heavy wigs even when they were off the bench. “ I will have no innovations in my time,” was his constant cry. And as in little things so in great things, with this result, that instead of wise and necessary innovations there were revolutions which split the Empire.

LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE, daughter of the seventh, sister of the eighth, Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India, married in 1863 Dean Stanley, she then

being forty-one and he forty-eight. She was one of the Queen's most intimate friends, having been with her both when her mother and her husband, Prince Albert, died. For many years towards the end of her life she received a letter from the Queen every day, but not even to her relatives, unless the Queen commanded her, would she read one line of them, so high was her sense of honour. She was a woman of great intellectual power and of remarkable courtesy. When one of her brothers, General Bruce, was dying from the after-results of a fever, caught during his attendance on the Prince of Wales in the Holy Land, he turned, after he had uttered his last prayer to God, to thank the nurse who had waited on him. When Lady Stanley was dying—and her sufferings were very great—she asked her nurses to forgive all her impatience. She expressed the wish also that no one should come to her funeral at the slightest risk to health. At an earlier stage of her illness, when she was still able to take an airing, she gave orders to those who carried her to and from her carriage to do it as slowly as possible for the sake of the children who crowded round to see the sight, "it seemed to give them so much pleasure to watch her!"

Her husband, when he announced his approaching marriage to her to a friend, had said: "If ever marriage was wrought out of many threads in earth and heaven, it has been this." Shortly before her death, he wrote: "My dear wife reminds me, as I look at her, of a line in Michael Angelo, 'The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.'" She was buried, at the Queen's request, in Henry VII.'s

chapel in Westminster Abbey. That had been her own desire too. All her ancestors had been buried in Dunfermline Abbey. "But that will be too far from you," she said. "In Westminster I shall be near my husband. I shall be with him whenever he is at his duty." On her tombstone—and on his—is this text: "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad" (Ps. cxix. 96).

Compare with Lady Stanley's thoughtfulness for others what Dr. Busch, in his *Life of Bismarck*, records concerning the EMPRESS AUGUSTA, the grandmother of the present German Emperor: "In the spring of 1871, after the great war with France, our troops should have returned to their homes much sooner than they did, but the Empress wished to be present at their entry into Berlin, and at the same time to complete a course of baths she was undergoing before she came back. So there was a postponement of four or five weeks, which cost the Treasury some hundreds of thousands of pounds in hard cash, while the losses suffered by agriculture, in consequence of this delay, were incalculable." At her coronation she was said to have sent to Paris to the Empress Eugenie for the loan of her hairdresser.

In Deuteronomy x. 17 God describes Himself as a great God, a mighty, and a terrible, and then adds: "He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment. Love ye therefore the stranger:

for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." We get the same view of God all through the Bible. "The stranger that is within thy gates" is never forgotten by God either in the commandments or in the promises. But until we learn from Him to be careful to entertain them, strangers are regarded by us all with hatred or suspicion. The savage poises his spear when he sees a strange footprint. A new boy at school, like a strange cow in a field, leads a sore life for a day or two. Even in the house of God—incredible though it might well appear—the stranger is often treated as an intruder or eyed as an offender.

That is why in many languages words like *hostis* and *barbarus* in Latin, which meant at first a foreigner, came to have bad meanings attached to them. The name BARBARA sounds rough and harsh till we remember that, like the less common name Peregrine amongst men, it means simply *a little stranger*, one who has come "out of the infinite into here." Mr. Barrie's book *The Little Minister* will doubtless give the name a new lease of life, at least in its charming Scotch form—BABBIE.

The mother of the great Reformer, Philip Melanchthon, was a BARBARA REUTER, daughter of the Mayor of Britten, a town in Baden. Melanchthon after his marriage—he was very fond of rocking the cradle—used to say his house was "a little church of God." Doubtless his father's house might have been called that too, for his mother was a godly woman. She was sometimes

perplexed, we are told, about the fierce controversies that were raging in those days, and when she asked her son about them, he would say, "Mother, don't you disturb yourself about them; just go on praying and labouring as you do!"

BARBARA SOPHIA, the daughter of John Schmidlinus, was the mother of Bengel, the great German commentator, who died in 1752. He is one of those men to whom every member of the Church of Christ is in debt, though it is only scholars who know his name and what he did. His mother so lived—and what more could be said?—that when she died people wrote of her, "She went away to be with Christ."

LADY BARBARA ERSKINE, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Mar, married, to her cost, the Marquis of Douglas. Straitened circumstances and incompatibility of temper made her life so unhappy that, after ten years' "joyless residence" in Douglas Castle, she returned to her father's house, where she died in 1690. The ballad about her begins, "O waly, waly, up the bank."

It was her son, young Lord Angus, who in 1680, in one day, raised from one section of the Covenanters a regiment twelve hundred strong, known for two centuries as the 26th Cameronians, but of late as the Scottish Rifles. The Cameron Highlanders, or 79th Foot, are of course another regiment altogether. It was Lord Angus' men who, under him and the gallant William Cleland, the man who won Drum-

clog, for five hours resisted and finally defeated the five thousand Jacobite Highlanders who surrounded them at Dunkeld.

There is another BARBARA, notorious in British history, more to be pitied than either of these two, BARBARA VILLIERS, Duchess of Cleveland, one of the many ungodly women who lived at the court of Charles II., whose sins and crimes our country has had to pay for, in more ways than one, for more than two hundred years. She was a pervert to Romanism, very beautiful, very hot-tempered, very fickle, very wasteful, and very, very miserable. She was a gambler, staking sometimes £1500 in a single throw of the dice, and was known to lose at one sitting as much as £25,000. At the theatre, on one occasion, she was said to be wearing £40,000 worth of jewellery, but the poorest girl in all the realm that had an unstained character was incomparably more richly adorned than she. On July 1, 1667, it is recorded that she called his most gracious and sacred majesty King Charles a fool to his face—so surely does “the false love turn to hate”—and made him go down on his knees and beg her pardon. There was not an honest man in all the land that would have done her reverence. There are two other scenes, described in the diaries of that age, in which she and the King will for ever live in history. He and she were seen one night, at the Duchess of Monmouth’s, chasing a moth, fit emblem of their life; and on another day, May 13, 1662, “the King and she did send for a pair of scales, and they did weigh one

another." And there, weighed in the balances, and found wanting, we leave them both.

But we must not leave the BABBIES with a bad taste in our mouths. The wife of William Wilberforce, the Abolitionist, was a BARBARA SPOONER; the mother of James Nasmyth of steam-hammer fame was a BARBARA FOULIS; John Livingstone, the Covenanting minister under whom the great revival at the Kirk of Shotts took place in 1630, was the grandson of a BARBARA; and BARBARA SPOTTISWOOD was the mother of Professor James Syme, the eminent surgeon, the man whom the author of *Rab and His Friends* described in words which, though Latin, are easy to understand—"Verax, capax, perspicax, sagax, efficax, tenax." Some of the godly women who were Samuel Rutherford's friends were also named BARBARA, of whom I shall mention only one, Mrs. Hamilton, who had a son, destined for the ministry, killed in battle; on which occasion Rutherford wrote to her: "When God was directing the bullet against His servant, to fetch out his soul, no wise man could cry to God, 'Wrong, wrong, Lord, for he is Thine Own.' There is no mist over His eyes who is wonderful in counsel."

The word BEATRICE means *one who blesses*, one who is not only happy in herself but the cause of happiness in others. No finer thing than that could be said of anybody, boy or girl, man or woman. For such a description would prove us to be the heirs

of the covenant which God made with Abraham when He said, "I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing," and joint-heirs with Christ, whose highest honour is that

"Men shall be blessed in Him, and Blessed
All nations shall Him call."

Every girl is sent into the world to make people good and happy :

"Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

That is what the Bible calls her birthright. But she may despise it and sell it for a moment's miserable pleasure, and then her parents and all who know her curse the day on which she was born.

It was love for a little girl, BEATRICE PORTINARI, whom he saw for the first and almost last time when she was eight years of age, he being only nine himself, which was the great inspiration of the life of Dante. His great poem, the *Divina Commedia*, made the Italian language, began European literature, and is one of the landmarks of the world's history, and he wrote it to fulfil the vow he made, if it were God's will to spare him, "to write concerning Beatrice that which hath not before been written of any woman." She died June 9, 1290, in her twenty-fourth year. He followed thirty-one years afterwards, when he was fifty-six, believing and affirming that from this life he should pass to a better, "there

where the lady lives whom my soul loved, who now gloriously gazes on the countenance of Him who is Blessed for ever and ever." It may interest some to know that on the day Dante saw her "her dress was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age." She was married when young to one Simone de' Bardi, and, it is believed, never knew the place she held in Dante's mind and heart.

BEATRIX was at one time a common name in Scotland. Robert Blair, the Covenanter, of whom you may read in the *Scots Worthies*, was the son of BEATRIX MUIR, a woman of ancient family, who, after a widowhood of half a century, died almost a hundred years old; and his wife was one BEATRIX HAMILTON, "a very gracious woman," and likewise of honourable birth, so that he was twice blessed. He was one of the founders of Presbyterianism in Ireland. He had at one time resolved to spend his days in America, and had even sailed 1200 miles across the Atlantic on his way, when his ship, the *Eagle's Wings*, was driven back by storm, much to his disappointment at the time, but yet, as he has found out long ago, according to the loving purpose and promise of God in Exodus xix. 4: "Ye have seen how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself."

Four years ago last February there died Sir C. U. Aitchison, K.C.S.I. As a lad, he was the first Scotchman to enter the Indian Civil Service, after

that Service was thrown open to competition. He lived to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, a ruler over twenty-six millions of men. He was a man who feared God. When dying he said, "Read me the psalm about the beauty of holiness"—the 96th. After his death his Mohammedan water-carrier, Khummah, who had served him in war and peace for many years, said: "My master was a good man. I have never seen him make a mistake. He can't have made a mistake in his religion. Will you teach me his religion? I should like to believe what he believed." So Dr. George Smith, C.I.E., tells the story in his *Twelve Indian Statesmen*. This Sir Charles Aitchison was the son of a Cameronian or Reformed Presbyterian mother, who lived near Loanhead, by Edinburgh, and she was descended from BETERICK UMPHERSTON, who was the leader of a little company of fifteen children, all girls, who in 1683, during the time of the Persecution of the Covenanters, made "A Covenant Transaction with the Lord." In this bond, after asking God to give them "real grace," they gave themselves "freely up to Him, without reserve, soul and body, hearts and affections." They bound themselves further—and this was not only a brave thing to do in those days, but a necessary thing—not to go to hear the "soul-murdering" curates, who were striving to overthrow not only Presbyterianism, but all liberty as well, at the bidding of the king, the shameless-living Charles II., the man who used to say that "Episcopacy was the only religion for a gentleman."

It may please some of you to know that amongst

the girls who signed the Children's Bond there were 3 Janets, 3 Helens, 2 Margarets, 2 Marions, 1 Martha, 1 Isobel, 1 Agnes, and 1 Christian; might I not rather say, fifteen young Christians in all?

BETHIA, they say, means *life*, as Macbeth means *son of life*. I don't remember ever meeting one of this name, and it is unlikely that any Bethia will read these words. But the name is still in use. I have put it in this list, however, chiefly for the sake of John Willison of Dundee (1680-1750), an evangelical minister of the Church of Scotland, whose books on the *Lord's Supper* were once much used by young people when they were preparing for their first communion—a great moment in any person's life. Willison was much engaged in controversy, yet, to his honour, it has been remarked that “there was no asperity in what he said or wrote.” His mother, and through him a mother in Israel, a mother in Christ to many now in glory, was BETHIA GOURLAY. There was a BETHIA AIRD, too, whom we should all love, for she helped Samuel Rutherford by her prayers, when he was Christ's prisoner in Aberdeen in 1637.

LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR, who died in 1872 aged forty-seven, the sister of Lord Salisbury and the mother of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, seems to have been a very wise and godly woman. She taught her children, as she had herself been taught, to endure hardness. She made her sons promise not to smoke before they were eighteen,

and I cannot suppose she wished them to sit up and begin the moment the clock struck twelve on the morning on which they reached that age! Twenty-eight is soon enough, and he who waits till he is thirty-eight need have no regret. Dr. Robertson, the minister of Whittinghame, has stated in *Good Words*, April 1896, that during the cotton famine in 1862 Lady Balfour did without servants to save money to send to Lancashire, her daughters doing the cooking, etc., and her sons such work as the cleaning of the knives and the brushing of the boots. When her children joined the Church she gave each of them a ring with the word "Truth" as the motto on the seal, and in the inside a text of Scripture engraved, containing the same word. Her own ring had the text, "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." Another favourite seal of hers bore the words, "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra"—that is, "Do what's right, come what may."

During the civil war in England in Charles I.'s time, there was a LADY BLANCHE ARUNDELL, a brave woman though she was on the wrong side, who, in her husband's absence, stoutly defended Wardour Castle with only a handful of men for nine days, but had at last to surrender. BLANCHE means *white*, and if you fight against sin you will overcome and walk with Christ in white, clothed in white raiment. Lady Blanche's father-in-law, surnamed the Valiant, while fighting in Hungary at the battle of Gran—that is, Grain-town—captured a Turkish standard with his own hands, and for this

exploit was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, to the great dissatisfaction of Queen Elizabeth, who said she "did not care that her sheep should bear a stranger's marks or follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd." I hope you will make sure that the white raiment you wear shall be Christ's righteousness alone, and not your own or any other's, and that no honour shall be worn by you that is not won in your own Master's service.

The name BRIDGET, common in some parts of Ireland, has not been a favourite either in Scotland or England since the Reformation. It survives amongst us, however, in the word Bridewell, which at first meant the holy well of St. Bride or St. Bridget in London. Near it Henry VIII. built a palace for the reception of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, the greatest sovereign in Europe in the sixteenth century. In 1553 Edward VI. gave the building to the City of London, to be used as a house of correction "for the idle person, for the rioter that consumeth all, and for the vagabond that will abide in no place." Hence our use of the word for a "jail" or "penitentiary."

BRIDGET CARSWELL, the mother of Sir John Eliot, one of the champions of English liberty in the time of Charles I. He wrote a history of Charles's first parliament, under the title *Negotium Posterorum*, that is, "The business of those who come after us." The men of that time were fighting more for us than

for themselves. He was sent to the Tower, and died there in 1632, after three years' imprisonment, in his forty-second year. He was a man who feared God, and in a letter to his boys he tells them that his days in prison "have all seemed pleasant; the agitation of my mind has been chiefly in thanks and acknowledgment to Him by whose grace I have subsisted." Shortly before his death he sent for a painter to paint his portrait exactly as he was, that his friends might see how imprisonment had changed him. This picture they were to keep on the walls of his house at Port-Eliot in Cornwall as "a perpetual memorial of his hatred of tyranny." And there the picture stands to this day, alongside of another portrait of him that had been painted in the days of his early manhood, when he led the House of Commons in the fulness of his strength.

BRIDGET, the third of Oliver Cromwell's nine children; born 1624, died 1681. She married, first, Henry Ireton, a man who refused a grant of £2000 a year because he thought there were many debts which Parliament owed to others which ought to be paid first. Chief Justice Coke said of him that "he seldom thought it time to eat till nine or ten at night, when he had done the work of the day." He died in 1651, when he was forty, of overwork and fever. His widow afterwards married General Fleetwood, another of her father's soldier friends.

There are some beautiful passages in her father's letters to her. "Dear Daughter, I write not to thy husband, partly because one line of mine begets

many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late. . . . To be a seeker after God is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Dear Heart, press on. Let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that." Again, writing to Fleetwood, he says: "My love to thy dear wife, whom I entirely love, both naturally and upon the best account; and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little babe. . . . Love to my dear Biddy. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again: if she knows the Covenant (of Grace), she cannot but do so. For that Transaction is sure and steadfast, between the Father and the Mediator in His blood: therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to Him, thirsting after Him, and embracing Him, we are His Seed; and the Covenant is sure to all the Seed."

CAROLINE is another form of CHARLOTTE, the feminine of CHARLES, and means *noble*. Amongst those who have borne this name may be mentioned:

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL (1750-1848), the sister and helpmeet of the famous Sir William Herschel the astronomer. Her portrait, autograph, and a short account of what she did in her long life, and of what she suffered in her old age, were given in the *Morning Watch*, November 1894. She had to



Caroline Herschel.

AT THE AGE OF 91

feed her brother with a spoon when he was polishing mirrors for telescopes, and, though she never could manage to learn the multiplication table, helped him with his calculations. Being found faithful in a very little, she was honoured to be faithful in much. Sitting up night after night, summer and winter, with her telescope, she swept the floor of heaven so carefully that she found five great pieces of silver, called comets, which God had hidden there to be found by the first person that would seek diligently for them.

CAROLINE, BARONESS NAIRNE (1766–1845), finding by chance as she drove through a little village one day that the country folks were buying books full of bad songs, formed the desire—it was put into her heart by God—that she

“For puir auld Scotland’s sake
Some usefu’ plan or beuk could make
Or sing a sang at least,”

and being filled with His Spirit wrote “The Land o’ the Leal,” “The Rowan Tree,” “Caller Herrin’,” “The Auld House,” “The Laird o’ Cockpen,” “The Hundred Pipers,” and many other songs besides. Her mother died when Caroline was only eight, and her last words to her children were, “See which of you will be the best bairn,” and to her husband, “You see how easily I can part with the bairns, for I know they are in Good Hands.”

Lady Nairne’s favourite verse was, “He that spared not His own Son.” After her death it was found

out that she had sold her family plate to help the Free Church at the Disruption.

CATHERINE, or more rightly KATHARINE, comes from a Greek word which means *pure*. It is one of the commonest of girls' names, and many books, therefore, could be written about famous women who have borne it.

There was a Christian martyr of this name, put to death 307 A.D. She was at first sentenced to be torn to pieces by toothed wheels, it is said, but lightning consumed them. That is why a certain kind of fire-work is called a *Catherine wheel*.

Melanchthon the Reformer's wife was a KATHARINE CRAPPIN, and Luther's a KATHARINE VON BORA. The latter was one of nine nuns whom Luther brought to the full knowledge of Christ. His action in marrying her was one of the best and bravest things he ever did. But to this day the Roman Catholic Church has never ceased to make the most false and shameful charges against both him and her. When he was dying, and she was in great distress, he said to her, "Dear Katharine, thou shouldest read John's Gospel."

Of Catherines who have been the mothers of heroes may be mentioned four: CATHERINE SUCKLING, the mother of Lord Nelson; CATHERINE CARRINGTON, the mother of Lord Napier of Magdala; and KATHARINE, BARONESS CLIFTON, the wife of the third Duke of Lennox. She

had many brave sons,—three of them were killed in battle,—and with one of them she sent this letter to James I. : “ MY SOVEREIGN LORD,—According to your Majesty’s gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow’s prayers and tears, that he may wax old in your Majesty’s service, and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestor departed; so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the King; which will revive the dying hopes and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother.—Your Majesty’s most humble servant, KATHARINE LENNOX.” There was also KATHARINE CHAMPERNOWNE, the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh and, by a previous marriage, of the famous seamen, Adrian and Humphrey Gilbert. It was Sir Humphrey who, when his little ship, the *Squirrel*, was sinking in the Atlantic, was heard to cry out, “ We are as near heaven by sea as by land.”

When we speak of Catherines who had brave sons, we must not forget one who was brave herself—CATHERINE DOUGLAS, one of the Queen’s maids, known in Scotch history as “ Bar-lass,” because she barred the door with her arm, the bolts having been tampered with, on the night of the 20th February 1437, when conspirators came to murder James I. in the cloister of the Black Friars at Perth.

There was a CATHERINE KILLIGREW, Lady Fisher, a woman of great wealth, who gave away almost all that she had during her life-

time, saying she "wished her own hands to be her executors." She died in 1689, leaving only £10.

Mrs. Browning wrote a poem called "MY KATE," of whom she says, that "men at her side

Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town,
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.
None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all."

There is an American insect of the grasshopper species called, from its song, the *Katydid*, about which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a merry little song, with the refrain—

"Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor KATY do?"

I hope that, of every little Katy who may read these words, it may be said hereafter, "She did what she could."

Mrs. Booth, the wife of the founder of the Salvation Army, was a CATHERINE. One may not approve of much that she said and did, yet there is no doubt she was one of the most remarkable women of modern times. One of her sayings was, "I am determined not to have bad children," and she took the kingdom of heaven by violence, and saw her prayers answered, for she neither took rest nor gave God rest till all her family were born again.

There are many other noble Catherines about whom one would like to speak, but lest any girls of

that name who may read this should get too proud, let me remind them that some of the worst women in history have borne the name; as, for example, CATHARINE DE' MEDICI, niece of Pope Clement VII., the wife of one King of France and the mother of three, the woman at whose door must be laid the chief blame of the massacre of 4000 Huguenots in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1572, a crime of which the Roman Catholic Church has never repented.

May I tell you about a woman called CANDACE, though the name is a little out of its alphabetical order in this list, and, one may say almost with absolute certainty, is not borne by any living known to us?

Some of you think it is CANDACE, Queen of Ethiopia, that is, of the Soudan and Abyssinia, the woman whose treasurer was baptized by Philip the Evangelist, that is in my mind. But you are quite wrong. CANDACE was a black washerwoman, one of God's images "carved in ebony." She lived ninety years ago, and helped in the family of which the late Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, were members. "My mother," says Mrs. Stowe, "died when I was four years old, but her memory did more to mould the family in deterring us from evil and exciting us to good than the living presence of many mothers. Everybody seemed to have been so impressed by her as to reflect some portion back. Even our portly old Candace, who came once a week, would draw us

aside, and with tears in her eyes tell us of the saintly virtues of our mother." So you see this Candace, like her great namesake, had treasures too, namely, holy memories of a godly woman; and the little children, whom she loved to tell them to, took charge of them, and put them out to interest, and gained both for her and for themselves an hundredfold.

The name CECILIA is an ancient Roman one. It was common in England, in various spellings, before the Reformation, but not since.

CICELY ORMES, wife of a worsted weaver, and daughter of Thomas Haund, a tailor, was burnt to death for her Protestantism at Norwich, September 23, 1537, aged thirty-two. When asked what it was the priest held over his head during the celebration of Mass, she said, "It is bread, and if you make it any better, it is worse." After coming to the stake, she knelt down and prayed. Then rising up, she said, "Good people, I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Three Persons and One God. I recant from the bottom of my heart the doings of the Pope of Rome and all his priests. I utterly refuse and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. I believe to be saved by the death and passion of Christ. Good people, as many of you as believe as I believe, pray for me." Then, laying her hand on the stake, she said, "Welcome the Cross of Christ." Which being done, looking on her hand and seeing it blacked with the stake,—for two martyrs, Simon Miller and Eliza-

beth Cooper, had been already burnt at it,—she wiped it on her smock. Then, touching the stake again, she kissed it and said, “Welcome the sweet Cross of Christ,” and so gave herself to be bound thereto. After the fire was kindled she said, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour.”

CHARLOTTE, like CAROLINE, is the feminine of CHARLES. The best known bearer of the name is perhaps the Princess who was the only child of George IV. and his wife Queen Caroline. In her childhood she was a “merry little girl, but as hot as pepper.” Her parents quarrelled soon after she was born, and she was allowed to see her mother only two hours every week. She died at the age of twenty-one, in 1817, to the great sorrow of the nation, little more than a year after her marriage to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. She would have been Queen of Great Britain if she had lived.

But a far greater CHARLOTTE was Miss Elliott (1789–1871), who wrote the hymn, “Just as I am, without one plea.” Dr. Cesar Malan of Geneva was the man who brought her to Christ. He had asked her at her father’s house one day if she was a Christian, and the question annoyed her. After some time, she herself renewed the conversation. “I do not know how to find Christ,” she said, “I want you to help me.” “Come to Him,” said Dr. Malan, “*just as you are.*” That was the origin of a hymn that has had, and will have, such a history as only

eternity will unfold. Miss Elliott died at Brighton, having been an invalid for fifty years.

CHRISTIAN, CHRISTINA, and CHRISTIANA are all forms of one name, the last, which is most common in England, owing its popularity to the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There was an Earl of Devonshire, three hundred years ago, who helped to secure the crown of England for James I. When he married, it was James who gave away the bride. She was named CHRISTIAN, a daughter of a Scotch Lord Bruce. She survived her husband, and lived a widow for six-and-forty years. They had a son, Charles, General of the Horse, of whom an old writer says: "The sun beheld not a youth of more manly figure and more winning presence. He fell at Gainsborough, and was interred at Newark, where, thirty years after, when by the will of his mother his corpse was removed to follow hers to Derby, the lamentations were as great at parting with the remains of their hero as at their first consignment to the grave."

CHRISTIAN, daughter of the first Earl of Haddington, wife of Lord Boyd, was one of the honourable women who cast in their lot with the Scottish Covenanters. She was one of Rutherford's friends. "She used every night to write what had been the case of her soul all the day, and what she had observed of the Lord's dealing."

The mother of the first Marquis of Dalhousie was a CHRISTINA, daughter of Charles Broun of Colstoun, near Haddington. Her son was one of the greatest of the men who have governed India. He left that country in 1856, worn out with labour, a dying man, though only forty-four years of age. On his last Sabbath in Calcutta he was so weak that he had to be carried to the gallery in the Scotch church in a chair.

I shall only mention further CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894), a godly woman and a sweet singer, whom many would put in the foremost rank of English poetesses.

CLARA, which means *bright, glorious*, is not a common name, but any girl who bears it may feel proud when she thinks of CLARA HOGG, the mother of the ever-to-be-remembered brave and good Brigadier John Nicholson, who commanded the main storming party at the fall of Delhi on September 14, 1857, and died of wounds received in the assault nine days after, in his thirty-sixth year. When Nicholson was a little boy he heard his mother say one day that she would not call on certain people, "they were so bad." "Mother," he said, "doesn't the Bible say that God makes His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust?"

Three other CLARAS may be mentioned: (1) The mother of Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian mathe-

matician and physician of the sixteenth century. She was very cruel to her son, as was also her sister Margherita, who used to beat him so unmercifully that he often "wondered if she had any skin on her own body, she had so little pity on his." (2) The sister of Dean Mansel, the philosopher. He and his sisters often played, when children, at the siege of Troy. He was Achilles, but the siege was at last discontinued "because Eleanor objected to being dragged by the heels round the walls, while CLARA, a heroine, but within reasonable bounds, declined parting with her hair in order to supply the besieged with bow-strings." (3) CLARA WIECK, wife of the famous musical composer Schumann, was herself one of the greatest of German pianists. Her husband first met her in 1832, when she was thirteen, and described her in a letter to a friend as "perfection." But it was only towards the end of his life, when his mind had given way, that the full beauty of her character appeared. He died in her arms, in 1856, aged forty-six.

CONSTANCE—EUNICE

“A good name is better than precious ointment.”—ECCLES. vii. 1.

“The word that is the Symbol of Myself.”—TENNYSON.

CONSTANCE, heiress of Sicily, was the mother, and CONSTANCE, daughter of the King of Aragon, was the wife, of Frederick II. (1194–1250), “Holy Roman Emperor.” That is a title which takes even more than a liberal education to understand. Frederick is generally reckoned as the most remarkable historic figure of the Middle Ages. It was he who, when he was told that the Pope had deposed and excommunicated him, said, “And the Pope has deposed me, has he? Bring me my seven crowns that I may see if any of them is amissing in consequence.” These seven crowns were the Royal Crown of Germany, the Imperial Diadem of Rome, the Iron Circlet of Lombardy, the Crown of Sicily, of Burgundy, of Sardinia, and of Jerusalem. He had a son, Enzo, who had a melancholy fate. He was captured and imprisoned by the Bolognese. Some friends attempted his rescue, and hid him in an empty wine-barrel, but one of his locks came through the bung-hole and so betrayed him. From that time till his death he was kept in an iron cage.

It was a CONSTANCE, daughter of a stage-prompter, who was the wife of the great Mozart. When Mozart was still a boy, one of the most eminent musicians of his time said, "That lad will cause us all to be forgotten." Even as a child he might have been called, as was the Frederick spoken of above, *stupor mundi*, a world's wonder. At the age of six, when he had been performing before the Viennese Court, we are told he slipped on the polished floor, and on being lifted up by the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, afterwards the unhappy Queen of France, he said to her, "When I grow up, I will marry you." The Archduchess could hardly have proved a more unsuitable wife for him than the one he did choose. She was fond of him, no doubt, but she had no gift of management, and they were always in poverty and misery. When he died he was carried to a pauper's grave. The two or three friends who went with his remains turned back before they came to the cemetery because the rain came on.

CORDELIA is not a common name, though I have met it in one of our Greenock schools, but it must ever sound pleasant to those who know the story of King Lear. She was the dutiful daughter about whom he used the well-known words :

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman."

CORDELIA MARSHALL was married to Dr. William Whewell in 1841, on the very day on which

the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, fell vacant. It is one of the highest positions in the country, and he held it for five-and-twenty years. He is a man about whom many stories are told. When he was at school, he did his lessons so well that the master increased the daily task. Whereupon the boys resolved that every time Whewell did more than twenty lines of Virgil, two of their number in turn should thrash him. But the first two who tried the experiment were so soundly thrashed by him that they let him go his own way after that. When he became head of the College he gave parties which were known as "Perpendiculars," because no one was allowed to sit down at them, the guests were so many. He was generally thought a little arrogant, so that when, in opposition to Sir David Brewster, he wrote a book to prove that our world is the only one that is inhabited, it was suggested by a wit that his reason for holding that opinion was his desire

"to prove that through all infinity
There is nothing so great as the Master of Trinity!"

CORNELIA, perhaps next to Pilate's wife, is the best known of all Roman women. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus the elder, the man who defeated Hannibal. Her mother was the daughter of Æmilius Paulus, who died with 50,000 Romans on the field of Cannæ. Her husband was Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus. They had twelve children, who all died young except one daughter, who became the wife of the Scipio who took Carthage,

and two sons known for all time as the two Gracchi, the tribunes of the people. She was still young when she was left a widow, and might have been married, had she chosen, to Ptolemy, King of Egypt. But the memory of her husband and the good upbringing of her children were the two things that she cared for. "You might show me your jewels," said a lady visitor from Campania to her one day. Cornelia sent for her children, and said, "These are the only jewels I have." It was her great wish that her sons should do good service to the State. "People call me," she said to them, "the mother-in-law of Scipio; I would rather be called the mother of the Gracchi." Her two sons nobly strove to fulfil her desire, and lived and died friends of their country and friends of the poor. And though, as was only to be expected, they were put to death, the places where they fell were declared sacred. Their mother survived them for many years and was held in the highest honour not only by the Roman people but by all their allies near and far away, and when she died her prayer was granted. For on the monument raised to her memory were these words, and these only:

CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

Goethe, the great German writer and thinker, had one CORNELIA SCHELHORN for his grandmother. Shortly before her death in 1754, in her eighty-sixth year, he then being only five, she gave him a little puppet-show representing the combat between David and Goliath, a gift which had a great

influence, he often said, on the development of his mind. Goethe had also a sister, CORNELIA, named after her, who, till she died in her twenty-seventh year, was his closest friend and most capable critic and adviser.

In the year 1618 Hugo Grotius, scholar, statesman, jurist, theologian, one of the greatest of Dutchmen, was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the castle of Lovenstein. While there he wrote in Flemish verse a Catechism of a hundred and eighty-five questions and answers for the use of his little daughter CORNELIA, who afterwards became the wife of a French nobleman, Viscount Mombas. Grotius' wife was a Mary Reigesberg, a woman in every way worthy of him. When he was put in prison she was allowed to go with him, on the condition, however, that if she ever came out, she would not be allowed to join him a second time. The story of his escape—for he was more fortunate than poor Enzo of Sardinia—is told at great length and with much relish by the old chroniclers. He was allowed, now and again, to send away any books he was done with in a big chest, three and a half feet in length, along with his linen for washing. For the first fourteen or fifteen months his guards examined the chest very carefully, but never finding anything in it save the books and clothes, they grew tired of searching, and at last did not even take the trouble to open it. His wife, noticing this, bored one or two holes in it for breathing through, and made her husband try how many hours he could lie hid in it.

When at length washing day came, she stowed away her husband, shutting him up in the box, with such feelings and prayers as Moses' mother must have had when she sent away the little ark. When the soldiers lifted it, one of them said, "There must be an Arminian in it, it is so heavy!" "There are some Arminian books in it," was her answer. Later on, the weight of the box aroused suspicion more than once. "Prisoners have got away before now in boxes," said a soldier's wife at one point—but a servant who accompanied it, and was in the secret, who must have been a second Miriam for wisdom and fidelity, so cleverly managed things that her master was at length carried to a friend's house and there released. Dressing quickly as a mason, with trowel, and hod, and square, he made his way to the frontier and thence to Antwerp. He died near Lubeck twenty-five years afterwards. The minister, a stranger to him, who was with him at the last spoke to him about the publican who smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "And that publican am I," said the dying man. His body was laid in the tomb of his ancestors in the town of Delft.

DEBORAH—the accent is on the *o*, to rhyme with Norah—means a *bee*. It is the name of two women in Scripture, one of them the great warrior-prophetess, the other the nurse and lifelong friend of Rebecca. The name of this latter is recorded, because a nurse's position is one of the noblest and most responsible that a woman can occupy.

DEBORAH was the youngest of Milton's undutiful three daughters. I have no doubt he would often have called her the Hebrew for *wasp*, only the sarcasm would have been lost on her, if, as she said herself, one of her trials almost beyond endurance was having to read to her father for hours Hebrew and Greek books, of which she hardly knew the meaning of a single word. After his death she passed into obscurity, but for a short time before she herself died she "received some notice." Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., gave her fifty guineas, the nobility and gentry followed suit, "and in one quarter of an hour she became rich." She married one Abraham Clarke, a weaver. Their last known descendant, a great-grandchild, was born at Madras in 1727.

Benjamin Franklin's wife was one DEBORAH READ. She first saw her future husband the day he came to Philadelphia, an apprentice printer with about five shillings in his pocket, and "three great puffy rolls, one under each arm, and the third in his mouth." He passed her father's window, and she thought him "a most ridiculous object." They were married some years afterwards, on his return from London. They lived very happily together. When he had to go abroad, he wrote to her by every post. Once, when he had begun as usual by calling her his "dear Debby," and had gone on to scold her for not writing, he added in a postscript, "I have scratched out the loving words, being writ in haste by mistake *when I forgot I was angry.*" He used,

too, to send her such gifts—buckles, and dresses, and hats—as even wise and good women love to receive. She was no scholar, but her letters, to use her own spelling, show her to have been an “fleckshonot wife.” The following advertisement, from the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of June 23, 1737, has reference to her: “Taken out of a pew in church some months since, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D.F. on each cover. The person who took it is desired to open it and read the 8th Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same pew again, upon which no further notice will be taken.” Long after her death her husband wrote to a young man: “Frugality is an enriching virtue, a virtue I never could acquire myself, but I was once lucky enough to find it in a wife, who thereby became a fortune to me. Win a prudent wife, and if she does not bring a fortune, she will help to make one.”

DOROTHY, which means *a gift from God*, is a name that no heathen would ever have thought of giving to a little girl.

DOROTHY, wife of the third Earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, offered the Queen, on one occasion, at her own cost an army of 10,000 men; once a year for thirty-five years she gave meat, drink, and money's worth to 2700 people; she fed 70 aged folk twice a day, besides all comers thrice a week; “and she had great cunning in setting bones and surgery.” When her husband died, it was said that the glory of hospitality in England fell asleep.

The late Lord Selborne had a sister, DOROTHEA, who died in early womanhood. When she was four years old she said she knew what dearest Downie—her brother—was to be. “He is to be a Chandler,” for so she said the word Chancellor. Shortly before she died, she cried out in pain, “Help me, help me, please help me.” And then “she answered herself in sweetest tones, or rather echoed back her Saviour’s voice to her: ‘I’ll help you, dear; I’ll help you, dear.’”

The late Earl of Selborne, who refused the Lord Chancellorship of England in 1886 from conscientious scruples, had a DOROTHY ROUNDELL for his mother. Her husband, when he was dying, said to her what every good man who asks God to choose his wife for him may say: “If I had gone all the world over, Dory, I should never have found another like you.” She was a great sufferer, having some spinal trouble which kept her for many a day partially deaf and blind, and wholly unable either to speak or move. Her mind happily was unimpaired, and faith in God made her “always sweet and cheerful.” She bequeathed to her children this list of directions, which her great-grandfather had given to one of his daughters who was leaving home on a visit to the Continent:

MAY 31, 1773—DIRECTIONS FOR MOLLY
WHILST ABROAD

1. Read a chapter in the Bible every morning early.

2. Then say your prayers.
3. Apply yourself to something of business.
4. Set down every night what you saw or heard remarkable that day.
5. Say your prayers, beginning and ending every day with applications to Almighty God.
6. Improve your playing on the harpsichord and singing.
7. Set down the dishes in order at every great dinner and supper, and get a receipt for every pretty dish and learn how to make it.
8. Take great notice of any fine house, furniture, or gardens, and put it into writing that night.
9. Observe everyone's carriage and behaviour, and imitate what is commendable and avoid what is not.
10. Set yourself to be obliging to everyone your equal.
11. Be not too familiar with any servant, nor with any man you think not fit for your husband; but keep such at a due distance.
12. Strive to be virtuous, good, discreet, and wise, and avoid sin, folly, and idleness.
13. Consider well what company you are in, and take care that you say not anything to disoblige them or any of their relations or friends.
14. Say nothing before servants that may make them uneasy in their place.

DOROTHY MAY sailed with her husband, William Bradford, one of the leaders of the Pilgrim Fathers, in the *Mayflower* in 1620, but survived the perils of that stormy voyage across the Atlantic

only to be drowned by the upsetting of a small boat before she had set foot on the soil of New England.

DORA is a short form of DOROTHY. Let me commend to you the motto of DORA GREENWELL, the poetess (1821–1882), *Et teneo et teneor*, “I both hold and am held”—that is, “I have a grip of Christ and He has a grip of me.” Mr. Spurgeon chose this as the motto of his Pastors’ College.

I should like you to know about DOROTHY MAYOR, the wife of Oliver Cromwell’s son Richard. Before the marriage there had been some little difficulty, on her father’s part, about the money that was to be settled on her. To Cromwell himself, as was fit and proper, the all-important question was as to “the gentlewoman’s worth and piety.” After the marriage he wrote very beautifully to her: “I like to see anything from your hand; because, indeed, I stick not to say I do entirely love you. I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life, and outward business, let that be upon the bye.” A year afterwards we find in Carlyle’s book another homely, kindly letter from the Protector, in which he chides her for not telling him more about her baby son, or, as he playfully calls

him, "the little Brat." She died in 1675, her husband thirty-seven years after, in 1712.

EDITH, it is said, means *gladness* or *happiness*.

Some of you have read bits of *Alice in Wonderland*. It was composed and written to please the three daughters, of whom EDITH was the youngest, of Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Many of you, both boys and girls, will some day soon, I hope, be buying "Liddell and Scott," the great Greek dictionary that goes by his name, a book he continued to correct and improve for four-and-fifty years. If ever you go to Oxford, you may see, in the Cathedral there, poor Edith's monument. "She gave up her soul to God on the 26th June 1876," so the inscription says, "taken away suddenly, having been betrothed scarcely five days before to a young man of most constant faith. *Ave Dulcissima, Dilectissima Ave*" [Farewell Sweetest, Most Beloved Farewell].

There was an EDITH, daughter of King Edgar of England, one of whose sayings is recorded. Being reproved for dressing beautifully, she said, "Rags may cover sins as well as robes."

The poet Southey had a daughter, EDITH, who died in 1871, aged sixty-seven. When she was a girl, Charles Lamb wrote a sonnet on her name. Tastes differ, and some of us, at least, will not agree with all he says about the names he mentions.

“In Christian world MARY the garland wears,
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear ;
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear ;
And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.

Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines !
What air of fragrance ROSAMOND throws round !
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound !
Of MARTHAS and of ABIGAILS, few lines

Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely JOAN be fashion'd. But can
You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN !
And is not CLARE for love excuse enough ?

Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.”

ELEANOR, which is said to mean *light*, was a common name in England many centuries ago.

ELEANOR PORDEN was the name of the first wife of Sir John Franklin, the explorer. They were married in 1823 after a brief engagement, but he had evidently formed a strong affection for her some years before. It was found out afterwards that he had named some islands in the Arctic seas the Porden Group, striving with charming inconsistency one year to perpetuate the name which he was hoping some other year to extinguish. When they married it was on the distinct understanding that she would never, under any circumstances, seek to turn him aside from the duty he owed to his country and his profession, and right worthily did she keep her vow. When he set sail for North America in February 1825, in command of an expedition whose

purpose it was to reach the Arctic Ocean by way of the Mackenzie River,—the voyage that afterwards brought him his knighthood,—she had been for many months in feeble health, but was seemingly getting stronger every day. They parted full of hope, he taking with him a silk Union Jack which she had made with her own hands, which was not to be unfurled till he had successfully reached the open sea. She died six days after, but as the news did not reach him for some months, he continued to write letters to her, committing her and their little daughter to God. When he had accomplished the descent of the Mackenzie River, the news of her death having reached him some time before, he unfolded and displayed her flag. “You can imagine,” he wrote to a friend, “it was with heartfelt emotion I first saw it unfurled; but in a short time I derived great pleasure in looking at it.”

Miss Porden wrote several volumes of poetry. She was fond of scholars and men of science, and yet had all that knowledge of housework that a good wife ought to have. One day, the story goes, when she was present with some friends at a lecture, someone said it would be better if young ladies would stay at home and make a pudding. “We did that before we came out,” was her answer.

ELISABETH is the name of two women in the Bible of noble birth and still nobler character, the wife of Aaron, and the mother of John the Baptist, the kinswoman of the mother of our Lord. And a wonderful name it is, for it means *God is an oath*.

Girls whose name this is should make out a list of God's oaths, beginning with that first one, in the 110th Psalm, which He swore to Christ from all eternity, when He appointed Him to be our Great High Priest for ever.

Tennyson's mother (1781-1865) was ELIZABETH FYTCHE. She had been, her grandson tells us, among the beauties of the county. When she was almost eighty, a daughter, under cover of her deafness, ventured to mention the number of offers of marriage which had been made to her mother, naming twenty-four. Suddenly, to the amusement of all present, the old lady said emphatically, and quite simply, as for truth's sake, "No, my dear, twenty-five." Tennyson drew her portrait in the poem he calls "Isabel." In it he speaks of her

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

She had a great sense of humour, and such a well-known love of animals that the boys of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off, or to induce her to buy them. But, above all, she was a godly woman.

Some scholar once wrote an epitaph on a maid-of-all-work who was a great breaker of dishes, part of the fun of which lies in its parody of the words Dr. Johnson wrote about Goldsmith—"Nihil tetigit quod

non ornavit" ("He touched nothing which he did not adorn"):

"Hic jacet ancilla
Quæ omnia egit
Et nihil tetigit
Quod non fregit"—

("and touched nothing which she did not break"). It was of such a servant that Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a friend forty years ago: "It is a disappointment," she says, "to find my Scotch blockhead ELIZABETH no brighter. Such a woman to have had sent four hundred miles to one! For sample of her procedure: there is a glass door into the back court consisting of two immense panes of glass; she has three several times smashed one of these sheets of glass, through the same carelessness, neglecting to latch it up! three times in the six months she has been here! and nobody before her ever smashed that door! Another thing that nobody ever before her did, in all the twenty-eight years I have lived in the house, was to upset the kitchen table! and smash, at one stroke, nearly all the tumblers and glasses we had, all the china breakfast things, a crystal butter-glass (my mother's), a crystal flower vase, and ever so many jugs and bowls! There was a whole washing-tub full of broken things! Surely honesty, sobriety, and steadiness must have grown dreadfully scarce qualities, that one puts up with such a cook; especially as her cooking is as careless as the rest of her doings. No variety is required of her, and she has been taught how to do the few things Mr. Carlyle needs. She can do them when she cares to take

pains, but every third day or so there comes up something that provokes him into declaring, 'She will be the death of me! It is really too bad to have wholesome food turned to poison.' Much as I dislike changes in the dead of winter, there is no help for it but to send her back to that part of the country where, as the Goose says, 'she can get plenty of good places.'"

But worse, far worse, than her habit of breaking, and her bad cooking, was her refusal to help to train a little maid—whom her mistress, very much at her own request, had brought in to help her—on the plea, suggested to her by another ill-doing servant, that she was going to be overworked. When you boys and girls become men and women, teach those whom God may put under you all you know.

John Hampden, the English statesman and patriot, had, like George Whitefield the evangelist, an Elizabeth both for his mother and his wife. His mother, ELIZABETH CROMWELL, an aunt of the Protector's, was eager to see her son made a Peer at King Charles's Court. "Tell my son," she wrote from London, "that if ever he will seek this honour, tell him now to come, for here is multitudes of lords a-making. I am ambitious of my son's honours, which I wish were now conferred upon him, that he might not come after so many new creations." The son happily was wiser than the mother, and in due time found the way to glory in the path of duty, and won a precedence from which he never can be dislodged. His wife was ELIZABETH SYMEON,

the sole daughter and heiress of an Oxfordshire gentleman.

Boswell tells a touching story about one ELIZABETH BLANEY,—and such tragedies in life, alas! are not uncommon,—a young woman of Leek, in Staffordshire, who loved the father of Dr. Samuel Johnson, while he was serving his apprenticeship there, and followed him, though her love was not returned, when he went to Lichfield, taking lodgings there opposite to the house in which he lived. Mr. Johnson, hearing at last of her infatuation, and being told that her life was in danger, with a generosity which we must admire even while we condemn it, went to her, and offered to marry her. But it was too late; she was then at the very point of death. She was buried in the Cathedral, and he, with a tender regret, placed a stone over her grave with this inscription:

Here lies the body of
MRS. ELIZABETH BLANEY, a stranger.
She departed this life, 20th September 1694.

Ninety years afterwards, Mr. Johnson's son, visiting Lichfield for the last time, caused the stone and the words on it to be carefully renewed.

MRS. ELIZABETH FREEMAN, a Quaker lady-help, went to the house of Joseph Gurney at Earlham Hall to stay for a fortnight, and stayed thirty years—two years for a day. When you go to see friends ask God to keep your goings out and in. None of us knows what may come out of a visit. ELIZA-

BETH COOPER went to be servant in the family of the wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and was with them for sixty years.

Lord Raglan (1788–1855), who commanded the British Forces in the Crimea, had for his wife EMILY, daughter of the Earl of Mornington, and niece of the Duke of Wellington. At the battle of Waterloo, at the close of the day, as he was standing beside his chief, he was struck by a bullet. While they were amputating his arm—there was no chloroform in those days—he never said a word, but when the operation was over, he called to the orderly who was attending him, “Hallo! don’t take away that arm till I have taken off my ring.” It was a ring his wife had given him. He began to practise writing with his left hand next day, and there can be no doubt it would be to her he wrote the first letter.

EMILY JANE BRONTË, poetess and novelist, was scarcely thirty when she died in 1848. Critics are not agreed as to her place amongst British writers, but some put her very high. Her more famous sister Charlotte said of her that “she loved the Yorkshire moors where she lived. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden.” She was a girl of great courage and self-possession; like Sarah, not afraid with any amazement—that is, as the Revised Version gives it, not put in fear by

any terror. Once, a mad dog, to which she was offering food and water, sprang at her and bit her. She went instantly to the laundry without a word to anyone, heated a poker red-hot, and cauterised the wound herself. Another time, when her own mastiff, Keeper, had misbehaved, she thrashed him severely, though she had been warned that if he were touched by a stick he would fly at her throat. As was only to be expected, the dog was so astonished, and so much pleased, at finding he had a mistress who was not afraid to do what his conscience told him was her duty, that he loved and respected her, as he had done no other, from that day forth. When she died he followed her to the grave, and for many days after never ceased lamenting her. Disobedient boys, especially only sons who get all their own way,—if there are any such who are readers of this little magazine,—are invited to read these last three sentences very slowly twice over to their mothers. But the thing I most admire Emily for was the way she bore with her drunken brother. He so grieved and shamed his sisters, in more ways than one, that for two whole years one of them refused to speak to him. When bed-time came and he had not come home, Charlotte went to her room, but Emily sat up, and watched, and watched, never despairing, and loving him to the end. The last poem she wrote begins with these words :

“No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world’s storm-troubled sphere ;
I see Heaven’s glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.”

How EMILY PRANKARD became the wife of James Gilmour, the heroic missionary to the Mongols, is best told in his own words. He had first asked a Scotch girl to marry him, but found he was too late. "I then put myself and the direction of this affair—I mean the finding of a wife—into God's hands, asking Him to look me out one, a good one too." In May 1873 he had gone to board at Peking with the Rev. S. E. Meech, who had married a Miss Prankard the year before. There he saw the portrait of Mrs. Meech's sister and often heard her referred to in conversation. It seems that she too had heard of him. As Izaak Walton says about George Herbert and Jane Danvers, they "fell in love with each other unseen, and so wooed like princes. A mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist." Towards the close of 1873 Gilmour took Mrs. Meech into his confidence, and asked leave to write to her sister. On January 14, 1874, he wrote thus to his father and mother: "I have written and proposed to a girl in England. It is true I have never seen her, and I know very little about her; but what I do know is good. . . . Her mother supports herself and her daughter by keeping a school in London. One of the hindrances will be perhaps that the mother will not be willing to part with her daughter, as she is, no doubt, the life of the school. I don't know, so I have written and made the offer, and leave them to decide. If she cannot come, then

there is no harm done. If she can arrange to come, then my hope is fulfilled. . . . You may think I am rash in writing to a girl I have never seen. If you say so, I may just say that I have something of the same feeling; but what am I to do? I am very easy-minded over it all, because I have exercised the best of my thoughts on the subject, and put the whole matter into the hands of God, asking Him, if it be best, to bring her; if it be not best, to keep her away: and He can manage the whole thing well." On his return from Mongolia to Kalgan in July a letter from her was awaiting him, and he found he was "an accepted man." She set out in autumn, Rebecca-like, to meet the man God had chosen for her, and on the fourth day after her arrival at Peking they were married, on December 8. "She is a jolly girl," he wrote, "a good lassie, any quantity better than me, and just as handy as a Scotch lass would have been."

She died September 19, 1885, happy, though she was leaving her husband and their little ones behind her. "Well, Jamie, I am going, I suppose. I'll soon see you there. It won't be long." Her husband having said she would not want him much there, she fondly said she would. "I think I'll sit at the gate and look for you coming."

EMMA, which is a different name from EMILY, is thought to be a child's word like Abba; it means *nurse*.

Mr. Dent, a well-known maker and seller of gloves

in London, having made a great fortune, rented for a number of years the historic residence of Sudeley Castle, where Catherine Parr, sixth and last wife of Henry VIII., lies buried. MRS. EMMA DENT, his wife, always kept a parcel of gloves, as if direct from the shop, lying in a conspicuous place in the hall, "to keep herself and her family humble" in the midst of their magnificence.

EMMA SANSON, a girl of fourteen, bravely guided an officer to a river ford in face of the enemy during the Civil War in America forty years ago. The officer, General Nathan Forrest, was above six feet in height. When the enemy fired she ran in front of him, spread out her frock, and said, "Get in behind me!" For this exploit the Legislature of Alabama voted her a gift of 640 acres of good land, and let us hope that a good husbandman to look after both her and her land was forthcoming in due time.

ESTHER is a Persian word and means a *star*. QUEEN ESTHER, one of the two women after whom books in the Bible are called, had another name, a Hebrew one, Hadassah, which means *myrtle*. The great verse in her book, and one of the great verses of Scripture, is this one: "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

The meaning of that is this. Esther, who was an orphan girl brought up by her cousin Mordecai, was sent into the world, like every one of us, with a certain particular work to do. For that work God gave her the necessary preparation, opportunity, and summons. By doing it at the risk of her life, with simple faith in God, she won the crown of glory that God offered her. But had she refused to do it, not only would she have missed the very object for which God had made her, and lost that life she was too keen to save, but God would have raised up some other person to accomplish His sure decree, and the glory and renown she might have had would have been given to that other. It is the same warning which God gave to the Church in Philadelphia: "Hold that fast which thou hast, *that no man take thy crown.*"

MRS. ESTHER EDWARDS was the mother of Jonathan Edwards, President of Princeton College in America, a man eminent for his godliness and considered by many one of the most powerful thinkers that ever lived. Mrs. Edwards had eleven children, Jonathan being the only son in a nest of ten girls. She was a woman of queenly presence and noble character. She died in 1770, in the ninety-ninth year of her age. Her father was Solomon Stoddard, pastor of a Congregational Church in Massachusetts for fifty-six years. I commend to you the title of one of his sermons: *The Safety of Appearing at the Day of Judgment in the Righteousness of Christ.*

ESTHER DRUCE was the faithful old servant of Dr. Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died in 1854, in the hundredth year of his age, and yet left his will unsigned, purposing to do it "to-morrow." On the evening of his death Esther was standing at the foot of his bed. "Now, Esther," he said, "I seem better." He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. "She heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer softly to himself. Presently she proposed to give him a little medicine as the doctor had recommended. He drank it, feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and remarked that he had been 'a great deal of trouble'; adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. 'Let me make you a little more comfortable,' she said, intending to change the dressing. 'Don't trouble yourself,' he replied. Those were the last words he spoke. Folding his arms across his breast, he became silent. He heaved two short sighs, and all was over."

MISS ESTHER BEECHER was one of those delightful aunties of whom the world happily has many. Her niece, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, speaks of her sparkling hazel eyes, her keen and ready wit, and her never-failing flow of anecdote and information. "She had read on all subjects—chemistry, philosophy, physiology, but especially on natural history. If any child was confined to the house by sickness, her recounting powers were a wonderful solace. I have heard a

little patient say, 'Only think! Aunt Esther has told me *nineteen rat stories* all in a string!' I remember once we said to her, 'Aunt Esther, how came you to know so much about every sort of thing?' 'Oh,' said she, 'you know the Bible says the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. Now I happened to have pleasure therein, and so I sought them out.'"

So much for a good aunt. Now for a very queer one. It is Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare who speaks of her in his *Story of My Life*. "I had a favourite cat called Selma, which I adored, which followed me about wherever I went. AUNT ESTHER saw this, and at once insisted that the cat must be given up to her. I wept over it in agonies of grief: but Aunt Esther insisted. My mother was relentless in saying that I must be taught to give up my own way and pleasure to others, and forced to give it up if I would not do so willingly. With many tears I took Selma in a basket to the Rectory. For some days it almost comforted me for going to my uncle's house, because then I possibly saw my idolised Selma. But soon there came a day when Selma was missing: Aunt Esther had ordered her to be . . . hung!"

EUNICE is a lovely name, but it should be pronounced not as *U-niss*, but in three syllables, as *U-nee-say*. It is made up of two Greek words, the first of which means *well*, and the second *victory*. It was the name of Timothy's mother, eminent for her "unfeigned faith," and faith, says John, is the victory

that overcometh the world. And do you remember EUNICE BIRCH, of whom I told you once before, widow of Mr. Samuel Bagster, the Bible publisher? She died in 1877 at Old Windsor within a few hours of her hundredth birthday. She too was more than a conqueror through Him that loved her. She told the Queen, when she called on her, that she was looking forward to her speedy dismissal into the presence of the Saviour, "where," she added, "Madam, I hope hereafter to meet you."

EUPHEMIA—HESTER

“Let me hear
The name I used to run at, when a child,
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,
To glance up in some face that proved me dear
With the look of its eyes.” E. B. BROWNING.

EUPHEMIA, or EPPIE, MACLAREN was the name of the woman in a great scene in Mr. Barrie's *The Little Minister*, whom Elspeth Proctor “was ashamed to see looking up the order o' the Books at the beginning o' the Bible” when Mr. Dishart said, “You will find my text in the eighth chapter of the Book of Ezra,” for “Ezra is an unca ill book to find; and so is Ruth.” But Tibbie Birse was even more brazen, according to the postman, “for the sly cuttie opened at Kings,” and pretended she had found the place.

“Who that has imagination and a heart can fail to be moved by the Catacombs at Rome? Those narrow, tortuous passages, whole furlongs of them, and on either side rising tier above tier, the *loculi*, or little compartments, containing each a body, or what is left of it, of some early professor of our faith, shut in behind three or four rough tiles. On

some there is a symbol, on some an epitaph daubed in various-coloured paint, on some a name. I noted one particularly—FLORA. Who was the girl Flora, I wonder, and what part did she play in that huge and blessed tragedy, what humble, quite forgotten part? What a life also must these poor Christians have led who crowded into those darksome burrows, to worship while they lived and to sleep when life had left them, often enough by the fangs of a wild beast, the sword of the gladiator, or the torment of the tarred skin and the slowly burning fire. Truly these were faithful unto death, and, as we are taught and hope, their reward is not lacking" (*A Winter Pilgrimage*, by H. Rider Haggard).

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the daughter of a Hampshire landed gentleman, was born in May 1839 at Florence, in Italy; hence her name. It is to her more than to any other person that we owe the tremendous change of view in modern times as to the nature and nobleness and dignity of the work and calling of hospital nurses. What she did for the British soldiers in the Crimea during the terrible winter of 1854–55 is now matter of history. When military and medical men at the front and the War Office authorities at home had landed themselves, through their sloth and love of use and wont, either in apathy or despair, and the nation was at its wits' end with anger, she, a mere girl of five-and-twenty, came "like a new power to the State." From the hour of her arrival in the Crimea on the eve of the battle of Inkerman things

began to mend. She and her little band of trained nurses had at one time the oversight of 10,000 sick and wounded men. Many a time she stood on her feet the round of the clock, and worked amid the most appalling scenes. Even when prostrated with fever, she refused to quit her post. And from these now far-off winter days till the present hour—for happily she is still living—she has done what she could, and what she alone could, for the improvement of the sanitary conditions not only of Army hospitals but all other hospitals and infirmaries as well.

Mr. Kinglake, the historian, thus describes her: "She was of slender, delicate form, engaging, highly bred, and in council a rapt, careful listener, so long as others were speaking, and strongly, though gently persuasive whenever speaking herself. . . . She had a keen discrimination which enabled her to judge at the instant whether any of the words addressed to her should be treasured, or set at nought. . . . The gift, however originating, without which she never could have achieved what she did, was her faculty of conquering dominion over the minds of men; and this, after all, was the force which lifted her from out of the ranks of those who are only 'able' to the height reached by those who are 'great.'" Let me specially commend to all girls who read this the sentence, "a rapt, careful listener, so long as others were speaking."

Now hear what Miss Nightingale wrote about herself a few years ago, when she refused to be interviewed by an American journalist: "I could



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

not give you information about my own life, though if I could it would be to show you how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God by strange and unaccustomed paths to do in His service what He did in hers. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all and I nothing. I have worked hard, that is all. I have no peculiar gifts, and I can honestly assure any young lady if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the appointed course. But then she must first learn to walk, and when she runs she must run with patience."

FRANCES means *free*.

Edward, second Earl of Hertford, known also as the second Duke of Somerset, one of the richest men in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, married as his third wife FRANCES, daughter of a Lord Howard. She had been married previously to a Mr. Henry Pranel, a vintner or wine-seller. When she was entertaining company she was fond of talking about her two grandfathers, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Buckingham, and how the one did this and the other did that, and then her husband would call out, "Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wast married to Pranel?" which, says an old chronicler, "would damp the wings of her spirit."

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF SOMERSET, was so little respected that when the first Duke of

Bedford proposed to marry her only daughter, Anne, his father said to him, "I am willing you should choose a wife out of any other family in the kingdom but that." All the same, as might have been expected, the marriage took place, partly through the influence of Charles II. The bridegroom demanded a dowry with her of £13,000, which her father paid, selling his house at Chiswick, his plate, jewels, and furniture to do so, saying that as his daughter had made up her mind to marry, he would rather undo himself than make her unhappy. The marriage, in spite of all, turned out well. One of their children was the patriot Lord William Russell, who was beheaded in 1683.

The Duchess Anne, it is said, never knew what kind of mother she had had till she read the story of her life in a pamphlet which she picked up on a window-sill. She was found lying senseless with the book open before her. It is one of the saddest things one knows, that if a child's father or mother has been bad, let that child go where it may, sooner or later the parent's reproach will be cast in its teeth, and, alas! that one should have to say so, most often by a woman.

LADY FRANCES STUART (1648-1702), first Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, was one of the ungodly companions of Charles II. It was said of her that it was hardly possible for a woman to have more beauty or less wit. The figure of Britannia on our ha'pennies and pennies, seated by the shore, trident in hand, is reputed to be her portrait. At

her death she bequeathed the estate of Lethington, near Haddington, to her nephew, Lord Blantyre, with the request that it might be named "Lennox-love-to-Blantyre," and Lennoxlove it is called to this day. She left annuities also to some of her lady friends on condition that they took care of some of her cats.

Henry Purcell (1658–1695), organist of Westminster Abbey,—where he lies buried,—one of the greatest of English musicians, died of a cold caught, some said, by his having to stand outside his own door one night, his wife FRANCES for some reason or other refusing for a time to let him in. Much of the music used at Coronations was written by him, as were also some of our Psalm tunes, such as Colchester, Stroudwater, and St. Thomas.

The last words of FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL (1836–1872), the poetess and hymn-writer, were: "There, now, it is all over! Blessed rest!" Then she tried to sing; but after one sweet high note, "He——," her voice failed, and she passed away. Her father, an English Church minister, wrote many Psalm tunes, one of them being Evan.

Miss Havergal suffered long from ill-health, but was so patient, so thankful, so considerate, that when it seemed needful to get a nurse, the servants pleaded to be allowed to sit up with her in turn. To one of them, FANNY HOLLOWAY, she gave a Bible, adding after the inscription the word "In-

asmuch" (Matt. xxv. 50). She had another friend named FANNY BICKERSTETH, whose last words were: "Nice, nice, nice indeed!"

Miss Havergal wrote some rhymes on her name, the first verse of which may interest some of you. Only I hope you will not misunderstand the word "baptismal," or imagine that baptism simply means giving a child its name.

"From childish days I never heard
My own baptismal name ;
Too small, too slight, too full of glee
Aught else but little Fan to be,
The stately Frances not in me
Could any fitness claim."

FRANCES HENDERSON was the wife of George Stephenson, to whom the world owes the whole railway system. She was a farm servant when he first met her. He was but nineteen at the time, and full of happiness at having taught himself to read and write. His wages as engine-brakesman were seventeen shillings a week. To add to them, so that he might marry, he took to mending shoes at nights, an art in which he soon acquired great skill. One of his friends, Dr. Samuel Smiles tells us, used to relate how proud Stephenson was at having been entrusted with the repair of Miss Henderson's shoes. When they were finished, he carried them about in his pocket, and taking them out now and again would look lovingly at them and exclaim, "Haven't I made a capital job of them!" She was a modest, kind, sweet-tempered girl, but unhappily did not live to see her husband famous. She died

four years after marriage, leaving one little son, George, the builder of the Menai Bridge.

Henry Alford (1810-1871), Dean of Canterbury, the man who did most to bring about the last revision of the Bible, married his cousin, FANNY ALFORD. On the day of his engagement to her he wrote these words in his Journal: "O Lord God, who art the God of Love and the Guide of all Thy servants, look upon us two who, in reliance upon Thy promise and Thine answer graciously vouchsafed to our prayers, have this day pledged ourselves to each other. May the step which we have taken be in accordance with Thy most holy will, that so we may be united in Thy fear and love unfeigned here below, and may be partakers of the marriage-supper of the Lamb in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." Before their marriage he set her lessons in Greek grammar, that they might be able to read the New Testament in the original together. In one of his letters to her in those days he says: "I entreat and conjure you by everything you value, if you have any regard for my temporal and spiritual welfare, to do your utmost to cure me of that sharpness and spirit of opposition which so often shows itself in me. I am conscious very frequently of saying things from the mere desire of opposition." On his grave is this inscription written by himself: "DEVERSORIUM VIATORIS HIEROSOLYMAM PROFICISCENTIS" (the Inn of a Traveller on his way to Jerusalem).

The marriage of Charles Kingsley—whose *West-*

ward Ho! you must all read some day—with FRANCES, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger, was a singularly happy one. Yet there were so many obstacles in the way of it at first that Kingsley said he was convinced, as the result of his own experience, "that if young people sought marriage as a boon from God, to be gained from Him alone by earnest prayer, God would work what the world would call a miracle, if necessary, to bring it about." His last sermon closed with his wife's favourite text: "And, therefore, let us say in utter faith, Come as Thou seest best, but in whatsoever way Thou comest, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

When Kingsley was dying, his wife was so ill that she was thought to be dying too. For some days they wrote little letters to one another, but at last, unable to bear the separation any longer, he left his bed, went to her room, took her by the hand, and then said, "This is heaven!" On his tombstone in Eversley Churchyard there are, round a spray of his favourite passion-flower, the words, "God is Love," and underneath, the inscription he had prepared for his wife: "AMAVIMUS AMAMUS AMABIMUS"—that is, *We have loved, we do love, we will love.*

When Baron Bunsen, a distinguished German diplomatist and scholar, was dying at Bonn in 1860, he said to his wife, an English lady, a MISS FRANCES WADDINGTON, to whom he had been married for forty-three years, "We have loved each other in God, and in the love of God we shall live on, for ever and

ever. We shall meet again. I am sure of that. Love—God is love—love eternal.”

I should like to tell you about two other FANNIES—the first, Oliver Cromwell’s youngest daughter, about whose engagement at the age of seventeen to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and the cruel way some people sought to hinder it, Lady Mary Cromwell writes such a kind and sensible letter that at the close of it Carlyle cannot help saying, “Good little Mary !” And secondly, FRANCES CAY, the mother of Professor James Clerk Maxwell, the great natural philosopher, who, when he was only thirteen, invented a way of drawing ovals, which he was thought too young to describe to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and another described for him. Lord Kelvin brought him, a few years before he died, into our classroom at the University, but unfortunately told us nothing about him. What a cheer we would have given him had we known how great and how good a man he was ! Maxwell once said, “To have had a wise and good parent is a great stay in life.” Miss Cay was a lady of gentle birth, a beautiful player on the organ, a marvellous knitter, and a right brave woman, too. Once, when some men were badly hurt in blasting at a quarry on her husband’s estate, she attended to their wounds before a surgeon could be brought. She was married at the age of thirty-four, and died at forty-eight, in 1840.

GEORGIANA is the feminine of GEORGE, and George means *husbandman*.

GEORGIANA (1757-1806), by becoming wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, made what was considered the best match in England, and became the reigning Queen of Society. But one admires her most for this, that in the bloom of her youth she was to be seen hanging on every word that fell from Dr. Johnson's lips, and contending for the place nearest his chair. It was her portrait, painted by Gainsborough, that disappeared from London so mysteriously twenty-five years ago, and was restored only the other day, on the death of the man who had broken by night into the Gallery where the picture was being exhibited and had cut it out of its frame.

There was yet another GEORGIANA in this family group, a Miss Hare, who was once a pretty, lively girl, but in later life became a sickly, petulant, discontented woman. In her youth she once undertook to dance the round of the clock, and accomplished the feat, but had to lie on her back for a year after, and never fully regained her health. She wore her hair down her back in two long plaits, her nephew tells us in his Memoirs, and once when a child he offended her mortally by saying, "Chelu, the rector's dog, has only one tail, but Aunt Georgie has two." She seemed to prefer being ill, as some foolish people do, for the sympathy it excited. "She dosed herself continually with medicine, and once or twice a year she would be dying: the members of the family were summoned; everyone was in tears; they knelt round her bed, and bade her good-bye; it was her most delicious

excitement." She was married during what was supposed to be her last illness to Frederick Denison Maurice, "but was so pleased with her nuptials that she recovered after the ceremony and lived for nearly half a century afterwards."

MRS. GERTRUDE CROCKHAY, one of those who suffered persecution in the time of Bloody Mary, was told by the priests when she was dying, that if she would not receive the Sacrament she should be buried in unconsecrated ground. "Very well," she said, "the earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is, and therefore I commit the matter to Him."

Hans Egede — pronounced *Ae-gid-a*, three syllables, accent on the first, so a Norwegian friend tells me—sailed from Bergen for Greenland, whose apostle he was to be, on May 3, 1721, on board the ship *Hope*, with his wife and family. He was then thirty-five years of age. His wife's name was GERTRUDE RASK, and though at first she had tried to dissuade him from his enterprise, it was she who kept him from despairing when trials abounded and his faith grew faint. The Greenlanders were heathen when he went to them, and they received him as coldly as could be. It was only through the intercourse between his children and theirs that he learned the language. In 1735 his wife died. The year after, July 29, broken in health, he preached his farewell sermon from Isa. xlix. 4, "I said, I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and

my work with my God." Then he set sail for home, taking his wife's coffin with him. There is a little town in West Greenland named after him, Egede's Minde, or Egede's Memory. His son Paul, whom he left in Greenland behind him, had the high honour of translating the New Testament into the language of the country.

The ancient Greeks used to speak of three imaginary Graces—Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia—who were divine personifications of grace, gentleness, and beauty. When LADY GRACE MILDMAY gave great gifts to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the scholars, according to Thomas Fuller, called her the fourth Grace, and said she was more worth than all the other three together. When Queen Elizabeth found fault with Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder of Emmanuel College, for setting it up on Puritan principles, "Madam," he said, "I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." From Emmanuel came John Harvard, founder of one of the greatest of American universities.

LADY GRACE GETHIN, who died in 1697, is one of those who might well have said, "Save me from my friends." She was reckoned a great scholar, and has a monument in Westminster Abbey. She was in the habit, like many wise persons, of writing out in a note-book favourite passages from the authors she read. Her friends mistook these extracts, which were chiefly from the works of Bacon, for her

own compositions, and published them, the Editor claiming some indulgence for them from the critics, on the ground that they were "undigested thoughts and first notions hastily set down," written at spare hours and meant for no eye but her own!

GRACE MILLET was the maiden name of the mother of Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist. She and her two sisters lost their parents through fever in one week. Mr. John Tonkin, a surgeon in Penzance, took the three children at the request of their dying mother to his own home and brought them up. Mrs. Davy was left a widow at the age of thirty-four with five children, and a debt of £1300, which her husband had incurred through some mining speculation. Having some money of her own, she joined two French ladies, who had fled from their country at the Revolution, in opening a millinery shop, and by carefulness and hard work succeeded in a few years in paying all her husband owed. Her favourite books in teaching her children were *Æsop's Fables* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She lived to see her son come to honour, dying only three years before him, in 1826.

Alexander Brodie of Brodie, a member of the Scottish Parliament and one of the Lords of Session, was one of the ablest men of his day in Scotland, and might have been one of the best, had he not been a time-server who tried to "carry his dish level" and "jouked in the cause of Christ." His two besetting sins, which he was always bewail-

ing and always yielding to, were the love of money and the fear of man.

In his Diary, October 22, 1653, being a Saturday, he tells us how, after prayer and exhortation, he caused his daughter GRIZEL, then in her seventeenth year, to write out a covenant with God. "This day," she wrote, "I desire to give up myself to God; it is my heart that I desire to give Him, and not my tongue only." Two months later, on a Monday, we find her writing: "This night my Father carried me before God for my forgetting the resolutions and promises which I made lately to God. This night I purposed against my sins, every one of them; and will beseech the Lord's strength and grace for that effect, and that, for my former dealing with Him, He would not forsake me, but would forgive and heal for His Own Name's sake. For this end I employ, and believe in, the Lord Jesus Christ for all sufficient grace, without Whom I can do nothing: and that this night may be remembered I subscribe this, that it may be a witness for ever against me in this world, and at the Day of Judgment in the world to come." In the following September she was married to Sir Robert Dunbar of Grangehill. They had several children, concerning one of whom, when he was ten years old, we find this entry in his grandfather's Journal: "Grangehill was here and my daughter to-night. I reprov'd them sharply for their son Rob., that had not learnt the Catechism." Of another son, James, we read in his uncle's Diary in 1684: "I find in my nephew much dissoluteness, want of education, want of nurture: he

has drunk in a great deal of evil." Poor Lady Dunbar had her own trials, and not the least of them seems to have been her loud voice and bad temper. The last thing we read about her in her brother's Diary is: "My sister in humour and carping at everything." But perhaps if we had *her* Diary, we should have found another side to the story! One must not always believe what brothers say about their sisters.

In 1685 Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, took part in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and being captured along with the Earl of Argyll, was ignominiously conducted to Edinburgh by the hangman, bound and bareheaded. Twice a warrant for his execution was sent down from London, and twice his daughter GRIZEL, disguised as a highwayman, robbed the messenger of his bag as he was crossing the border, and by destroying the warrants, first delayed and then finally prevented her father's execution. She afterwards married a landed proprietor in Berwickshire, Kerr of Morriston. She died in 1747, after being a widow for seven-and-fifty years. Thomas Boston, who wrote the *Fourfold State*, was a frequent visitor at her house.

You will find some charming stories in Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant* about GRIZELL HUME, who became wife of the son of the famous Covenanting martyr, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood. She was the eldest of the eighteen children of Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont. Sir Patrick,

during the persecution, had to hide for a time in a vault in the family burying-place at Polwarth Church. Grizell used to take food to him at midnight. The only way she could get it, without exciting the suspicion of the servants, was by taking it off the table at meal-times and hiding it. Her father—sensible man—liked sheep's head, and one day, while the children were supping their broth, she conveyed by stealth the greater part of one into her lap. One of her brothers, nine years of age, suddenly looking up, saw the big plate empty. "Mother," he cried, "will you look at Grizell? While we have been eating our broth, she has eaten the whole sheep's head."

Lady Baillie wrote some songs, the best known of which has for its refrain, "Were na my heart licht I wad dee." She lived to be almost eighty-one. Two days before her death, in 1746, being much concerned that her grandchildren should marry in the fear of the Lord, she said to them, "My dears, read the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs."

GRIZEL is the heroine of two of Mr. Barrie's books. She had a bad, bad father, and a poor unhappy woman for her mother, and the boys of the village used to taunt her about her birth, and their mothers—and I am ashamed to say one has seen this often even amongst women whom one would call good—restrained them not. Remember that it is a cruel, low thing to cast up to a child its father's or its mother's sin. The boys used to waylay Grizel and torment her, but run she would not. "She

walked off leisurely with her head in the air, and her dignity was beautiful, except once when she made the mistake of turning round to put out her tongue." She was brave, and yet she did not know it. "I only pretend to be brave; I am often frightened, but I just don't let on," which, as the good doctor told her, is the highest form of bravery. At the annual "fair" she bought a doll just because it had a broken leg, she "felt so sorry for it, the darling." When she baked, between her big bannocks she made baby ones, for no better reason than that she was so fond of babies; and she kissed the baby ones and said, "Oh, the loves, they are just sweet!" and she felt for them when Tommy took a bite. "She could go so quickly between the board and the girdle that she was always at one end of the course or the other, but never gave you time to say at which end, and on the limited space round the fire she could balance such a number of bannocks that they were as much a wonder as the Lord's Prayer written on a sixpence. Such a vigilant eye she kept on them, too, that they dared not fall. Yet she had never been taught to bake; a good-natured neighbour had now and again allowed her to look on. . . . Best of all was to see Grizel 'redding-up' on Saturday afternoon. The children were shut up in the box-bed to be out of the way, and could scarce have told whether they fled thither or were wrapped into it by her energetic arms. Even Aaron dared not cross the floor until it was sanded. 'I believe,' he said, trying to jest, 'you would like to shut me up in the bed too!' 'I should just love it,' she cried eagerly; 'will you go?' It is

an inferior woman," adds Mr. Barrie, "who has a sense of humour when there is a besom in her hand." "Grizel was never known to lie." Her great terror was lest she should turn out bad. What ought she to do! she asked Blinder, a wise man, so called from his blindness. "Never keep company with ill men," he said. "Like the man who made mamma wicked?" she asked. "Ay," he replied, "fly from the like o' him, my lass, though it should be to the other end of the world." . . . "But how am I to know that he is that kind of man?" "You'll know," Blinder answered, after thinking it over, "if you like him and fear him at one breath, and have a sort of secret dread that he is getting a power over you that you canna resist."

A short time ago I had a conversation with a dying woman. She had no friends, and was glad to have someone to tell the story of her life to. When she had gone on for a little time, she said, "Have you read Mr. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*?" "Yes," I said, "I've read it six or seven times." "I'm glad of that," she replied, "for I bless Mr. Barrie every day for writing about Grizel."

GULIELMA, which is Latin for Wilhelmina, was the name of the wife of William Penn, the founder of the colony named after him, Pennsylvania. She was born after the death of her father, Sir William Springett, an officer in Cromwell's army, who died at the siege of Arundel Castle. She had for her tutor Thomas Ellwood, the man who, after reading the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, said to Milton, whose

secretary he was, "Thou hast said much of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'?" She was a woman of remarkable beauty. "Our marriage," said her husband, who was one of many suitors, "was of God's making. . . . Thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved as well as the most worthy of all earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many." "They were married," so the old register says, "in a godly manner, according to the old order of the church of Christ, in a public assembly of the people of the Lord." She died in 1693 in her fiftieth year. To a friend aged sixty-five who came to see her on her death-bed, she said, "How much older has the Lord made me through weakness than thou art! But I am contented." To her children she said, "I never desired any great things for you, but that you may fear the Lord and walk among His people to the end of your days."

HANNAH means *grace*. The mother of Samuel is one of the great figures of history. She gave her boy to God at his birth, as all wise women do. The hymn she sang is the first of its kind in the Bible, and in it occurs for the first time the Name Messiah, or Christ, that is, the Anointed. When she is telling God about her son and her gift of him, He tells her, as it were, about His gift of His Son to her and to the world. We all remember her specially for the little mantle, reaching down to his feet, which she took up year by year—a little longer every year

—to her son at Shiloh. Samuel remembered it too, for he wore a mantle of the same shape all his days. A child's dress helps to form its character, and may be by God's blessing a means of grace to it. It was said of the great Napoleon "that his bad training began with his swaddling clothes."

HANNAH SHEPHERD, who died in 1834, served God in India for forty-eight years, as only a missionary lady can. She was the wife of Dr. Samuel Marshman, the founder, with Carey and Ward, of the Serampore Mission. The first thing he and his wife did when they touched Indian soil was to kneel down and thank God. Her son, John Clark Marshman (1794-1877), founded the first newspaper in India, and did more for railway and telegraphic communication in that land than any other statesman. He spent his whole earnings on missions, giving £30,000 to the Serampore College alone. Yet all the honour he got from Government was a C.S.I., which Lord Lawrence gained for him after much pleading. No wonder Lord Dalhousie was ashamed to wear his decorations when he thought of some of the men who had none. Mrs. Marshman's sister, HANNAH, was the wife of the famous Sir Henry Havelock, and mother of the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C., the man whom Lord Wolseley declared to be "without doubt the bravest man in the British Army."

U. S. Grant, that is, Ulysses Simpson, or, as he was sometimes playfully called in memory of one of

his greatest victories, Unconditional Surrender Grant, eighteenth President of the United States, and the man who brought her Civil War to an end, had for his mother HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT. If the General's own first name can scarcely be called either a New Testament or an Old Testament one, the names of his forebears amply make up for it, for his father was called Jesse, and his grandfather and great-grandfather were Noahs, and before them there were a Samuel and a Matthew.

“Next door to Mark Twain—who is really a very droll creature”—says the late Prof. Henry Drummond in one of his letters, “in Hartford, Connecticut, Oct. 3, 1887, I found MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. She is a wonderfully agile old lady, as fresh as a squirrel, though seventy-five years old, but with a face and an air like a lion's. I have not been so taken with anyone on this side the Atlantic.” It was her book *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, “which I wrote to God's dictation” she once said, that helped to quicken the conscience of the American people in the matter of negro slavery—a question whose settlement by civil war finally cost the United States two thousand million pounds and the lives of more than six hundred thousand men.

HARRIET LEWIN (1792–1878), wife of George Grote the historian, was said to be one of the cleverest and wittiest women in England. Unfortunately, as is so common in the case of persons with such a reputation, her witticisms seem to have been almost

all forgotten, or if they are remembered, they are remembered only by those who won't tell them. "Mr. Grote," said Jenny Lind the famous singer, "is like a fine old bust in a corner which one longs to dust." "And Mrs. Grote dusted him," playfully says one who knew them both. She had the great but perilous gift of coining nicknames. Mr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, speaking once of this, said, "I have no doubt she had a name for me too." "And that she had," said Mrs. Darwin afterwards, "for she always spoke of him as *the Antiquated Cherub*." Mrs. Grote was excessively vain of her personal appearance, being specially proud of her hands and feet. Yet she was so ridiculous looking with her short waist, her brown mantle of stamped velvet, her huge bonnet full of full-blown red roses, that Sydney Smith when he saw her exclaimed, "Now I see the derivation of the word *grotesque*!" She loved to wear a coachman's coat with capes when she went out driving, and thought nothing of wearing a man's hat. And when one is told that she was once seen up a tree playing the violoncello, one can understand Lord Houghton's remark, "My dear Mrs. Grote, go where you will ; do what you please ; I have the most perfect confidence in your indiscretion."

Lord Houghton records in his Diary a somewhat similar rebuke given to himself by another HARRIET, LADY BARING, afterwards Lady Ashburton, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich. "She said she had heard I had got a Colonial appointment, but she hoped it was not true, for 'if you go away we

shall have no one to show us what we ought *not* to do and say.'” Of this lady Mrs. Carlyle wrote in 1845: “She is the very cleverest woman, out of sight, that I ever saw in my life (and I have seen all our distinguished authoresses); moreover, she is full of energy and sincerity, and has, I am sure, an excellent heart; yet so perverted has she been by the training and life-long humouring incident to her high position, that I question if in her whole life she has done as much for her fellow-creatures as my mother in one year, or whether she will ever break through the cobwebs she is entangled in, so as to be anything other than the most amusing and most graceful woman of her time. The sight of such a woman should make one very content with one’s own trials, even when they feel to be rather hard!”

HELEN, was the name of the woman whose incomparable beauty, according to ancient story, brought about the Trojan War. Hers was

“The face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.”

She had chosen for her husband Menelaus, King of Sparta in Greece, but had been carried off by Paris, also called Alexander, son of Priam, King of Troy in Asia Minor. Helen had been wooed by many suitors, and her father had bound them by oath to join in avenging the man whom she should choose, if any other should ever take her from him by force. So Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus, gathered all these suitors and other chieftains from all parts of Greece, and sailed away to the siege of Troy, and then

the famous ten years' war which ended in the fall of the city was begun. Helen, after many adventures, regained her first husband's love, and lived and died in Sparta.

The only thing I wish to add here is to commend to you one of the many deep and solemn sayings in which Mr. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* abounds. It is what poor Jean Myles said to her son when she was dying: "All decent women, laddie, have a horror of being fought about. I'm no sure but what that's the difference between good ones and ill ones."

HELEN WALKER is the name of the woman who did in real life what Jeanie Deans is said to have done in fiction. Her sister Isabella committed a crime which in those days—about the year 1736—was always punished by hanging. Before the trial came on, Helen was told that if she would only say one or two words in answer to a certain question—if in fact she would only tell what most people would call a very little lie—she could save her sister's life. "No," she said, "I must speak the truth." The sister was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, according to custom, that day six weeks. Helen thereupon got a petition prepared, and set out on foot to London to present it to the King. Meeting the Duke of Argyll providentially, to use her own word, she secured his good influences at Court and returned to Scotland with a pardon just in time. She died in 1791. Her grave may still be seen in Irongray Churchyard, Dumfriesshire, with an inscription written by Sir Walter Scott.

It is interesting to know that Helen Walker's name and fame have been preserved as it were by accident. A MRS. HELEN GOLDIE, wife of a legal official in Dumfries, happened while staying at a little cottage in the country to hear a woman offering fowls for sale at her kitchen door. Going round to see who it was, she found a little stoutish woman apparently between seventy and eighty years of age, with a tartan plaid and a black silk hood over her cap tied under her chin. Her dark eyes were remarkably lively and intelligent. She "footed" stockings in winter, she said, taught a few children to read, and whiles reared a few chickens. "I can see you have never been married," said Mrs. Goldie to her. "I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen that ye can guess that from it," was her answer. "Oh, it is because your face is so cheerful and disengaged," was the somewhat strange reply. More talk followed, and Mrs. Goldie was so taken with what she both heard and afterwards found out, that many years after Helen was dead she wrote a summary of her history to Sir Walter Scott, and he in turn was so taken by it that he wrote *The Heart of Midlothian*.

When the late Lord Dufferin came of age in 1847, his mother wrote the following verses and gave him a Silver Lamp with these words on it—"Fiat Lux" (Let there be light):

"At a most solemn pause we stand.
From this day forth for evermore
My weak but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.

WHAT IS THY NAME?

Then as through life thy footsteps stray,
 And earthly beacons dimly shine,
 Let there be light upon thy way
 And holier guidance far than mine.

Let there be light in thy clear soul
 When passion tempts and doubts assail;
 When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
 Let there be light that shall not fail.

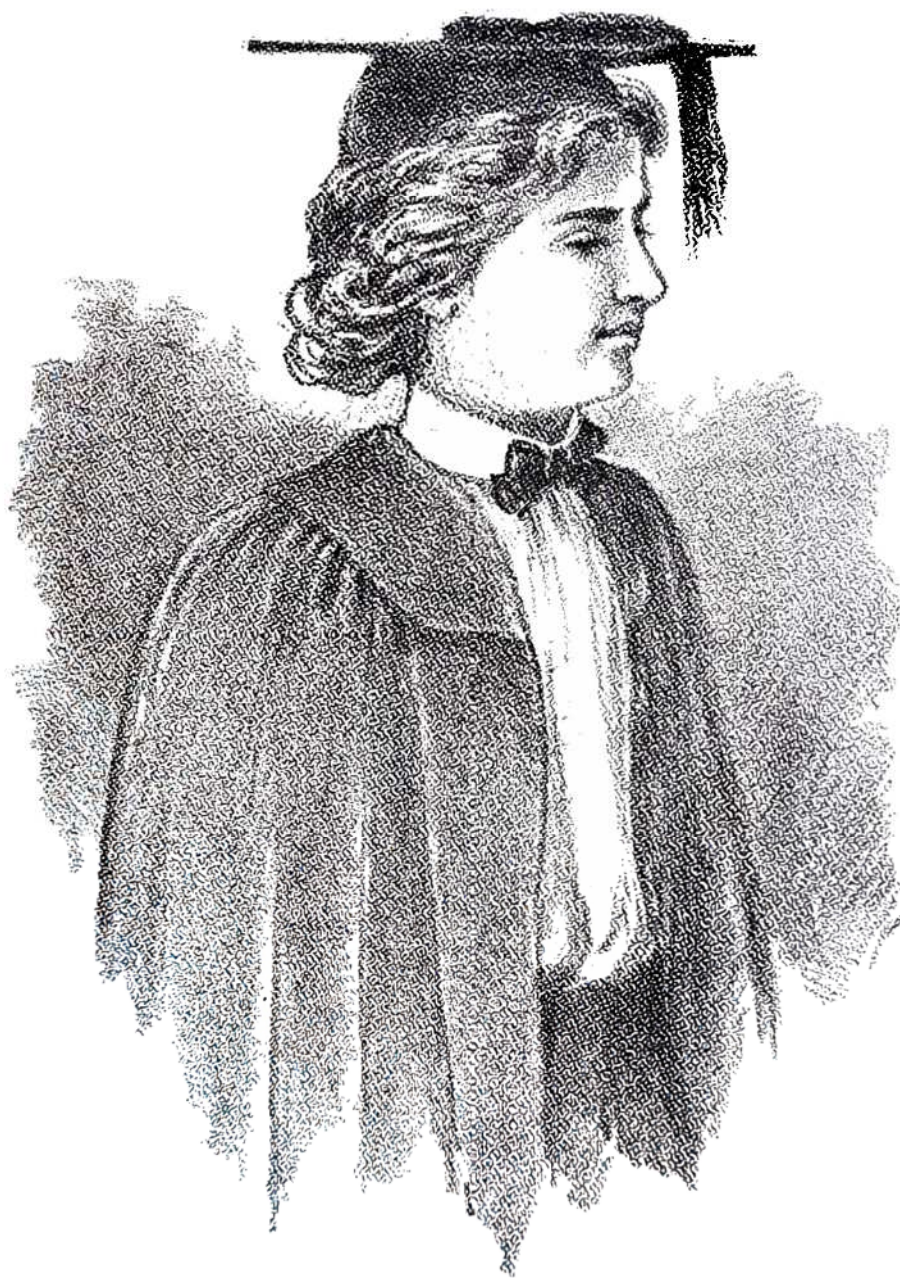
So angel-guarded mayst thou tread
 The narrow path which few may find,
 And at the end look back nor dread
 To count the vanished years behind,

And pray that she, whose hand doth trace
 This heart-warm prayer, when life is past
 May see and know thy blessed face
 In God's Own glorious light at last."

These lines were engraved on a gold tablet by Lord Dufferin, and placed by him in a tower which he built on his estate of Clandeboye near Belfast, on the summit of a hill which commands a view of the North Channel. This tower he "spared no pains in beautifying with all imaginable devices." For it Tennyson wrote a little poem, "Helen's Tower":

"Helen's Tower, here I stand
 Dominant over sea and land;
 Son's love built me, and I hold
 Mother's love in letter'd gold.
 Love is in and out of time,
 I am mortal stone and lime.
 Would my granite girth were strong
 As either love, to last as long,
 I should wear my crown entire
 To and thro' the Doomsday fire."

Her full name was HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN (1807-1867), granddaughter of Richard Brinsley



HELEN KELLER

Sheridan, the dramatist and orator, an orator of such power that after one of his speeches on Warren Hastings' Impeachment the House of Commons decided to adjourn, on the ground that it was still too much under its influence to give a cool, impartial vote.

To have had for her father Henry IV. of Navarre, the man who, after forsaking Protestantism for Romanism, was assassinated by the Jesuits; and for her mother the worthless Marie de Medicis, who, though her son was King of France, was permitted to die in destitution in a hayloft; and for her husband Charles I. of England; and for her sons Charles II. and James II.; and for her daughter the Duchess of Orleans, who died of poison; can one imagine a more awful series of domestic tragedies? Yet that is the life-story of HENRIETTA MARIA, who was born in 1609, and died of an overdose of some opiate in 1669.

After the death of the Duke of Marlborough in 1722, his only son having died in infancy, his daughter HENRIETTA succeeded, by special Act of Parliament, to his honours and estates. She was a very foolish woman. A dramatist named William Congreve, who died in 1729 leaving the woman who had been his best friend £200, left £10,000 to the Duchess Henrietta. £7000 of that she spent on a diamond necklace. She had an ivory statuette made of him, and dressed in his clothes, which sat at the table at meal-time with her and was served with food like any other guest. It moved by clockwork, and nodded its head

mechanically when she made a joke, she herself, more fortunate in this than most wits, knowing doubtless how to pull the strings. She also had a wax doll, made in his image, whose feet she daily bathed and blistered, to keep her in memory of the agony he had suffered from gout.

HENRIETTA CAMILLA JENKIN (1807-1885) was the mother of Professor Fleeming Jenkin of Edinburgh University, a man who took out thirty-five British patents and did a great work for the world, in conjunction with Lord Kelvin, in the laying of the first Atlantic cables. "She came of a wild, cruel, proud, and somewhat blackguard stock, which put forth in her all its force and courage. Not beautiful, she had a far higher gift, the art of seeming so. . . . She drew with unusual skill, played the harp, and sang with something beyond the talent of an amateur. She wrote books because she was poor. When she was about forty, having lost her voice, she set herself to learn the piano. Working eight hours a day she attained so much proficiency that her collaboration in chamber music was courted by professionals. More than twenty years later she dauntlessly began the study of Hebrew." When she was sixty-eight she had a paralytic stroke, which left her stone-deaf and almost speechless, yet she worked away cheerfully, trying to make herself understood by the help of dictionaries. In her youth she lived in Genoa for a time, and was one of the many brave people of our land who helped to win unity and freedom for Italy. It was she I told you of once before, who, on finding

out that a man had behaved shamefully to a poor woman whom she knew, mounted her horse, rode over to his house, and horsewhipped him with her own hand.

Robert Louis Stevenson had more than fifty first-cousins, but his favourite one was a HENRIETTA. One sometimes meets people who seem to have almost more friends than they can count, while others seem to have so few ! I knew a man whose parents were dead, who had not, so far as he was aware, a single relative of any description in the whole world. It is good for us to remember that all these things are appointed in infinite love and wisdom by Him who has determined the bounds of our habitation.

DAME HESTER TEMPLE, a Buckinghamshire lady who died in 1656, the widow of Sir Thomas Temple, lived to see seven hundred descendants. Dr. Thomas Fuller, who personally verified the facts, says, "Reader, had I been one of her relations, I would have erected a monument for her, thus designed: A fair tree should have been erected, the said lady and her husband lying at the root thereof; the heir of the family should have ascended both the middle and top bough thereof. On the right hand hereof her younger sons, and on the left her daughters, should, as so many boughs, be spread forth. Her grandchildren should have their names inscribed on the branches of these boughs; the great-grandchildren on the twigs of these branches; the great-great-grandchildren on the leaves of those twigs. Such as survived her death should be

done in a lively green, the rest as blasted, in a pale and yellow fading colour." Her own family consisted of nine daughters and four sons. "Thus, in all ages," adds Fuller, "God has bestowed personal felicities on some far above the proportion of others."

HESTER—JULIA

“Great names debase instead of raising those who know not how to use them.”—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

LADY HESTER GRENVILLE was the wife of the great Earl of Chatham and the mother of the great William Pitt, a kind of “double first-class honours” that very few women have ever obtained. Sir Robert Peel was once asked if he knew any similar instance in modern history. His answer, after careful thought was this: “I can produce no other instance quite in point since the days of Olympias, the wife of Philip of Macedon, and the mother of Alexander the Great.” Yet, if that is a somewhat sorrowful reflection, let us bless God that we have all known many women who had *good* husbands and *good* sons and *good* daughters and *good* grandchildren too.

Lady Hester does not seem to have been exceptionally clever herself. But she was kind to the poor, often carrying food and clothing to them, the one condition she made being that they should attend church regularly. She had a great share, too, in the training of her son. It is on record that Lady Holland, the mother of Charles James Fox, who was afterwards Pitt's great rival, found fault with her husband one day for giving his children, and especially

his son Charles, everything they wished. "I have been this morning," she said, "with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not six years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behaviour, that, mark my words, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives."

Pitt had a sister, LADY HESTER STANHOPE, who gave all her thought to the theatre and the dressing of her hair. She had a daughter, HESTER LUCY (1776-1839), who attained a certain notoriety for her eccentricity. "I let Hester do as she pleases," her uncle said one day, "for if she were resolved to cheat Satan, she could do it."—"And so I could," she added. And that was true, though not in the sense in which she meant it. For Satan is cheated every day, and has been cheated continually, and never anything else but cheated, ever since he rebelled against God. But we may cheat Satan and cheat ourselves, and try to cheat God too, all at the same time. And so it was with Lady Hester. When she was thirty-four she left England, and settled down amongst the wild tribes of Mount Lebanon. She built a kind of fortress, and lived and dressed like a Mohammedan chief, believing herself, and believed by the Arab tribes, to be something of a prophetess. Her servants, of whom she had a great retinue, were not allowed to smile in her presence, or to appear to notice anything. They had no definite or fixed hours either for food or sleep. When they disobeyed her she struck them with a mace. They cheated her

consequently right and left, but when she was advised to put them away, she would say, "Yes—but what about my rank?" She loved to harangue such visitors as she condescended to see, speaking for hours, ten, twelve, fourteen, at a stretch, without a halt, till sometimes they actually fainted in her presence through exhaustion. During her last illness there was no European near her, and when the British Consul and an American missionary—Dr. Thomson, who wrote *The Land and the Book*—came to see if they could help her, they found her dead, and her house deserted and stripped of everything that her servants could carry off. They had to bury her by torchlight with their own hands.

ISABELLA means *beautiful Isa*, or Eliza, just as Portobello means *beautiful port*.

ISABELLA CRANSTON (died 1795) was the wife of the Rev. John Brown of Whitburn, son of John Brown of Haddington, the Commentator. She was a woman of great beauty, and she feared God from her youth. She became a member of the Church when she was twelve. Before her marriage, as every wise girl will do, she set apart a day for special prayer. When she was dying—she was married only sixteen years—and too weak to hold a Bible, she made her son write out some promises which she had marked, which she called "her comforts." She died with that list in her hand. A few days before her death she called for a short paper which her husband had drawn up, in which they

dedicated themselves and their children to God, "for time and eternity, to be directed, managed, and saved by Him," and signed it once more with her trembling hand, saying, "I do this cheerfully, and with all my heart."

ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Angoulême, wife of King John, and mother of Henry III., was nicknamed "Jezebel" from her mischief-making. It was John's marriage to her that brought about the loss of England's possessions on the Continent of Europe.

ISABEL SOMERSET (1775-1831), daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort, and wife of the fourth Duke of Rutland, lost, as she grew older, so much of the beauty of her youth that people used to call her, not the Duchess *Isabel*, but the Duchess *Was-a-belle*. And richly she deserved to lose her beauty, for she took the wrong way to preserve it. A friend of hers, as the story goes, met a very beautiful peasant girl one day near Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire—which, by the way, you must pronounce *Beevor* Castle, otherwise no one will believe that you have met the Duke of Rutland or been invited to visit at his seat. Now, this peasant girl had lost one of her best front teeth. "Oh, what a pity!" said the lady to her. "How did it happen?" "Well, you see, ma'am," was the answer, "the Duchess had lost one of her front teeth, so she forced me to have mine taken out to replace it!"

ISABELLA was the name of a Scotch girl who, had she feared God, might have won fame here and

glory hereafter, as the servant of Thomas Carlyle and his wife. "She was a handsome, cultivated-looking Edinburgh girl," says Carlyle in his notes to his wife's letters, "but indisputably the worst specimen of Scotch character I have ever seen produced." "She showed no disposition to learn her work," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to a friend, "became every day more sulky and slovenly, breaking out at times into a sort of hysterical insolence, refusing to do things, and when told that others had done them willingly, remarking, 'Oh yes, there are women that like to make slaves of themselves, but I will never slave myself for anybody's pleasure.' When at last she said she wished to go, I agreed to let her." She was to wait three weeks, but before the second week was well begun, Mrs. Carlyle meantime having taken ill, Isabella began to cry continually that her hands were getting all spoilt with dirty work. On the Saturday night she told her mistress that if she was not allowed to go next day, she would take fits and be laid up in her house for a whole year, as had once happened to her before in another house. Carlyle hearing this, told her to "disappear straightway, and in no region of the universe, if she could avoid it, ever to let him behold her again." Next morning, accordingly, after breakfast, she went away to stay with her seven cousins in the east of London, leaving her mistress ill in bed and no servant in the house. I have no doubt she and her cousins thought she had done a wonderfully smart and clever thing. I think most people will agree that her conduct was not only cruel but low. Isabella, it was found out afterwards, told her friends

that she gave up her place because she didn't like the way the Carlyles kept the Sabbath!

If any of you who read these words should ever find that you are a servant in a house in which you cannot stay—and there are bad masters and bad mistresses in the world, and lots of them, as well as bad servants—be faithful and do your best to the last moment of your stay, and when you leave, *leave honourably*, not only for the sake of your own good name, but for the sake of that worthy Name by the which ye are called.

James Melville (1556–1614), the first professor in Scotland to read to his class Greek authors in the original, nephew of the famous Andrew Melville to whom, by the blessing of God, we owe our Presbyterianism, had for his mother “ISOBELL SCRYMGEOUR, a woman exceedingly beloved of her husband's friends and neighbours.” She died within a year after he was born, but her place was filled, as far as it could be, by his sister, another ISOBELL, who, he says, “would read and sing Sir David Lindsay's book, concerning the latter judgment, the pains of hell and the joys of heaven, whereby she would cause me both greet and be glad. With her speeches and tears she made me to quake and chout bitterly, which left the deepest stamp of God's fear in my heart of anything that I had ever heard before. I was given to a bairnly evil and dangerous use of pyking [pilfering]; the which she perceiving of purpose gave me the credit of the key of her kist [chest], and having some small silver in a little shuttle, I took some of it,

thinking she could not have missed it. But by that occasion she entered so upon me with so sore threatenings, and therewithal so sweet and loving admonition and exhortations, that I thank Thee, my God, I abstained from it all my days thereafter; and wherever I was, if I could have gotten anything to buy, worthy of her, I was accustomed to send it her, in token of our affection, as long as she lived. This benefit I had of God, by her means, that winter, for increase of His fear and honesty of life."

She and her sister Marjory were married on one day in 1673, and then comes this sad entry in the diary: "1674. The beginning of this year was most doleful to me, by the departure of my dearest sister Isabel: in whom I lost my natural mother the second time."

JANE, JANET, JEAN, JESSIE, JOAN, all mean the same as JOHN, *the grace of the Lord*.

JANE, daughter of Sir John Dean Paul, of Rodborough, hearing in a room one night a peculiarly hearty and ringing laugh from a man whom she could not see, rashly said, in a moment of high spirits, "I will marry the man who can laugh in that way and no one else." The remark being repeated to the man, a Mr. Fitzgerald, grandson of the first Duke of Leinster, he insisted upon being immediately introduced. The young lady was covered with confusion, but as she was exceedingly pretty, this only added to her attractions, and the adventure led to a proposal, and eventually, after some difficulties, to a marriage. He died in 1863, she in 1891.

Carlyle in one of his essays says that what he would like to see is a nation "of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion. Laughter, if it comes from the heart, is a heavenly thing." Yes, it is one of God's best and most wonderful gifts to man, and we should use it worthily. You can tell infallibly what a man or woman is by *what* they laugh at. And you can tell a good deal by watching *how* they laugh. The most beautiful laughter I ever heard was that of an officer in Stirling who was going with a companion up King Street to the Castle, seven-and-twenty years ago. So delightful was it to listen to that I followed them till I was ashamed. Our parents, and our teachers at school, and, generally, all who love us, ought to teach us how to laugh, as well as how to read or how to walk. There are two things in particular that make a girl very odious: when she giggles at everything she says, no matter what it is; and when she and her companions scream with laughter in the streets, especially at night.

Robert Louis Stevenson's AUNT JANE, he tells us, was a wit and a beauty in her youth, very imperious, managing, and self-sufficient. But as she grew up, she began to suffice for all the family as well. An accident while riding made her nearly deaf and blind, and suddenly transformed this wilful empress into the most serviceable and amiable of women. There were thirteen of the Balfours and thirteen of the Stevensons, and the children of the family came

home to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered, from the infanticidal climate of India. There must sometimes have been half a score of children at the manse; and all were born a second time from Aunt Jane's tenderness. It was strange when a new party of these sallow young folk came home, perhaps with an Indian ayah. The little country manse at Colinton, near Edinburgh, was the centre of the world; and Aunt Jane represented Charity. Mr. Stevenson's mother used to say that that text must have been written for her: "More are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife" (Isa. liv. 1).

John Conington (1825-1869), one of the greatest of English classical scholars, knew his letters when he was fourteen months old, read for his own amusement when he was three and a half, and used to sleep with the Bible under his pillow that he might read it as soon as he awoke in the morning. Before he was eight he repeated a thousand lines of Virgil to his father. His mother's name was JANE, and to her he was greatly devoted. When he was Professor of Latin at Oxford he never stayed a day there, away from her, longer than he could help. He used to call himself her guardian angel. When he died she was left alone, a widow, blind, and past eighty.

James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, had six brothers and four sisters. His sister JANE, the eldest of the family, was a great help to her mother in bringing the rest up. She was a girl of

such strong judgment and good common sense that they jokingly nicknamed her "Old Solid."

JANE ELLIOT (1727-1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, was challenged by her brother one night, in 1756, as they were driving home, to write a ballad on the battle of Flodden, about which they had been talking. The rest of the journey was spent in silence. At the end of it she recited the rough draft of the only song she ever wrote, "The Flowers of the Forest":

" I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

She is said to have been the last lady in Edinburgh who regularly used her own sedan-chair.

There is another song with the same name, beginning

" I've seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling,"

which was written by Mrs. Patrick Cockburn (1713-1795), after a number of families in Selkirkshire had been ruined by one of those terrible business failures which have so often in Scotland "wrought more ruin than many a pitched battle."

A poor woman named JANET, who lived in a close off the Gallowgate in Glasgow, said to Dr. Chalmers, after hearing one of his great astronomical discourses, "I canna say I understood ye a'thegither,

but eh, sir! there was something unco suitable and satisfying in your Psalms."

JANET BOTHWELL was the maiden name of the mother of John Napier of Merchiston (1550–1617), a stout Calvinist and sturdy Protestant, but best known as the inventor of logarithms. His book on that subject was the first great scientific work published in Britain. He was the only man of his time in our country who can be ranked with Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo. (Remember that the accent in the last word is on the *e*, not on the *i*.) I wish I could explain to you what logarithms are! Some of you, I hope, will know all about them in a few years. It is enough in the meantime to say that they are a kind of arithmetic by means of which the most complicated problems in astronomy and navigation, and in the sciences related to them, can be solved with ease and certainty. They are, so to speak, a kind of mathematical Nasmyth's hammer for doing in five minutes sums that would otherwise take five hours, or, for aught I know, five days or five years!

It was Napier also who first saw the advantage of using the *point* in decimal fractions, and if that makes any of you angry at him and his mother, let me tell you that but for that invention the sums you have to do at night for school would have had to be done in a way ten times more difficult.

LADY JANE FRANKLIN (1797–1875) fitted out five ships, between the years 1850 and 1857,

almost entirely at her own expense, to go in search of her husband, Sir John, who had sailed in 1845 in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with 134 men, to discover the North-West Passage. It was the last of the five ships, the *Fox*, Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock, who happily still survives, that brought back the tidings of the loss of both ships and all their crews. Sir John Franklin's monument in Westminster Abbey with the inscription written by Tennyson, his nephew by marriage, was provided by Lady Franklin, and unveiled two weeks after her own death. At the foot of it Dean Stanley added this note: "Erected by his Widow, who after long waiting, and sending many in search of him, herself departed to seek and find him in the realms of light, 18th July 1875, aged 83 years."

Izaak Walton's account of George Herbert's marriage is a memorable piece in English literature.

"Mr. Danvers of Bainton having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters, for he had so many, but rather his daughter JANE than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen."



LADY JANE FRANKLIN

Meantime, however, Mr. Danvers died. "Yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting ; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city ; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist : inasmuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

"This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse ; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies ; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence : and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties ; for the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance ; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective ; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it."

George Herbert died in 1633, only three years

after his marriage. Six years "she continued mourning till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, Knight. And though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband; yet she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, 'that name must live in her memory till she put off mortality.'"

"Rabbi" John Duncan, the great theologian and Hebrew scholar, married in 1832 a MISS JANET TOWER of Aberdeen. He first met her when he was tutor to her nephew. Her family were much above his in social position, and it was not thought wonderful that she declined him when he first proposed marriage to her. "Well," said he to a friend nearly forty years afterwards, "I took my refusal. But two years after a mutual friend wrote to me in Glasgow, asking me if I had no thought now of Miss Tower, for when spoken to about me lately, she had said, 'Oh, I love John Duncan.' On this I proposed again, and was accepted." After his death there was found, in a little silk bag in which he kept his most sacred papers, a covenant in Miss Tower's handwriting, dated April 1829, Aberdeen, in which she consecrated herself to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in soul, body, and estate, for time and eternity. She was buried with her little baby in

1839, having caught cold while visiting some poor people on a wintry day.

When Patrick Simson (1556–1618), minister of Stirling, was dying, JEAN BROWN, wife of Robert Forrest, craved a blessing from him to her children. “His eyes were dimmed and he saw not—his ear lasted longer—but he says, ‘Let the bairns come to me, and I will bless them.’ Then he said, ‘My bairns, I baptized you in name of the Holy Trinity with water; the Lord’s Spirit baptize you by His secret grace. It may possibly be ye be baptized with the baptism of affliction and martyrdom, as the bairns of Bethlehem. The Lord root you in the knowledge of God, and make you constant unto the end.’”

Thomas Carlyle had for his two youngest sisters both a JEAN (born 1810) and a JANET. “These little beings,” he said long afterwards, “in their bits of grey speckled straw bonnets I recollect as a pair of neat, brisk items, tripping about among us.” Of Jean, on her marriage to a Mr. Aitken, he wrote to his mother, “We have ‘always known her as a most reasonable, clear, and resolute little creature; of her in all scenes and situations, good is to be anticipated.” Janet, afterwards Mrs. Hanning, called the Crow, or Crow, from her black hair, was the neatest seamstress of the family, and though “of far inferior speculative intellect to Jean, proved to have superior housekeeping faculties to hers.” Carlyle in one of his letters to his wife speaks of cutting his own hair

in the front and getting Jenny to finish it in the rear.

There was an old woman named JENNY—I do not remember where I read of her, but her full name is in the Book of Life—to whom, when she was very ill, someone said, “If it were possible for God to give you your choice whether to die or to live, which of them would you choose?” And her answer was: “Ay, but, sir, I wouldna tak’ it. I would just put it back to Himself again.”

There are a great many other Jeans and Janes and Janets of whom I would like to tell you, but if I say much more about this name, all those girls who are not fortunate enough to be so called will become envious. But I must tell you about one more, of whom you may read in the life of John Brown of Haddington. She is my favourite and greatest theologian. She was very poor and old, but, as I hope you can see, a woman of great worth and understanding. Mr. Brown took great delight in her conversation, and used to try her with harder and better questions than the Queen of Sheba tried King Solomon, and she answered them, or, at least, she answered this one, as even he in all his glory could not have done. “JANET,” said Mr. Brown to her when she was dying, “what would you say if, after all He has done for you, God should let you go to the bad place?” “E’en’s [even as] He likes,” was her answer; “but if He does, *He’ll lose mair than I’ll do.*”

I never think of this reply without comparing it

with that high-water mark of theology in Jeremiah xiv. 21, "Do not abhor us, for Thy name's sake; *do not disgrace the throne of Thy glory.*"

Two of the greatest Frenchmen that have ever lived had a JEANNE for their mothers: the one, John Calvin (1509–1564), who has done more than we know to make us all what we are, whose mother was JEANNE LEFRANC; the other, Louis Pasteur (1822–1895), whose name you must have heard in connection with the treatment of hydrophobia. His father was a soldier in the Peninsular War, and was made a sergeant-major for bravery. He afterwards, while still young, became a tanner. Hard by the tannery ran a little stream, on whose other bank lived a gardener and his daughter, JEANNE ROQUI. The stream was called La Furieuse, but many waters cannot quench love, and the gardener's daughter in due time became the happy tanner's wife. (Parse *happy*. Which noun does it qualify?)

In order to see the full beauty of the name JEMIMA one needs to know some good woman who has borne it. It was the name of the eldest of Job's daughters, born after his great troubles. It means *dove*, and perhaps he gave it to her because, like Noah's gentle messenger, she was a sign "that the waters were abated from off the earth." To us in New Testament times the Dove suggests rather the thought of the Holy Ghost. Thrice happy that home where a girl's or a woman's presence is a symbol and a token of the continued abiding of the Comforter!

Matthew Henry the Commentator says two striking things about Job's daughters. "The number of Job's children at the end was the same as at the beginning of his trials, and some give this reason why they were not doubled as his cattle were, that his children that were dead were not lost, but gone before to a better world; and therefore, if he have but the same number of them, they may be reckoned doubled, for he hath two hosts of children, one in heaven, the other on earth, and in both he is rich." And the other remark is this: "God made them great beauties, 'no women so fair.' In the Old Testament we often find women praised for their beauty, but none in the New Testament whose beauty is the least taken notice of, no, not the Virgin Mary herself, because the beauty of holiness is that which is brought to a much clearer light by the gospel."

In England, not unfrequently, parents that have had a Jemima for their eldest daughter have named the next two Kezia and Keren-happuch, forgetting that there is a time and place for names as for everything else, and that a name that is becoming in one age and country may be ridiculous in another. The choosing of a child's name is a solemn thing.

JEMIMA FOURDRINIER, the mother of John Henry Newman, a man who did more than most in his time to draw England away from Christ as the only Mediator between God and man, belonged to a Huguenot family famous for its improvements in the art of paper-making. She was a woman of "remark-

able composure and serenity of temper and manner." She disagreed entirely with her son's religious views and gave him neither praise nor sympathy. She died nine years before he joined the Church of Rome, and was spared that overwhelming sorrow. She had a daughter, also named JEMIMA, who had a wonderful memory for dates, who while yet a girl invented what I hope some of you will understand—and I know most of you won't and never will—"a very correct illustration of the generation of asymptotic curves."

JOANNA—daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain (Columbus' King and Queen), mother of Charles V., the Emperor of Germany who, at the Diet of Worms, leagued himself with Rome against Luther and the Reformation, and grandmother of Philip II., the husband of Bloody Mary, the man who built the Invincible Armada to destroy Protestantism—was kept fifty years in confinement owing to mental disorder, and spent her time chasing cats in a lonely tower. Yet to the end of her life her name, according to law, had to be inserted in all state documents and royal proclamations.

The mother of William Harvey (1578–1657), the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was JOAN HAWKE. She had, as Thomas Fuller puts it, "a week of sons." Five of them made fortunes as merchants. There is a brass tablet to her memory in the parish church at Folkestone:

A.D. 1605 Nov. 8th died in the 50th year of her age
 JOAN Wife of Tho. Harvey. Mother of 7 Sons and 2 Daughters.
 A Godly harmless woman : A chaste loving Wife :
 A charitable quiet Neighbour : A comfortable friendly Matron :
 A provident diligent Housewife : A careful tender-hearted Mother.
 Dear to her Husband : Reverenced of her Children :
 Beloved of her Neighbours : Elected of God.
 Whose Soul rests in Heaven, her body in this Grave :
 To her a Happy Advantage : to hers an Unhappy Loss.

Richard Bentley (1662-1742), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of England's greatest classical scholars, married, when he was thirty-nine, JOANNA BERNARD, whose family was connected with Cromwell's. While they were still only lovers, a difference arose between them one day about—of all things in the world—Nebuchadnezzar's golden image! It is described as being sixty cubits high, and six broad. "Now," said Mr. Bentley, "there must be a mistake here. That would be out of all proportion; it ought to have been ten cubits broad at least," which remark, we are told, "made the good lady weep." The difference was possibly arranged, says a writer, on the basis suggested by another critic, "that the sixty cubits included the pedestal." The marriage was a thoroughly happy one, in spite of Nebuchadnezzar, and lasted forty years. Mr. Bentley was much engaged in lawsuits all his days, and was never spared by evil tongues. Yet of her no word is said but in praise. "Perhaps, if all were known," says Sir Richard Jebb, "few women ever went through more in trying, like Mrs. Thrale, to be civil for two." Her last words were, "It is all bright, it is all glorious." Their favourite daughter was also a JOANNA, her

father's pet name for her being "Jug." She had an unusual turn for humorous satire, it seems. "After causing several members of the college to sigh," she married Denison Cumberland, and became the mother of Richard Cumberland the dramatist.

JOHANNA CHANDLER (1820-1875) and her sisters, who were all early left orphans, devoted themselves to providing a hospital for paralytics. Having learned to make flowers and ornaments of West India shells, strung together with beads, they made £200 in two years, and then applied to the public for subscriptions. After a time, with the help of the Lord Mayor, himself a sufferer from paralysis, they succeeded in having a hospital opened in London.

Miss Chandler founded other institutions besides. After her death her brother carried on her work till he himself died in 1881.

JENNY, or more properly JOHANNA LIND, afterwards Madame Goldschmidt (1820-1887), "the Swedish Nightingale," was the greatest and best beloved of all the singers of last century. The first person to take notice of her marvellous gift was a servant who passed her window and heard her singing to a cat. Her voice was soprano, "extending for two octaves and a sixth, from B below the treble stave to G on the fourth line above it." She was a modest, generous, and, above all, a godly woman.

JOCOSA or JOYCE as a girl's name is not uncommon in some parts of England. It is connected

with the Latin word *jocus* and our own *joy*, and means *full of mirth*.

MRS. JOYCE LEWES, a gentlewoman born, was burnt in 1557 at Lichfield, Staffordshire. When she was first cited before the Bishop for refusing to be sprinkled with holy water, her husband compelled the man who brought the citation to eat the document, and then to drink it, but after a time he apologised, and allowed her to be cast into prison. There she lay a whole twelvemonth, "wonderfully cheerful and merry," specially the night before she died, "with a certain gravity, insomuch that the majesty of the Spirit of God did manifestly appear in her." "As for death," she said, "when I behold the amiable countenance of Christ, its uglisome face doth not greatly trouble me." When she was tied to the stake, "her cheerfulness passed man's reason"; and when the fire was set upon her, "she neither struggled nor stirred, but only lifted up her hands towards heaven."

MRS. JOCOSA FRANKLAND (1531-1587), daughter of Robert Trappes, a goldsmith of London, and Joan his wife, devoted all her wealth to educational endowments in memory of her only son who died young, and was such a benefactress to Brasenose College, Oxford, that her name is included amongst the mercies for which the College desires to thank God, in the grace after meat that is daily repeated in the dining hall.

Esau, forgetting the charming story he must have

heard so often of his own mother's wooing, and despising the oath which Abraham laid on Eliezer, "by the God of heaven and the God of earth," that he would not take a wife for Isaac from amongst the Canaanites, married JUDITH,—that is, the *one that was praised*,—a daughter of Heth, "which was a grief of mind to Isaac and Rebecca," and, one may be sure, no great help or joy even to Esau himself.

Oh! if you girls who read this were wise, though you don't know what the prayer means, you would plead with God this very moment that He Himself would choose your life-companions for you.

JUDITH was the name of a Jewish heroine, whether a real or a mythical person is not certain, said to have been a rich young widow of the tribe of Simeon, who saved her country by cutting off the head of Holofernes, the commander of an Assyrian army, as he lay in a drunken stupor, in his own tent.

Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great, forfeited the goodwill of his nobles, and lost part of his kingdom, by his second marriage to JUDITH, daughter of Charles the Bald, he being over sixty, and she about twelve.

The marriage of JUDITH of Flanders, aunt of William the Conqueror's wife Matilda, to Tostig, was one of the things that brought about the transfer of the Crown of England to the Norman line.

William the Conqueror had also a niece, a beautiful woman, named JUDITH. He gave her in marriage

to the Saxon leader Waltheof, and so won him over to his cause. Waltheof was afterwards drawn into a plot. His wife betraying him, he was beheaded outside the gates of Winchester, the first English nobleman to die by the hands of the public executioner. When he came to the place where he was to die—it was on a May morning in 1076, before the citizens were out of their beds—he took the robes he wore as an Earl and gave them to the few poor men who stood by. He asked that he might say the Lord's Prayer before he died. When he had said, "Lead us not into temptation," his voice was choked with emotion. The executioner would wait no longer, and cut off his head with one blow. It is said that all the time he was in prison Waltheof recited the whole of the Psalms every day.

(The Book of Psalms can be read aloud easily, 150 words a minute, in about five hours; the whole of the Old Testament, at the same rate, in about sixty-five hours, and the whole of the New, in about twenty.)

Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., who died in 1885 at the age of a hundred and one, was married in 1812 to JUDITH COHEN, sister of the Baroness Nathan Rothschild. He retired from business when he was forty, having made a large fortune by banking and stockbroking, his wife saying to him on the occasion, "Thank God, and be content." The rest of his life he devoted almost entirely to the service of the Jewish race at home and abroad. When he visited Russia, thirteen years before his death, the Czar left his troops, who were engaged in their annual manœuvres, and

went a long journey to St. Petersburg, expressly to meet him. Lady Montefiore shared all the risks and hardships of her husband's many wanderings. Once, when he was going to Palestine in the time of plague, he begged her to stay at home, but she answered, in Ruth's words, "Where thou goest, I will go." They were so happy in their wedded life that whenever he was asked to perform any public function, such as the laying of a foundation stone, he always fixed the date, if the choice were left to him, for the anniversary of his marriage. She died in 1862. They are buried together at Ramsgate in a tomb which is the exact copy of Rachel's on the way to Bethlehem. When Sir Moses was made a baronet, he chose for his motto "Think and thank." In his coat of arms there are two banners, each bearing the word, in Hebrew letters, "Jerusalem."

JUDITH PORTEN (1709-1747) was the mother of Edward Gibbon the historian. Her husband's father consented to the marriage both unwillingly and ungraciously, but, says Gibbon in his *Autobiography*, "such were the charms and talents of my mother, with such soft dexterity did she follow and lead the morose humour of the old tyrant, that in a few months she became his favourite." She died when her son was only ten years of age.

There are two other JUDITHS one would have liked to know something about: first, Shakespeare's younger daughter, who was born in 1585, was married in 1616 to one Thomas Quiney, and died in 1661,

having survived her three sons and her sister Susanna. Secondly, JUDITH DAVENANT, mother of Thomas Fuller (1608–1661). If a man's wit be mother-wit, she did her duty by her son.

JULIA was the commonest of all Roman female names.

It was a JULIA that was mother to Mark Antony. Plutarch calls her an exemplary matron, while Cicero says she was *femina lectissima*, the very pick of women. Yet she was happy neither in her husbands nor in her children.

A JULIA, who died in 68 B.C., was aunt to the great Cæsar. He pronounced her funeral oration, and in it traced her descent on one side up to the fourth King of Rome, and on the other up to the goddess Venus.

Cæsar had a daughter JULIA, who was married to Pompey, 59 B.C. She was alike clever, beautiful and good, and though it was policy that prompted the marriage, and she was twenty-three years younger than her husband, the two were very happy. She died before the breach between him and her father became inevitable. Her health was shattered by a fright she got when a slave brought in her husband's robe all smeared with blood. He had quelled a riot, but she thought at first he had been slain. She was so much beloved that she was buried by special decree of the Senate in the Campus Martius.

Cæsar's younger sister, JULIA, was the mother of Atia, who was mother of Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, after whom our month of August was named. When she died, 51 B.C., her grandson, then in his twelfth year, pronounced the funeral oration.

Augustus had a daughter JULIA, a very wicked woman. He was at the very height of his glory when he found out how bad she was. He banished her, and when the people petitioned repeatedly for her recall, his last answer was that he wished they would all have wives and daughters like her. He left her nothing in his will, and forbade that she should be buried in his mausoleum. When she was fifty-two, in 12 A.D., she married, for her third husband, Tiberius, the Emperor in whose time our Lord was crucified. Tiberius shut her up in a room, and refused her even the necessaries of life. She died 14 A.D. She had a good daughter, Agrippina, whose daughter, also called Agrippina, one of the worst women that have ever lived, was murdered by her own son, the Emperor Nero, the man who put the Apostle Paul to death.

Compare with these unhappy JULIAS, who were the daughters and wives and mothers of emperors, and now none so poor to do them reverence, the JULIA, in all likelihood a slave, the saint to whom, with her husband or brother Philologus, the Apostle Paul sends a loving salutation in his Epistle to the Romans.

Arthur Hallam (1811-1834), the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, had for his mother JULIA,

daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire. She died in 1840. In January 1831, when he was in his twentieth year, after a time of spiritual darkness and disquietude, he addressed this Sonnet to her :

“When barren doubt like a late-coming snow
Made an unkind December of my Spring,
That all the pretty flowers did droop for woe,
And the sweet birds their love no more would sing ;
Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,
Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart ;
Fond feeling saved me from that utter scathe,
And from thy hope I could not live apart.
Now that my mind hath passed from wintry gloom,
And on the calmed waters once again
Ascendant faith circles with silver plume,
That casts a charmed shade, not now in pain,
Thou child of Christ, in joy I think of thee,
And mingle prayers for what we both may be.”

“Stonewall” Jackson (1824–1863), one of the ablest and bravest, and certainly the best beloved, of all the generals who fought in the American Civil War, was the son of a JULIA. She died when he was seven. “To the latest hour of his life,” says Colonel Henderson of the British Staff Corps, “he loved to recall her memory, and years after she had passed away her influence still remained. Her beauty, her counsels, their last parting, and her happy death, for she was a woman of deep religious feeling, made a profound impression on him. To his childhood’s fancy she was the embodiment of every grace ; and so strong had been the sympathy between them, that even in the midst of his campaigns she was seldom absent from his thoughts.”



JULIA, DAUGHTER OF CÆSAR AUGUSTUS

When his own daughter was born, a month or two before his death in 1863, he called her JULIA too, saying, "My mother was mindful of me when I was a helpless, fatherless child, and I wish to commemorate her now."

He was shot by accident in the dark by some of his own men. After lingering a few days, he died, his wife and little baby being with him. Towards the end he imagined he was on the battlefield once more. His last words were: "Pass the infantry to the front. Tell Major Hawks——" Then, pausing for a little, he added, as heaven doubtless opened to his vision, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

JULIA—MARGARET

“Let us speak plain; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name.”

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

ONE of the best known buildings in Pompeii is the Villa of JULIA FELIX. It was discovered in 1754, shortly after the ruins of that city began to be opened up. On one of the walls is an inscription to this effect: “To let for five years, from the 15th of August, A Bath fit for Venus, for the Upper Ten, Shops, Rooms over Shops, and Second Story Apartments, all owned by Julia Felix, daughter of Julius Spurius.” When that 15th of August came and went, and another week had come and gone, and she was still without a tenant, the unhappy Julia would doubtless begin to wonder how long it would be till she could take that Notice down. What would she have said, when the morning of that last day dawned, had she been told that within eight-and-forty hours the doors would be closed, and her property shut up and sealed by the dust and ashes and mud of Mount Vesuvius, not for five years running, “quinque continuos annos,” but for one thousand six hundred and seventy-five,

and that then it would be opened only to remain empty, swept, and garnished, for a hundred and fifty more!

The only other Julias I would mention are GIULIA AMMANNATI, the mother of Galileo the astronomer (1564-1642), and JULIA DENT, the wife of General Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America from 1869 to 1877. It was for her sake, to leave her a little money—his fortune having all disappeared through the rascality of a business partner—that he laboured bravely at the writing of his *Memoirs* while he was suffering from a painful and incurable disease. He finished the book only four days before his death in July 1885.

JULIANA, another form of Julia, was once a very common name in England under the form of GILLIAN, from which we have the word JILL, as when we speak of *Jack* and *Jill*. Perhaps the best known bearer of the name in recent times was MISS JULIANA HORATIA GATTY (1841-1885), afterwards wife of Major Ewing, the author of *Jackanapes*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, and many other charming stories.

JULIANA OF STOLBERG (1503-1580) was twice married, and had in all seventeen children. She was a woman of strong character and affectionate nature, one who loved God, and brought up her children in His fear. In her letters she spoke to her illustrious sons, says Mr. Motley, as if they were still little children at her knee, entreating them in the

midst of all trials and dangers to rely upon the great hand of the Almighty. Her three youngest sons died in battle in her own lifetime. Her descendants fill almost all the thrones in Europe at the present day. The Queen of the Netherlands, the Kings of Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and the Emperors of Germany and Austria, are all tenth, eleventh, or twelfth in the direct line of descent. But the greatest of all who have sprung from her was her son, William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the man who broke the power of Spain and frustrated the designs of the Roman Catholic Church, when it was planning the massacre of all Protestants both in France and Spain. He was assassinated in 1584, shot with a pistol bought with the very money the murderer had obtained from the Prince under the pretence that he was a poor Protestant.

Myles Standish (1584–1656), whose love story you may read in Longfellow's Poems, one of the bravest of the Pilgrim Fathers—that is, the company of one hundred men, women, and children who left England in the *Mayflower* in 1620 and became the founders of the United States of America—had a daughter LAURA or LORA. A beautiful sampler, sewn by her hand, is preserved in the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Massachusetts. It contains these lines:

LORA STANDISH IS MY NAME. LORD, GUIDE MY
HEART THAT I MAY DO THY WILL. ALSO FILL
MY HANDS WITH SUCH CONVENIENT SKILL AS
MAY CONDUCE TO VIRTUE VOID OF SHAME AND I
WILL GIVE THE GLORY TO THY NAME.

The love of Petrarch, the Italian poet (1304-1374), and LAURA DE SADE is one of the best known friendships in literary history. She is the subject of many of his lyrics. He first saw her at six o'clock on a Sabbath morning, April 6, 1327. "She was dressed in green," he says, "and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were more than mortal. Her eyes were tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony, while golden locks waved over her shoulders. When she opened her mouth you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses." The date of this first meeting and the date of her death, in the same city of Avignon, on the same day, at the same hour, twenty-one years afterwards, are recorded in his own hand on the fly-leaf of his Virgil, now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

LAURA BRIDGMAN, born in New Hampshire, U.S.A., 1829, lost her sight, hearing, and sense of smell, through fever when she was two years old. When she was eight she came under the care of Dr. Howe of Boston, and through his skill and loving patience learned not only to read and write and think and play, but became herself in time a skilful teacher of the blind and deaf and dumb. She died in 1889. It was the recollection of the story of her training, as told very beautifully by Dickens in his *American Notes*, that made Captain and Mrs. Keller of North Alabama, U.S.A., think there might be some hope for their little daughter Helen, who, in 1881, at the age of nineteen months, lost her sight and hearing through

congestion of the stomach and brain. Dr. Howe had died in 1876, but one of his pupils, Miss Anne Margaret Sullivan, born in 1866, who had herself been blind for some time in her girlhood, and had lived in the same house with Laura Bridgman for six years, took little Helen in charge with results that seem miraculous. Helen, like many crippled and suffering children, had been spoilt by her parents, and Miss Sullivan's first and hardest task was to get her to do as she was bid. "I am certain," she says, "that *obedience* is the gateway through which knowledge, yes, and love too, enter the mind of a child. I could do nothing with Helen as long as she lived in the midst of her family, who had always allowed her to do exactly as she pleased. Every thwarted desire was the signal for a passionate outburst. Her father could not bear to see her cry. She tyrannised over everybody, and they were all willing to give in to her for the sake of peace. I saw clearly it was useless to try to teach her language or anything else until she learned to obey me." How she learned is most graphically told in Miss Keller's lately published *Autobiography*. Miss Keller is now only in her twenty-fourth year, yet she can read and write and speak, and with her fingers on their fingers or on their lips understand others as they speak English, French, and German!

LETITIA or LETTICE means *joy*, and that is what every girl and boy should bring their parents. Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, once wrote to a young lady with reference to her birthday—"A great deal of

kindness and love was born on that day." And you all know what Gabriel said to Zacharias when he told him he was to have a son: "Thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth."

William Penn (1644-1718), the founder of Pennsylvania, the name of whose beautiful and godly wife, Gulielma Springett, appeared in our list, had a daughter LETITIA, to whom he wrote this letter, June 19, 1682: "DEAR LETITIA,—I dearly love thee, and would have thee sober, learn thy book, and love thy brothers. I will send thee a pretty book to learn in. The Lord bless thee, and make a good woman of thee. Farewell.—Thy dear father, WM. PENN."

Of LETTICE MORISON, Lady Falkland, it was said "that she left not her nurse's arms without some knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion." Like Timothy she knew the scriptures "from a babe." We learn more when we are babies than we do all the rest of our lives, for it is then that the foundations of character are laid. When she grew up, we are told "she spent some hours every day in her private cloisters and meditations, and these were called her busy hours. . . . Then her maids came into her chamber every morning, and ordinarily she passed an hour with them in praying, catechising, and instructing them. On the Lord's Day, she rose earlier than ordinarily, yet enjoined herself so much private duty with her children and her servants, examining them in the sermons and catechisings, and with her own soul, that oftentimes the day was too short for her."

It was in memory of her dead brother, Sir Henry Morison, that Ben Jonson wrote the poem in which these famous lines occur :

“It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make men better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant, the flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.”

Her husband, Lucius, Lord Falkland, “missed being a great man by a very little.” When he died in 1643, at the age of thirty-three, shot through the heart at the battle of Newbury, it was said that “whosoever leads such a life as he led need not care upon how short a warning it may be taken from him.” And Lord Clarendon affirmed that if there were no other brand upon the odious and accursed Civil War, the loss of that one man must have made it infamous to all posterity. Lord Falkland was a great gatherer of books, and used to say he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.

LADY LETTICE DIGBY (1588–1658), heiress to the Earls of Kildare and wife of Sir R. Digby, was besieged in Geashill Castle by the Irish Rebels in 1642. Four times they sent messengers to remind her that her garrison was made up only of women and boys. But she held out bravely till help came. There is a portrait of her extant, with an open book at

her side on which the words are written : " Job xix. 20: I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

LETITIA KNOX, the daughter of a minister in Donegal who was of the same family as our great John Knox, was the mother of the Indian heroes Lord Lawrence and Sir Henry Lawrence, and of other ten children as well. She prided herself on her descent, says Sir Herbert Edwards, "and simple, thrifty, God-fearing as she was, her relation to the reformer was not that of blood alone." When her son John was going out to India, one of the two advices she gave him was—"Don't marry a woman who had not a good mother." Partly from thrift, partly from modesty, she refused to have her portrait painted in her old age, but was quite willing that her daughter, also named LETITIA, should have hers done. The daughter sat down by her mother's side, and the painter worked away. The trick was not discovered till the portrait was almost finished, and revealed to the surprise of the mother the features, not of her daughter, but herself. This same daughter was the guide and adviser of the whole family as long as she lived. To her they came for counsel, it was said, as men went to Ahithophel, as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God. She married a Mr. Hayes, a minister in England. When she died in 1865, her brother, then Viceroy, said—"If I had known I should never see her again, I would not have come back to India."

Mr. J. M. Barrie tells us in *Margaret Ogilvy* that

his mother sometimes said she would have liked to be Carlyle's wife, and then she would add, "but on the whole I would rather have been his mother than his wife." Is there any woman in the world, I wonder, that would have liked to be LETIZIA RAMOLINO, the mother of the great Napoleon? Well born, very beautiful, and the only child of her father, whose home and vineyards she inherited, she was but fifteen when, in 1764, she married her husband, he being then eighteen. They had thirteen children, of whom her most famous son was the fourth. Eight of them became known in history, and for a time they filled more than half the thrones of Europe. From the first she seems to have felt that her son's prosperity could not last, and accordingly began early to lay by for a rainy day. When he crowned himself Emperor at Paris in 1804 in presence of Pope Pius VII., who had come all the way from Rome on the understanding that he was to perform the ceremony, she, though not present, for she declined to come, received the title of Madame Mère, or Madam Mother. She survived her husband fifty-one years, and her son fifteen, dying in 1836 at the age of eighty-six. She does not seem to have been a lovable woman from any point of view. On looking up the Chronicle of Events in the *Annual Register* for 1836, I found but two short lines devoted to her: "Died at Rome on the 30th Feb., Madame Maria Letizia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon." Yet how much these last three words mean!

And here is a curious little companion picture of

another LETITIA, who was amazed at the trouble her own hands brought on herself. She was the daughter of Thomas Ellwood, Milton's friend. On her second visit to America, in 1699, at Chester in Delaware, seeing some men threshing corn, "she desired to try her hand at the use of the flail, which to her great surprise brought such a racket about her head and shoulders that she was obliged to run into the house in tears." The use of tools is not learnt without a knock or two, and is not so simple as it looks. There may be five, ten, twenty years' experience in an imperceptible turn of the wrist.

It needs no great scholar to know the meaning of the name LILY. LILIAS is the old Scotch form of it, and LILIAN the English, as in Tennyson's "Airy fairy Lilian."

Three women of this name played honourable parts during the first and second Reformations in Scotland. (1) LILIAS, wife of Lord Drummond, and daughter of the Lord Ruthven whom John Knox described as "a stout and discreet man in the cause of God," who pleaded for the right of the laity to read the Scriptures in their own tongue. She is spoken of in old books as a right noble and virtuous lady of notable fame and godly behaviour. (2) LILIAS GRAHAM, Countess of Wigtown, daughter of the Earl of Montrose, the lady to whom John Welsh, Knox's son-in-law, wrote out of "the darkness of Blackness" Castle. "Her chambermaid told me," says John Livingstone, "that so soon as she

rose, before she went to her study for her devotion, she used to sit in a chair till her head was combed, having the Bible open before her, and reading and praying among hands, and every day at that time," said the woman, "she shed more tears than ever I did all my lifetime." (3) LILIAS SIMSON, daughter of Patrick Simson (1556-1618), minister of Stirling. He wrote a *History of the Church*, in the preface to which he says, "If my farthing candle give light in the lowest cellar of the house of God, my heart is fully content." But God set his candle on a candlestick to give light unto all that are in the house, for his daughter Lilias became the mother of George Gillespie, one of Scotland's famous representatives at the Westminster Assembly of Divines. John Milton speaks of him in one of his sonnets as Galasp, and calls his name a "rugged" one. Yet surely there is some music in Lily Gillespie! At any rate there is a dactyl and a spondee in it.

LADY LOUISA TIGHE, daughter of a Duke of Richmond who died in 1819 of hydrophobia when Governor-General of Canada, won the favour of the Duke of Wellington by the pluck she showed in remounting his horse "Copenhagen," after she had been thrown through the breaking of a stirrup. "She was kicked off," he said, "and didn't mind it a bit." She had the honour of buckling on the Duke's sword when he set out from her mother's house in Brussels on the morning of Waterloo, she being then scarcely twelve years old. In 1825 she became engaged to the Right Hon. William Tighe of Woodstock, Co.

Kilkenny, an earnest Christian, on which occasion her mother wrote to a friend: "Poor Louisa is going to make a shocking marriage—a man called Tiggy, my dear, a saint and a radical." Lady Tighe died only two or three years ago, having never regretted, let us hope, that in choosing a husband she took God rather than her mother for her guide.

An Irish gentleman of this name courteously informs me that occasionally intimate friends still say "Tiggy" in jest, but that properly pronounced the name rhymes with "high." In some parts of England it is spelt "Tye."

The first church built by native Christians in Ceylon stands on a little piece of ground which was given by a Singhalese girl. It was her marriage portion, all she had, and in giving it she seemed in the eyes of her friends to renounce all hope of being married. The money that supported and educated her, twenty dollars, or £5 a year, came from the United States, and was sent by a coloured cook, named LOUISA OSBORNE, whose wages were sixty dollars, or £15 a year. When her mistress and her minister told her she was doing wrong in giving so much, she said, "I have thought it all over." "What made you do it?" she was asked many years afterwards by a missionary from Ceylon, who met her accidentally at a meeting in the town of Lowell in Massachusetts at which he was telling the story of the Ceylon girl's sacrifice. "What made you do it?" "I do not know," she answered, "but I guess it was my Lord Jesus." Louisa Osborne was still living

fourteen years ago, and I am sure some of you will be pleased to know that her little protégée—there are two e's in that word because it is a French word and it is feminine—got a husband after all, and made a good match, with a Christian like herself, though I dare say his name would sound odder to us than even the Duchess of Richmond's "Tiggy."

The mother of Bismarck was a LOUISE, as was also the mother of his master the Emperor William, the grandfather of the present German Emperor. The latter of these, LOUISE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ, died in 1810, when her son was thirteen. When Napoleon, who had had a painful interview with her after the battle of Jena, heard of her death, he said, "The King of Prussia has lost his best minister." When she was near her end she said, "Even if our descendants do not rank my name among those of celebrated women, they will say, when they hear of all I endured and of the sorrows of this time, 'She suffered much, possessing her soul in patience.' But I only wish that they should say at the same time, 'She had children who were worthy of better times, who have striven to bring them about, and striven in the end successfully.'"

Dr. Theodore Cuyler, an eminent American Presbyterian minister, lost his father when he was four years old. "The only distinct recollections I have of him," he says, "are his leading me to school in the morning and his punishing me once for using a profane word I had heard from some rough boys.

That wholesome bit of discipline kept me from ever breaking the Third Commandment again. After his death I passed entirely into the care of one of the best mothers that God ever gave to an only son." Her name was LOUISA FRANCES MORRELL. She was more to him, her son says, "than school, pastor, or church, or all combined. God made mothers before He made ministers; the progress of Christ's Kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency. My mother's discipline was loving but thorough; she never bribed me to good conduct with sugar-plums; she praised every commendable deed heartily, for she held that an ounce of honest praise is often worth more than many pounds of punishment."

Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, one of the thousands of Huguenots who were murdered on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572, and one of the noblest Frenchmen of all time, had for his mother by her second marriage, LOUISE DE MONTMORENCY who, had been wife of the Marquis de Chatillon. She belonged to one of the best born families of France, and was a woman of great intellectual power. We are told she loved to read the gospels and listen to the Reformers, and that she refused to have a priest about her house. They had a daughter, likewise a LOUISE, about whom her father wrote: "I counsel her to marry M. de Feligny, for the excellent disposition and other noble and rare qualities which I have found in him, and if she does so I shall esteem her

very happy. I do not wish to use my authority, only I let her know that, loving her as she very well knows I love her, I give her this counsel because I think it will be for her welfare and contentment, which in such matters are right to look for rather than great wealth." She took her father's advice, and married his penniless friend and disciple, though her hand was sought by several German Princes. After she became a widow she married the famous William the Silent, then a widower, the man who broke the power of Spain.

John Richard Green the historian, writing to Mrs. Creighton, wife of Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, whose maiden name was LOUISE VON GLEHN, says: "The memory of the earnest, resolute girl who came into the midst of our circle in these old days in Sydenham, with her love of knowledge and her love of right—that memory is one of the pleasantest of all that time, as it is assuredly one of the best. It was a great crisis in my life though none of you then knew it; I stood on the brink of a moral wreck; and if I was saved, perhaps the steady right-mindedness of a certain Louise von Glehn, moving amidst that sceptical self-indulgent circle, with her resolute spirit of love and duty, had more to do with it than she knew."

LOUISA FANNY PYNE, Mrs. Frank Bodda, a great singer in her day, refused while still a child to take an engagement with Lablache in St. Petersburg because she would have to sing on the Sabbath

day. Some years after, she did the same thing to Auber the French composer for the same reason. Sir Arthur Sullivan tells us in his *Autobiography* that after he went to Leipsic to continue his musical education, he having won the Mendelssohn scholarship and being then a boy of sixteen, he would not go to the first two subscription concerts, though they were the great events of the season, because they were given on the Sabbath. When he came home, the first question Sir George Smart put to him was: "Did you go to any concerts on the Sabbath?" and, says Sir Arthur, "he was delighted when I said 'No.'" There is a fine promise in Isa. lvi. 4-5 to all such people, a promise which, as Dr. Andrew Bonar says, stills all earthly ambition.

The late Augustus J. C. Hare tells us in his *Memories* that his aunt, LUCY, the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Hare, daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, though a woman of much refinement and very kind to those whom she loved, would often not speak to him for weeks together, though they lived in the same house, and was so jealous lest he should in anything be preferred to her own little boy, that in order not to offend her his mother had to pretend to care less for him than she did, and would often whip him severely for very small offences "just to please Aunt Lucy!"

LUCY FORTESCUE, wife of the first Lord Lyttelton, known as "the good," had for a son Thomas, known in history from his vices as "the

wicked Lord Lyttelton." As a boy he promised well, his figure, behaviour, and parts being much admired; he read Milton, we are told, with delight. The story of his death used to be well known. "On April 24, 1779, he dreamed that a bird flew into his room and changed into a woman, who told him that he had not three days to live. He told the dream, and the story became at once the talk of the town. Though he affected to make light of it, the occurrence weighed on his mind, but on the morning of the 27th he said he felt very well and believed that he should 'bilk the ghost.' Passing a graveyard with his cousin he remarked on the number of vulgar fellows who had died at his own age, five-and-thirty, adding, 'But you and I, who are gentlemen, shall come to a good old age.' After driving to Epsom and dining there he returned home and went to bed apparently in good health, but died in a moment at a quarter-past eleven, it is thought, from heart disease." He seems also to have been given to the use of drugs.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON, who married Colonel John Hutchinson, in 1636, when she was eighteen, was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, by his third wife Lucy, daughter of a Mr. St. John St. John, a Wiltshire gentleman. Miss St. John was only sixteen when she was married. She had, says her daughter, a "noble allowance" of £300 a year, besides money of her own, but "she spent it not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable

uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek to physicians. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the Tower, as a mother. If any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited, and took care of them ; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place."

Of her own childhood Mrs. Hutchinson says : " By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it ; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or othe

to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstript my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain that was my tutor was a pitiful dull fellow. As for music and dancing I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me, and for my needle I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies (dolls) to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with older company. . . . It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it."

Dr. Edward Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, from 1828 to 1882, allowed his little daughter, LUCY ANNE, a saintly child who died in 1846, to sit at the Lord's Table before she was nine years old. Whether he did wisely in that or not one cannot say, but I hope you boys and girls will all be sitting there, in remembrance of Christ, long, long before you are twice her age.

LADY LUCIE DUFF GORDON (1821-1869), wife of Sir Alex. Duff Gordon of Halkin, Ayr, was the daughter of John Austin, the jurist, and his accomplished wife, Sarah Taylor, and as a child had

the privilege of listening often to the conversation of some of the cleverest men in England. Her parents were Unitarians, that is, they denied the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, but she broke away from their system of belief, and was baptized in His Name, in her seventeenth year, maintaining that in so doing she was obeying the Giver of the "commandment with promise," and honouring her parents more than she could have done by obeying them. When she had a house of her own she took in a black boy from charity one night, his master having turned him out of doors because he was going blind. "Hassan el Bakkeet" dearly loved his mistress. When he was only twelve, he got the offer of another place with more than double wages. Lady Gordon advised him to take it, but he fell on his knees and would not leave her, saying, "My wages with you are sweeter than the wages he offers." Here is another story: Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, came unexpectedly to dinner one evening, whereupon said Hassan gravely, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two pennyworth of sprats for the Prince." Lady Gordon, owing to ill-health, spent the last years of her life in Egypt, where from her goodness and kindness she was known far and wide amongst the natives as "the great lady, who was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs." She died suddenly at Cairo, and was buried in the English Cemetery there, though it had been her wish, had it been possible, to be buried "among my own people" at Thebes, where an Arab Sheikh had prepared a tomb for her among his own family.

LUCIE HADAMARD is the maiden name of the devoted and heroic wife of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish officer in the French Artillery, whose wrongs have touched the heart of the civilised world. He was accused of betraying military secrets to the enemies of France. He was found guilty by means of forged documents, and publicly degraded. He was put in the centre of a square composed of several regiments, his sentence was read out, and then an Adjutant of the Guards tore the buttons from his coat, the stripes from his trousers, the marks of his rank from his cap and coat-sleeves, and broke his sword across his knee and flung the pieces to the ground. In the midst of his agony the poor man, still holding his head erect, cried out again and again, "I am innocent." He was then led round the square of scowling soldiers, handcuffed, and carried off to jail. In the spring of 1895 he was transported to a penal settlement in the West Indies, and for four years was treated there with a fiendish cruelty that reminds one of the Romish Inquisition. His wife's letters and his own were kept back or mutilated. She was told he had vowed never to write to her again, and he was told that she had abandoned him and married a second husband. But in spite of all they still trusted one another. He never forgot her parting command to him, "that he had no right to die till his innocence was established." "We have spent nearly five years of absolute happiness together," she said; "one day justice will be done, and we shall be happy again; the children will love you; we will make of your son a man like yourself; I could not

choose a better example for him. We will force the world's respect by our attitude and courage."

How he was brought home, and tried again, and condemned again by a majority of his five judges, while the whole world looked on, and then was pardoned—these things have scarcely had time to be forgotten, nor is the matter ended even yet. What developments it may yet have no one can tell, but as long as history is read men will speak of Dreyfus and his brave wife, and the little company of valiant men, like the accomplished Protestant officer Colonel Picquart, who faced the mad rage of their countrymen and death itself for the sake of righteousness and truth.

I ought to have told you that the name LUCY comes from *lux*, the Latin word for *light*. Every Lucy, therefore, ought to be bright and holy and cheery, like the day-dawn or the morning star. Charles Lamb once wrote some verses in the Album of LUCY BARTON, daughter of a Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, in which he prays that in her life as in her Album there may be "no blot or disproportioned scrawl," nothing sinful or rude, nothing vexing or untidy. Here are the first and last verses:

"Little Book, surnamed of *white*,
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,
Keep thy attribution right.

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings, best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress."

Miss Barton was married long afterwards, not very happily, to the well-known critic Edward Fitzgerald. He it was who, when asked why he named his yacht the *Scandal*, replied that it was because nothing that he knew of in his neighbourhood travelled so fast!

In 1881 *Punch* contained one of the most tragic jests that have ever been made. It was to this effect: "Britain's Messenger to the Heathen in 1781, HENRY MARTYN; in 1881, MARTINI-HENRY." The latter was the name of the rifle then newly issued to our troops. The former was the brilliant Cambridge student—he was Senior Wrangler and Smith's prizeman, and what that means I hope some of you will know some day—who, after becoming fellow of his College, resolved to go as missionary to India. Few young men have been called on to give up as much for Christ as he, but his biggest sacrifice was his abandonment of his prospects of marriage with a MISS LYDIA GRENFELL, a young lady to whom his heart had gone out in love. He saw her for the last time on August 10, 1805. The ship in which he was to sail, the *Union*, was unexpectedly detained in Falmouth Roads. Hoping to have some few days more of Miss Grenfell's company—his interviews with her heretofore had been both few and short, and much interrupted besides—he made his way to her mother's house, a journey of many hours. Next morning at family worship he read the 10th Psalm, and Miss Grenfell had just handed to him the 10th of Genesis

the chapter which came in usual course, and one which tells how the isles of the Gentiles and the kingdoms of the nations were divided after the Flood, when word came that his ship had fired its gun some hours before and he must make instant haste to join it. That evening he wrote these words: "I bid you a long farewell. God ever bless you and help you sometimes to intercede for me."

How he laboured in India till his health gave way you will read some day for yourselves. As he was setting out from Cawnpore for home we find this entry in his *Journal*: "Sept. 23, 1811. — Was walking with Lydia; both much affected; and speaking on things dearest to us both. I awoke, and behold, it was a dream! My mind remained very solemn and pensive. I shed tears. The clock struck three, and the moon was riding near her highest noon; all was silence and solemnity, and I thought with pain of the sixteen thousand miles between us. But good is the will of the Lord! even if I see her no more." Instead of voyaging by the Cape, as he at first intended, he set out by the overland route, meaning to revise his Persian translation of the New Testament on the way. But his "dearest Lydia" was ever in his thoughts. "My affection for you," he writes, "has something sacred in it, being founded on, or at least cemented by, an union of spirit in the Lord Jesus." His last letter to her was dated "Aug. 28, 1812.—Soon we shall have occasion for pen and ink no more; but I trust I shall shortly see thee face to face." He died of fever at Tokat on his way to Constantinople, on the 16th of October.

LYDIA FRANCIS, afterwards Mrs. Child (1802–1880), authoress of an *Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*, and Co-Editor with her husband of the New York *Anti-slavery Standard*, was one of the most effective fighters in the great crusade for the Freeing of the Slave. Mr. Lowell, writing in 1842 to a young lady newly engaged to one of his friends, advised her to visit Mrs. Child. "Visiting persons like her will keep your head balanced, when it is in danger from the fashion and frivolity of which you must necessarily see so much." The poet Whittier, who regarded her friendship as one of God's great blessings to him, once asked her, when she was speaking of the number of people who called on authors needlessly, how she managed to get time to do anything. "I live away from the railroad," she replied, "and I keep a bull-dog and a pitchfork!" Then she added, "And what do you do?" "Oh," he said, "I take my visitors out for a walk and try to *lose* them in the streets. It is hard work sometimes. But I can never lose a *her*; the women are more pertinacious than the men."

Writing from Edinburgh to a friend in 1808, Sir Walter Scott says: "We have here at present a lioness of the first order, MISS LYDIA WHITE, a blue-stocking (pedantic literary lady), very lively, very good-humoured, and intensely absurd. It is very diverting to see the solemn Scotch ladies staring at this phenomenon. She is really at bottom a good-natured woman, with much liveliness and some talent." In his *Journal* we read: "Jan. 28, 1827.—Heard of

Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! She gave a dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations. She sometimes let her wit run wild. But she *was* a woman of wit, and had a feeling and kind heart."

When Mr. James Paget, afterwards Sir James Paget, Bart., one of the great surgeons of last century, became engaged to MISS LYDIA NORTH, daughter of the Duke of Kent's chaplain, their friends thought he had done a very foolish thing. He was then only twenty-two and fortune and fame were still to earn. But he himself said, long afterwards, "My engagement gave me for nearly eight years help and hope enough to make even the heaviest work seem light, and then it ended in a marriage blest with the constancy of perfect mutual love not once disturbed. No human wisdom could have devised a step so wise as was this rash engagement. . . . From the time of our marriage in May 1844, 'being alone' meant being alone with one who never failed in love, in wise counsel, in prudence, and in gentle care of me. Her admirable music and her singing, with a matchless gentle voice and a pure cultivated style, were a refreshing accompaniment to my evening reading and writing; and when these were over, she wrote for me, copying for the press any roughly written manuscripts, sitting with me till midnight or far into the morning, all alone, or, after a time, with the baby brought down in its cradle." They spent the first years of their married life in St. Bartholomew's

Hospital, and she remembered all her life the cries of the patients in the operating-room a few yards off, in the years before anæsthetics. Her husband used to say she looked worse than the sufferers themselves. She always wondered that a day had not been set apart for national thanksgiving for the discovery of chloroform. One of her sons says that "all she said and did was of a divine simplicity. It is difficult to put in words her gentle and reverent life, her faith in people, her quiet contempt for gossiping or exaggerated talk, her hero-worship, her patience, her schemes for helping people, and for providing pleasures for those to whom she could not offer charity. She did it all with her own hands. . . . She loved to write long letters to all of us that were full of ardent admiration of everybody except herself; and she kept interminable pencil lists of 'things to be done,' and was often overworked. . . . She said always that she was 'not clever,' and 'not able to talk well'; but all clever people liked talking to her. . . . She seemed to remember the romantic side of her early life, and not much of the hardship of it, beyond the misery of nursing my father through his illnesses. And in one of these her courage had been proved: for she had raised him in bed, holding his drink in one hand, and a candle in the other, and had set fire to the bed curtain; had laid him down, and rubbed out the flames with her hands. She used to play to my father every evening, while he worked; even when she was nearly eighty, and a few weeks before her death. It was delicate, old-world home-music, of a kind not often heard now. When she

had won her first prize at the Royal Academy of Music they set her on the table that so small a student might be visible."

She died in 1895, and he in 1897. After her death he paid no marked outward reverence to days and places associated with her, saying, "What is the good of keeping anniversaries when some one is *never* out of one's mind?"

MISS LYDIA MACKENZIE FRASER first heard of her future husband, Hugh Miller, the geologist and journalist, in a letter from her mother in 1830, she being then nineteen and he twenty-eight. "You may guess what the literary pretensions of Cromarty are," says Mrs. Fraser, "when I tell you that from my window at this moment I see a stonemason building a wall. He has just published a volume of poems and likewise letters on the herring fishery, both of which I now send you." The year after, the two met, and love quickly sprang up between them. They saw each other often, the days on which no meeting took place being marked by him, as she afterwards found out, by a notch in a beam in his cottage roof. Her mother from pride presently forbade all further intercourse, and thus it was that Miller, who already was no stranger "to high thought and amiable words and courtesy," became possessed with "the desire of fame." Determined, as he said, either to marry Miss Fraser into the position of a lady, or not to marry her at all, he set himself to work with all his might, and in five years claimed and won her hand, having in that short time made

his mark in the literature of his country and won for himself such a name that any bride, however highly born, might well be proud of him.

Mr. Pengelly, another distinguished geologist, had also a LYDIA for his wife, a Miss Spriggs, a Quakeress, who often went with Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to visit prisoners. After her marriage she helped her husband greatly by drawing and colouring diagrams for his lectures.

MABEL, daughter and heiress of one of the great lords of Normandy, and wife of another, Roger de Montgomery, second cousin of William the Conqueror, was a little woman but of great natural sagacity and eloquence. But forgetting the meaning of her name which is the same as Amabel, Lovable, she was a heartless, cruel woman who stained her hands with blood and was at last herself murdered by four brothers whom she had robbed of lands. She had a son in her own image, who is said to have plucked out the eyes of captives with his own hands.

An American scholar tells us that once when he was staying with James Russell Lowell, the poet's little daughter MABEL looked in at the door and her father cried out, "Salute your progenitor!" which, being interpreted, means "Give me a kiss!" And the poet himself tells us how one winter's day he kissed her, his only surviving child, and then adds that she could not dream

"That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow."

MABEL CARR, a dyer's daughter, was the mother of George Stephenson, to whom the world owes the locomotive and the railway. She was a little woman, delicate and nervous, but well-doing and thrifty. Her husband tended a colliery engine, and had but twelve shillings a week, and on that sum they brought up six children.

The late Dr. Hole, Dean of Rochester, the great authority on Roses, wrote a touching poem of three stanzas many years ago about a MABEL, a keeper's daughter. We see her (1) "In the Sunlight," singing by the brooklet's side; then (2) "In the Lamplight," when she has forgotten the Guide of her youth, and she "flaunts along, with a proud defiant beauty, speaking sin's words, wildly laughing," while her mother lies dying in a cottage far away, and her father cries to Heaven for vengeance; and then (3) "In the Moonlight," by a gravestone in a churchyard, where her mother sleeps:

"There, trailing cruel thorns, stormed-drenched, plaining with
piteous bleat,
The lost lamb—so her mother prayed—and the Good Shepherd
meet."

In his drama of Queen Mary, Tennyson tells us of a LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, one of the Ladies in Waiting, "the stateliest deer in all the herd," who was standing one day at her window when King Philip of Spain, Bloody Mary's husband, passed along the corridor and impudently drove the window back and pushed in his hand:

“But by God’s providence a good stout staff
Lay near me ; and you know me strong of arm ;
I do believe I lamed his Majesty’s
For a day or two.”

MAGDALENE DE VALOIS, first wife of James v. of Scotland, was the daughter of Francis I., King of France. Having lost her mother when she was only four years old, she was brought up with her aunt, Margaret, afterwards Queen of Navarre, a woman who showed much favour to the Reformers. Francis I. was the man who, defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner in battle, wrote this letter to his mother: “Madam, all is lost save honour.” Magdalene was married in Paris on New Year’s Day, 1537, she being then sixteen years and five months old, while James was five-and-twenty. After spending four-and-a-half months with her husband at her father’s court, for she was of a delicate constitution and they dreaded the Scotch winter, she set sail for her new home, and, landing at Leith after a stormy passage of five days, captured the hearts of the Scotch not only by her great beauty but by her instantly “kneeling when she first stepped on Scottish ground, and bowing herself down, kissing the moulds thereof for the love she bore the King, and returning thanks to God for having brought the King and her safely through the seas, and praying for the happiness of the country.” Her death, only forty days after, caused such manifestations of sorrow as had never been seen before in Scotland.

The “holy George Herbert,” the poet (1593–1633),



MAGDALENE DE VALOIS

Queen of Scotland for one-hundred-and-eighty days.

had for his mother MAGDALEN NEWPORT, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, a woman of great beauty, dignity, and wisdom. "She was," says Izaak Walton, "the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's *number*, and Job's *distribution*; and as often bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes, nor in their reason: and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing." When her son went to Oxford as a student she removed to that city from her home at Montgomery Castle, that she might have him "so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily: but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, 'That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company:' and would therefore as often say, 'That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue, and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and to keep it burning.'" It was of her in her later years that Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, said:

"Were her first years the Golden Age? That's true;
But now they're gold oft tried and ever new."

And again :

“No Spring nor Summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one AUTUMNAL FACE.”

MAGDALEN ROCHDALE (1599–1645) was the mother of Philip Henry, one of the 2257 “Nonconformist” ministers who were put out of their churches in England on St. Bartholomew’s day, August 24th 1662. She was the wife of Mr. John Henry, a Welshman, Keeper of the Royal orchard at Whitehall, and afterwards “page of the back stairs”—a post much more honourable than it sounds—in the household of James, Duke of York, later on the James II. of hateful memory. Her grandson, Matthew Henry, the Commentator, whose name, I hope, you sometimes hear your minister mention on Sabbaths and at the prayer-meeting, thus describes her: “She was a virtuous, pious gentlewoman, and one that feared God above many. She was altogether dead to the vanities and pleasures of the court, though she lived in the midst of them. She looked well to the ways of her household ; prayed with them daily ; catechized her children, and taught them the good knowledge of the Lord betimes. She died of a consumption, leaving behind her one son and five daughters. A little before she died she had this saying, ‘My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven ; it is but one step more, and I shall be there too.’”

MAGDALENE OLLYVER was the maiden name of the mother of Edward Winslow (1595–1655),

one of the famous hundred men, women, and children, known as the "Pilgrim Fathers," who set sail from Plymouth in the *Mayflower* on 6th September 1620, and landing on 21st December founded what are now the United States of America. Winslow was Governor of the Colony from 1624, and made three journeys to England in its interests. He was a friend of Cromwell's. In 1649 he published a tract—*The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians of New England*. He was the first to bring over cattle from Britain. He is the only Pilgrim Father of whom a portrait exists. Some of his letters are still preserved. In one of them he warns "idlers, beggars, and persons with a dainty tooth" against emigrating. In another he tells intending voyagers to let "their meal be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an adze or hatchet to work it out with." They were also to bring paper and linseed oil for windows, and juice of lemons to be taken fasting while they were on ship-board. He died on his way to Jamaica, and was buried at sea with a salute of forty-two guns. It was a descendant of a brother of his that commanded the *Kearsarge* in its famous fight with the *Alabama* off Cherbourg, 19th June 1864, during the American Civil War.

James Nimmo, a Covenanter, in his "Narrative, written for his own satisfaction to keep in some remembrance the Lord's Way, Dealing, and Kindness towards him," tells us that one April night in Edinburgh, in 1683, the soldiers came to search for

him. "They came to the next house, and I hearing them, rose up, and put my sword and wig in a chest, and there being only a thin partition betwixt them and me, I did see them with the lighted candles they had, but they could not see me in the dark. I did see them search narrowly. . . . Next day I found our landlady in great fear and averse that we should stay there, so my wife and I were necessitated to seek a new quarter, I knew not where, but it pleased the Lord mercifully to provide, for MAGDALEN PYPPER, mistress of the old Coffeehouse, a kind and pious friend, took us home to a chamber in her house till we should advise." They had soon to change their lodgings again, and then the soldiers came and searched Mrs. Pypper's house for letters and papers, "so searching that they looked under a scuttle for carrying coals, whereon, said she, 'It is but little that can be there!'"

MARGARET means *pearl*. It is a very pretty name, and next to MARY is the greatest favourite in Scotland.

MARGARET LAW was the brave wife of John Nisbet of Hardhill, who fought at Pentland and Drumclog, and held the post of danger at the bridge at Bothwell, and suffered martyrdom in the Grass-market in December 1685, about whom you may read in the *Scots Worthies* or in Mr. Smellie's *Men of the Covenant*.

When her husband was proclaimed a rebel, and a price set on his head, Mrs. Nisbet was turned adrift

upon the world, and at length, after four years of hardship and anxiety, died one winter's day "in a sheep's cot, where was no light or fire but that of a candle, no bed but that of straw, no stool but the ground to sit on." Word was sent as soon as possible to her husband, but before he arrived she had been in the grave for several days. Worse still, there was a little coffin lying awaiting him. His daughter had died a few hours before, and in a corner lay two of his boys in the delirium of fever. "One of the company said, 'Sir, I hope ye know Who hath done this.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I know that He hath done it that makes all things work together for the good of them that love Him, and keep His way, and this is my comfort. Also, it doth comfort me very much that my wife, whom ye have already buried out of my sight, *bears the mouth that never bade me do that that might hurt my conscience*, notwithstanding of all the trouble she met with on my account; but on the contrary, when I was telling her at any time I dare not do such or such a thing, she would have said, 'Well, then, see you do it not, come of me and my bairns what will. God lives, we need not be afraid; and if ye, they, and I were once fairly in Immanuel's land, we shall be richly made up.'"

"My mother, MARGARET AITKEN CARLYLE," says Thomas Carlyle, "was a woman of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise. Her mother, MARGARET SMITH AITKEN, an Annandale farmer's wife of small possessions, though of large and faithful soul, had

by strenuous industry and thrift saved for herself twenty complete shillings—an actual £1 note, wholly her own, to do what she liked with!—and was much concerned to lay it up in some place of absolute safety against a rainy day. She tried anxiously all her ‘hussives,’ boxes, drawers, a cunning hole in the wall, various places, but found none satisfactory, and was heard ejaculating, to the amusement of her young daughters, who never forgot it, ‘They have troubles that hae the worl’ and troubles that haena’t.’ She was a woman to be proud of, or silently to be thankful to heaven for. It was my mother who told us the story about her, with a touch of gentle humour, pathos, and heart’s love, which we were used to on such a subject. It is inconceivable, till you have seen the documents, what the pecuniary poverty of Scotland was 150 years ago, and again its spiritual opulence.”

MARGARET GORDON, afterwards Lady Bannerman, wife of an M.P. who became a Colonial Governor, was Carlyle’s first love. She was the original of Blumine in *Sartor Resartus*, “some one’s cousin, high-born, and of high spirit, but unhappily dependent, living perhaps on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relations.” “She was of fair complexion, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other content. To me, who had only known her a few months, and who within twelve or fifteen more saw the last of her, she continued, for perhaps three years, a figure hanging more or less in

my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a good will to her. Her accent was prettily English, and her voice very fine. . . . I saw her for the last time in 1840, on horseback both of us and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, Yes, yes, that is you."

Her friends apparently thought her "too highly connected" to marry one who was then in their eyes only a poor Kirkcaldy schoolmaster. In her farewell letter to him, she wrote: "And now, my dear friend, a long, long adieu! One advice; and, as a parting one, consider, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. . . . Again, adieu! . . . When you think of me, be it as of a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow. . . . I give you not my address, because I dare not promise to see you."

NURSE MARGARET played a great part in the lives of Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, and his brother Sir Henry. In their infancy her room was "the sanctuary of peace and tenderness and repose in a somewhat stiff and stern household. Now and then, against all the laws of the Medes and

Persians, she ventured to turn the children's tea into a feast" by giving them jam, though Henry would never touch it, because his mother had said they were only to have bread and milk. Long after the children had grown up and her own proper work was done, she continued, as was right, to be a member of the family, the one the most indispensable to each and all of them. Lord Lawrence's first journey, when he returned to England after her death, was a pilgrimage to the spot in a distant county where she was buried. He used to say he could have recognised her hand everywhere or anywhere by simply feeling it. She had sat beside him in a darkened room, holding him and reading to him, for the greater part of a year, when he was a child of five and his eyes troubled him. When he was a man he named one of his daughters after her. One of the things he liked to tell was his defence of her once, when she was accused of stealing in the market at Ostend and taken before a magistrate. She was so much put about that all she could say was, "I am Col. Lawrence's servant and this is his little boy." Hearing himself thus referred to, the boy, who had been clinging to her skirts all the time, came out from behind her, and said, "Sir, this is our old nurse Margaret; she is a very good woman, and all she says is quite true." "Well done, my little man," said the magistrate, as he sent them away; "you spoke up for your nurse bravely." The boy walked home very proud, thinking he must now take care of her and not she of him!

MARGARET—MILLICENT

“He that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of My God, and Mine own new Name.”—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

JAMES MELVILLE (1556–1614), Professor of Oriental Languages at St. Andrews, had a little daughter, MARGARET, who died in 1594, when she was scarcely seven months old. In his *Diary* he says of her, “She never laughed in this life.” Whether that was so or not, we may be sure that even while she was here her heart was glad, and that ever since in God’s presence she has had fulness of joy.

There were many worthy MARGARETS amongst the Covenanters, of whom I shall only mention four. (1) MARGARET LACHLISON, a widow over sixty-three years of age, and (2) MARGARET WILSON, aged eighteen, who were drowned in the water of Bladnoch, near Wigtown, 1685.

“Within the sea ty’d to a stake
She suffered for Christ Jesus’ sake.”

(3) MARGARET, the young daughter of Lord Wariston, better known as Sir Archibald Johnston, stayed with her father in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh all the time of his imprisonment. It was he who

wrote part of the National Covenant of Scotland, and read the whole document to the great crowd in Greyfriars Churchyard, February 28, 1638. He was hanged at the Market Cross in 1663.

(4) MARGARET SCOTT of Stranraer gave to the Covenanting army seven twenty-two shilling pieces and one eleven shillings' piece of gold. Being asked how she was able to give so much, she said, "I was gathering, and had laid up this to be a portion to a young daughter I had; and whereas the Lord lately hath pleased to take my daughter to Himself, I thought I would give Him her tocher also."

The mother of Dr. Thomas Reid, the head of what is known as the Scottish School of Philosophy, was MARGARET GREGORY, who died in 1732, one of the nine-and-twenty children of David Gregory of Kinairdy, in Banffshire. Three of her brothers were Professors of Mathematics—one of them, the friend of Newton, at Oxford, one at Edinburgh, and one at St. Andrews. Several others of her kinsmen were also Professors, some of them eminent in Philosophy and some in Medicine, one of these latter, Dr. James Gregory (1753–1821), being the compounder of the *mixture* of most bitter memory.

MARGARET BEAUFORT, mother of Henry VII., said that if the Princes of Christendom were willing to combine against the Turk, she would attend them as their laundress in the camp. It was through the marriage of her eldest daughter MARGARET

to James IV. of Scotland that James VI. succeeded to the throne of England when Queen Elizabeth died.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has given us some wonderfully vivid pictures of his mother, MARGARET OGILVY, in her early days. We see her carrying her father's dinner through the parks. "She is singing to herself and gleefully swinging the flagon, she jumps the burn and proudly measures the jump with her eye, but she never dallies unless she meets a baby, for she was so fond of babies that she must hug each one she met, but while she hugged them she also noted how their robes were cut, and afterwards made paper patterns, which she concealed jealously, and in the fulness of time her first robe for her eldest born was fashioned from one of these patterns, made when she was in her twelfth year. . . . She was eight when her mother's death made her mistress of the house and mother to her little brother, and from that time she scrubbed and mended and baked and sewed, and argued with the flesher about the quarter-pound of beef and penny bone which provided dinner for two days (but if you think that this was poverty you don't know the meaning of the word), and she carried the water from the pump, and had her washing-days and her ironings and a stocking always on the wire for odd moments—all these things she did as a matter of course, leaping joyfully from bed in the morning because there was so much to do, doing it thoroughly and sedately, and then rushing out in a fit of childishness to play dumps or palaulays with others of her age. . . . Her favourite costume when she was at the age that they make

heroines of was a pale blue with a pale blue bonnet, the white ribbons of which tied aggravatingly beneath the chin. . . . There are old people still who tell with wonder in their eyes how she could bake twenty-four bannocks in the hour, and not a chip in one of them."

MARIAN is a short form for MARY ANN, as in the case of MARY ANN EVANS, afterwards Mrs. Cross, better known as 'George Eliot' (1819-1880). She always signed her name MARIAN. MARION and MARJORY are forms of MARY and MARGARET.

LADY MARIANNE ALFORD, usually called LADY MARIAN (1818-1888), daughter of the Marquess of Northampton, mother of the present Earl Brownlow, was known as one of the most charming of London hostesses. A few specimens of her wit are to be found in Diaries of the Victorian era. Once, when a child, being reprovèd for extravagance, and being told it would never do "to burn the candle at both ends," she smiled and said, "I should have thought that was the very best way to make both ends meet." Of a certain statesman she once said, "He puts his foot in it so often that he must be a centipede." A short time after, at a dinner party, she happened to say she had a horror of killing anything, "even a wasp." Lord Lyons, who was sitting opposite her, said, "And what about a centipede?" When Dr. Busch published his book in praise of Bismarck, her remark, referring to the old proverb about wine, was, "A good man needs no *bush*." Once, as she was leaving Gibraltar, three

shells, fired by a battery that was at practice, fell quite close to her yacht. "Are you not very much frightened?" said a French gentleman on board. "Not in the least!" was her answer. "How could I be? Our men are such perfect marksmen!"

The most interesting thing at Castle Ashby, near Northampton, Lady Marian's father's family seat, is the Clephane "Hand," which was made for an ancestor of his by order of one of the Scotch kings, to replace the one he lost in defending his sovereign's person in battle. It was all the king could do. But the man who loses anything in fighting for God gets it back, even in this life, an hundredfold.

The Rev. John Livingstone (1603-1672), one of the greatest of Covenanting preachers, the man who, while still a probationer, preached the sermon on Ezek. xxxvi. 25 that brought about the revival at the Kirk of Shotts, June 21, 1630, tells us that his wife's mother, MARION HAMILTON, was "an rare godly woman," who had three godly sisters, one of them Beatrix married to Robert Blair. It was Mr. Blair who, when dying, said to Mr. Livingstone, "I have taken all my good deeds and all my bad deeds, and have cast them together in a heap before the Lord, and have fled from both to Jesus Christ, and in Him I have sweet peace." It was Mr. Livingstone himself who said, "If ever my heart was lifted up, it was in preaching of Jesus Christ."

MARION M'NAUGHT, wife of Provost Fullarton of Kirkcudbright and niece of Lord Kenmure,

was Samuel Rutherford's chief correspondent, and holds the foremost place in his *Letters*, "that noble book, to be written in which," says Dr. Whyte, "is almost as good as to be written in heaven." To her Rutherford once said, "You are engaged so in God's work in Kirkcudbright that if you remove out of that town all will be undone." And to her daughter, Grizel, he wrote: "Your dear mother, now blessed and perfected with glory, kept life in that place." There are some people who have the gift of putting good questions and drawing out good answers, the gift of getting a man's best out of him, and she was one of them; the otherwise unknown Theophilus, to whom Luke wrote his *Gospel* and the *Acts of the Apostles*, was another.

MARJORY was the name of the wife, the mother-in-law, and the daughter of King Robert the Bruce, and if anything further were needed to make this name dear to all Scotsmen, and indeed to all men, is it not enough to say that it was a MARJORY BOWES, granddaughter on her father's side of Sir Ralph Bowes of Streatlam, and on her mother's, of Sir Roger Aske of Aske, who was the wife, "the spous unfeanidlie belovit" as he calls her, of John Knox? When she died in 1560, John Calvin writing to her husband says: "You had a wife whose equal is rarely to be met." In another letter, written to a stranger, Calvin calls her *suavissima*, a most sweet woman.

In the sixty-six volumes of the *National Dictionary*

of *Biography* there are brief lives and notices of about 30,000 persons "who have achieved any reasonable measure of distinction in any walk of life." The shortest life recorded is that of MARJORIE FLEMING, daughter of James Fleming of Kirkcaldy and Elizabeth Rae his wife, who died of "water in the brain" following an attack of measles, at the age of eight years eleven months, December 19, 1811. Sir Walter Scott said of her, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does." He would sway to and fro and sob as he heard her say:

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit."

Her diary, poems, and letters, her Bible with its faded marks—one of them at David's lament over Jonathan—are still preserved, and are described very touchingly by Dr. John Brown in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

MARTHA is the feminine form of a Hebrew word for lord, and means *lady* or *mistress*.

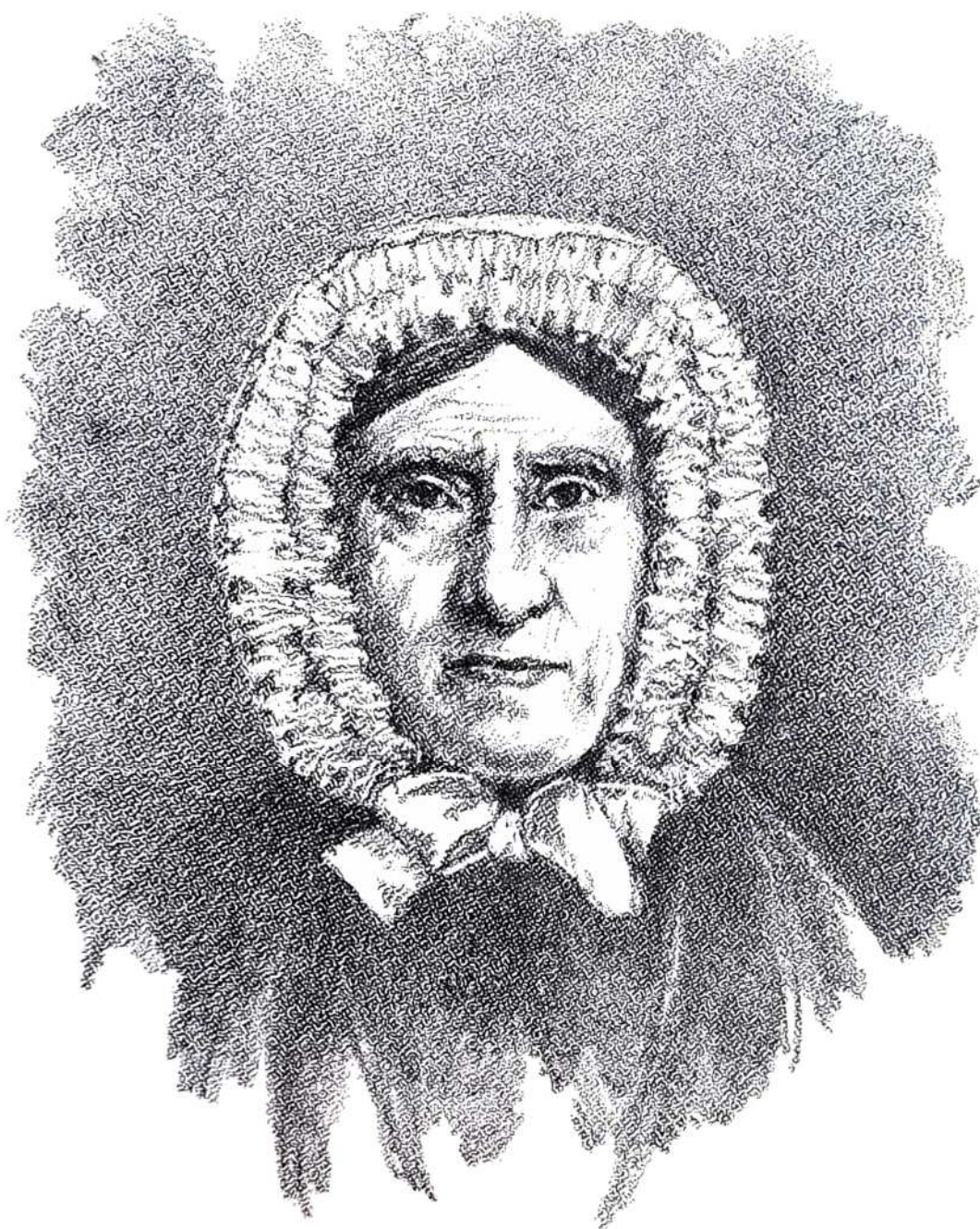
"Now Jesus loved MARTHA" (John xi. 5). That is the greatest thing that can be said about any woman in the world, and any girl can have it said about herself, if she will only ask Christ and keep asking Him.

When our Lord said to her, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things," one must think of Him as saying it very gently and with a smile. Martha was one of those kind women who put themselves so much and so needlessly about

to please their visitors that people are afraid to call on them. She is the type, too, of those "interrupters of conversation" who forget that there are great and solemn days in life when the chief purpose of a meal is not to give people some particular dish to eat, but the chance to speak and listen to some guest.

Above all, Martha is the type of all wise persons who thank and love the friend that rebukes them lovingly. Many a one in her case would have pouted, and said, "Very well! That's all the thanks I get for looking after things and attending to people's comfort. I'll not forget it. And the *next* time visitors come, I'll sit and listen and fold my hands like the rest, and the fire can go out if it likes, and they'll see how they like that!"

One of "Margaret Ogilvy's" delights, her son tells us, was to learn from him scraps of the Latin poet Horace, and then bring them into her conversation with "colleged men." She practised them by herself, and then some day in conversation she would say to a visitor for instance, "Ay, ay, it's very true, Doctor; but, as you know, 'Eheu fugāces Postūme, Postūme, labuntur anni'" (ah! Postumus, the fleeting years are gliding past), "which would astound him very much if she managed to reach the end without being flung, but usually she had a fit of laughing in the middle, and so she would be found out." In like manner we are told of MARTHA BARRON, that one day, when her husband, Patrick Simson (1556-1618), minister of Stirling and one of the Reformers, was talking in Latin to some visitors about some



MARGARET AITKEN CARLYLE

pictures on his wall, and he was asked why he had a torch painted on his window, she replied, "*Aliam viam nescio.*" His idea was that a torch, whether its head be turned down or up, always burns upward, flame ascends, and so a Christian's heart, whether in prosperity or adversity, should ever be set heavenwards. Her answer meant, I imagine, it always burns that way, there's no other way for it, "I don't know another way." But, at any rate, Mr. Simson was well pleased, which is the great matter, whether he understood her or not, for a loving husband likes to see his wife giving proofs of cleverness. And so "he smiled, and was blithe she had so much Latin."

When Edward Hawkins was made Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1828, a ludicrous incident took place. Part of the ceremony of installation consisted in solemnly closing the College gates. The newly elected Provost had to knock, in order to be formally admitted by the Dean and received by the Fellows assembled under the archway. The gates accordingly were duly closed, and the Fellows stood waiting the expected signal. At last a knock was heard, and the Dean advancing, asked, "*Quis adest?*"—that is, "Who is there?" "Please, sir," replied a tremulous voice, "it's me. I'm the College washer-woman." The gate was opened, and between the Fellows, drawn up in two ranks, passed the venerable matron laden with baskets of clean linen.

Even so, in the midst of this solemn procession of famous women, comes one, and not unworthily, who, when we are asking "*Quis adest?*" makes answer:

"I'm MARTHA, the old negro washerwoman of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes has sung :

'Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone !
 Toll the bell ! toll the bell !
 Her weary hands their labour cease ;
 Good night ! Poor Martha sleeps in peace.
 For many a year has Martha said,
 "I'm old and poor, would I were dead !"
 She'll bring no more, by day or night,
 Her basket full of linen white.
 'Tis fitting she should lie below
 A pure white sheet of drifted snow.
 For Martha sleeps to wake in light,
 Where all the robes are stainless white.'"

MARY. It may seem strange to some of you that I pass over the name Mary. On a stone in the wall of one of the Quadrangles of Balliol College at Oxford there are the words :

FISHER
 NON AMPLIUS

—that is to say, the name of Fisher is enough, there is no need of anything further. Even so, when one thinks of that MARY who first welcomed our Lord into this world when He came to work out our redemption, and of that other MARY who first welcomed Him from the grave when He had finished it, surely there is no need to add another word. To say *Mary* is enough.

MATILDA or, in its shortened form, MAUDE, was the name of the wife of William the Conqueror, who quarrelled with the Pope over his marriage

Henry I.'s wife, too, was MATILDA, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland. There was difficulty in connection with her marriage also. She had been made a nun in her childhood, but never wore the veil, as she told Anselm, save in the presence of her aunt, who compelled her with blows to put it on. "I wore it trembling with indignation and grief. But as soon as I could get out of her sight I used to snatch it from my head, fling it on the ground, and trample it under foot." King Stephen, too, had a MATILDA for his Queen. There was a famous MATILDA, further, surnamed the Fair and the Chaste, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, that baron of Dunmow who instituted the custom of giving a fitch of bacon to the couple who, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, would affirm that they had neither quarrelled nor repented of their marriage for a year and a day after its celebration. King John wished this Matilda to be one of his evil companions, but she, so says Thomas Fuller, "kept true to the Anagram she had formed out of the letters of her name, 'Tal Maid,' both in stature and in virtuous resolution, and resisted him, till at last, in 1213, the king procured one to poison her by means of a poached egg, meat which in the shell may safely be eaten after a sluttish, out of it not after a malicious hand."

Thomas Campbell the poet (1777-1844), whose mother—he was her eleventh child—once told a shopkeeper to address a parcel to "Mrs. Campbell, mother of the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*,"

married in 1803 MATILDA SINCLAIR, daughter of a Greenock magistrate. "She was a good gentle patient creature, so frugal and sweet-tempered that she might have disarmed poverty of half its evils." She was very pretty, too, and could make the best cup of Mocha coffee in the world. When they married, his fortune consisted of his expectations from a new book he had written and a £50 bank-note in his desk. It is said she sometimes took visitors upstairs on tiptoe to show them her husband in moments of inspiration!

Edward, 3rd Earl of Devon, commonly called *The Blind Earl*, had for his wife a MAUD, with whom he lived happily for fifty-five years. He died in 1419, and on their tombstone are these words:

"What we gave, we have.
What we spent, we had.
What we left, we lost."

Thomas Tesdale, co-founder of Pembroke College, Oxford, was "a lover of God's Word, and a great favourer of the preachers thereof. He was a bountiful housekeeper, and gave much alms and relief to the poor, to whom his house was ever open and his hand never shut." At his funeral every man, woman, and child that was present got sixpence. Before he was twenty he married a widow of twenty-two, MAUD, who had been a Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth. She died in 1616, "in the Faith and Fear of the Lord Jesus," "leaving perpetual remembrance of her love" wherever she had lived, "in all which places she hath

lovingly anointed Christ Jesus in His poor members." She left money also to build a monument "to propagate her husband's memory rather than her own." Further, she bequeathed £200 to build "strong and sufficient galleries in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, whereby all people might stand the more conveniently to hear the word of God, to His glory and their own comfort."

To a beautiful young girl of nineteen, MAY RAWLINSON, whom he had met in Bournemouth in 1886, Robert Louis Stevenson, then thirty-six, wrote these lines a few days after :

"Of the many flowers you brought me,
Only some were meant to stay,
And the flower I thought the sweetest
Was the flower that went away.

Of the many flowers you brought me,
All were fair and fresh and gay,
But the flower I thought the sweetest
Was the blossom of the May."

Five years afterwards he wrote congratulating her and her husband on her marriage. "You must grow more beautiful, or you will soon be less. It is not so easy to be a flower, even when you bear a flower's name. And if I admired you so much, and still remember you, it is not because of your face, but because you were then worthy of it, as you must still continue. . . . What a good husband Mr. — will have to be! And you—what a good wife! Carry your love tenderly. I will never forgive him—or you—it is in both your hands—if the face that once

gladdened my heart should be changed into one sour or sorrowful."

"Then they told Mr. Honest of MERCY, and how she had left her town and her kindred to come along with Christiana and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, 'Mercy is thy name; by mercy shalt thou be sustained and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the Fountain of Mercy in the face with comfort.'"

I hope you remember the bit in *Pilgrim's Progress*, long before that, where Mercy was left standing without at the wicket-gate after Christiana had been taken in, and how she was afraid to knock any more till she looked up to what was written over the gate and took courage, and then began knocking again louder than ever, and kept on knocking, till she fell down in a swoon and was found by the keeper lying at the gate.

MRS. MERCY BRADSTREET, mother of Mrs. Sarah Oliver Wendell, was the great-great-grandmother of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the delightful *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and as his grandmother on his father's side was named Temperance, we need not wonder that so many virtues met in him.

Dr. Philip Doddridge (born 1702, died and buried at Lisbon 1751), an Independent minister, author of *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and of many hymns, one of them the immortal "O God of Bethel," was equally happy in his birth and in his

marriage. His mother had twenty children, of whom he was the youngest, and his wife was MERCY MARIS, whom he describes in one place as "the dearest of all dears, the wisest of all my earthly counsellors, and of all my governors the most potent, yet the most gentle and moderate." Their letters to each other both before and after their marriage have been preserved, and are singularly interesting. Some of the names he gives her are very curious, such as "Thou dear wretch and best of women." He calls himself "Everywhere and always, invariably, your own Doddridge," "Your very fond husband and very humble servant." When he is from home, he tells her he daily and hourly recommends her to God, prays for her especially, as was most right, when he was at the Lord's Table, and numbers the hours that must pass before they meet. Of her birthday he says, "No day ever took so much from me as the 22nd of December has given." "Your happy husband," he says, "who blesses God for you every day of his life, loves you, if possible, better and better every hour." Her letters in reply were such as such a husband well deserved. In one of them, for example, she thus signs herself:

"I am, my dearest Creature,
I know not what—for I can find no
form of words tender enough to express
with how much esteem and affection,
I am your own
MERCY DODDRIDGE."

She died in 1790, aged eighty-two.

Miss Helen Keller, the American deaf and blind scholar and authoress, gives us a touching account of her first relations with her younger sister, MILDRED. "For a long time I regarded her as an intruder. I knew that I had ceased to be my mother's only darling, and the thought filled me with jealousy. She sat in my mother's lap constantly, where I used to sit, and seemed to take up all her care and time. . . . Once I found her sleeping in the little cradle in which I kept my favourite doll Nancy, and I was so angry at her presumption that I rushed at the cradle and overturned it. She might have been killed if my mother had not caught her as she fell."

All this happened before Helen's mind had been awakened. "There was as yet no tie of love between her and me. But afterwards, when I was restored to my heritage, she and I grew into each other's hearts, and we would go hand in hand though she could not understand my finger-language nor I her childish prattle."

Professor Henry Fawcett (1833-1884) had already taken a high position at Cambridge, being Seventh Wrangler and Fellow of Trinity Hall, when, in 1858, two shots from his father's gun, as he and his father were out shooting together, entered his eyes and in an instant blinded him for life. Within ten minutes, he said afterwards, he had made up his mind to face his trial bravely and to stick to his pursuits as much as possible. He entered Parliament after several defeats, and in 1880 was actually made *Postmaster*

General by Mr. Gladstone! It is to Mr. Fawcett we owe our parcel-post, our postal-orders, and our six-penny telegrams. He himself used to say he owed his success and happiness to his wife, MILLICENT GARRETT, a Suffolk lady.

MILLICENT—ROBINA

“Since I understood the meaning of my own Name it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee.”—WALTER PRINGLE of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, March 16, 1663.

MANY years ago, one Friday, in the Greek classroom in Edinburgh University, I heard Professor Blackie ask a Highland student the meaning of his name. “I don’t know, sir,” said the lad. “You don’t know the meaning of your own name? Well, then, find out, and let me know on Monday—no, better say Tuesday, for if I say Monday you’ll be thinking about it on Sabbath instead of listening to the sermon!”

It is a good thing to know the meaning of one’s name, and a good thing to have a pretty name, but if you are good yourself, you will add a new beauty to it, and even if your name be plain or rough or commonplace, it will sound sweet in the ear both of God and man; and if it has no meaning in itself, make *yourself* and make *your character* its meaning, and people will give God thanks every time they hear it mentioned.

The late Sir George Grove, a man who did great

service to literature and music in our country, said of his daughter, MILLICENT STANLEY, that her companionship made his continental tours a regular honeymoon. "Our journeys were like those of lovers." When he was sending her to Germany he had the fear many a parent has: "It may make her plucky, but will it make her too self-reliant?" She was of great use to him in his work; "she took care of my papers, knew the place of everything, and had a particular knack about it all." She died in 1887, aged twenty-five. A few days afterwards her father wrote thus to a friend: "Her head was the most ideal thing I ever saw. It was as I knew her, but so raised and idealised as it might be at the Resurrection. It was an astonishing change. I don't say *glorified*, because the prevailing air was naturalness, but perfectly *idealised*."

MIRIAM is the Hebrew form of MARY. It was Miriam's wise speech to Pharaoh's daughter, when she was six years old, that, under God, changed the whole course of human history; it was her voice, when she was eighty-six, that led the women of Israel in their first song of victory; and it was her jealousy of her sister-in-law that delayed the whole host of Israel, two million people, a whole week in the desert (Num. xii.).

MURIEL in Tennyson's poem, *The Ring*, is the name of a woman who won a husband by pretending to be fond of his little motherless babe MIRIAM, but after marriage "sickened of the farce," "dropt the

gracious mask of motherhood," displayed her true character, and made her own life and her husband's miserable.

Sir Stamford Raffles (1781-1826), the founder of Singapore, and one of the great builders of the British Empire in the East, married, when he was twenty-four, MRS. OLIVE FANCOURT, a widow ten years his senior. A Malay named Abdulla thus described her in a book of reminiscences: "She was not an ordinary woman. She was very fond of studying our language, saying, 'What is this in Malay, and what that?' Also whatever she saw she wrote down, and whenever her husband was going to do anything, or to buy anything, he always deferred to her. She never rested for a moment, but she was always busy day after day. I never saw her sleep at midday or even recline for the sake of ease. Thus her habits were active; so much so that in fact she did the duty of her husband; indeed it was she that taught him. Thus God had matched them as king and counsellor, or as a ring with its jewels." She died in 1814. Sir Stamford left Singapore for home in 1824, but the ship, the *Fame*, took fire when it had gone only fifty miles, through the carelessness of a steward who went with a naked light to draw brandy from a cask. No lives were lost, but all Sir Stamford's papers and records, his notes and observations, the vocabularies and maps he had been working at for years, his drawings and natural history collections, thousands of stuffed specimens of birds, beasts, and fishes, to say nothing of money,

plate, and jewels—all perished. After eleven or twelve hours' rowing, the two boats which contained the passengers and crew reached land, and the very next morning Sir Stamford began a new map of Sumatra, and sent out men into the forest to begin a new collection of animals. "Neither murmur nor lamentation escaped his lips; on the contrary, upon the ensuing Sabbath, he publicly returned thanks to Almighty God." After his return to London he founded, in 1825, the famous Zoological Gardens, best known as the "Zoo." His statue is in Westminster Abbey, close beside that of his friend William Wilberforce.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA, daughter of an Italian professor who, like Virgil, was born at Mantua, was so learned that when scarcely sixteen she was asked to give lectures on Cicero in the University of Ferrara. She was watched and persecuted and driven into exile by the Roman Catholic Inquisitors. She had many other trials as well, but was happy in her marriage to a young German doctor, Andrea Gunthler. She died on the 26th of October 1555, at four o'clock in the afternoon, aged twenty-nine. In her last letter to a friend she wrote: "Farewell, do not grieve when you hear of my death, for I know that my life will only begin when I die, and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ." "When she was almost dying," says her husband, "I saw her look pleased and smile softly, as she wakened out of sleep. I asked why she smiled so sweetly. 'I saw just now,' she said, 'a

quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light.' When she could speak no more through weakness, 'Courage, dear wife,' I said, 'in that fair light you will dwell.' Again she smiled and nodded her head. A little after, she said, 'I am quite happy.' When next she spoke, her eyes were already dim. 'I can scarcely see you any longer,' she said, 'but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers.' These were her last words."

PATIENCE, daughter of Robert Holt, schoolmaster, Bolton, was the name of the wife of Sir Richard Arkwright (1732-1792), the man who by his inventions made cotton-spinning one of the greatest of our country's industries. And if any man has need of Patience more than a schoolmaster, it is an inventor. When he was past fifty, Arkwright took two hours off his sleep every night to improve his writing and spelling and grammar.

"PATRICIA HERON was the wisest, most judicious, best tempered, best dispositioned, sensible and good woman, in the whole circle of my acquaintance."—*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*.

PENELOPE—four syllables, Pen-el-ō-pe, rhyming not with *envelope*, but with *canopy*—was the name of the wife of Odysseus, or Ulysses, the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*. Ulysses fought on the side of the Greeks in the Trojan war. Troy fell, and the war ended; but, like many who have been soldiers, he could not

rest from travel, but was "always roaming with a hungry heart." So long was he away that most men thought he must be dead. And then the chiefs of Ithaca and the islands round about began to woo Penelope, insisting on living in her house, wasting her husband's substance, insulting her little son Telemachus, and teaching her servants every kind of evil. Day by day they pressed her to marry one of them, and day by day she put them off, and bade them wait till she had finished a winding-sheet she had promised to weave for her old father-in-law, Laertes. But every night she undid the piece she had woven through the day, so that the web was never done. And the chiefs, for three whole years, never saw through her stratagem, till one of her maids revealed it. Then they urged and vexed her more than ever, but still she was true to the husband for whom her heart was longing. And then when things were at their worst, and she was in utter straits, her husband, after twenty years of wandering, came home disguised like a beggar-man, and slew the suitors, and saved his faithful wife.

Another PENELOPE, who, like the wife of Ulysses, had trouble with her suitors, was the daughter of an Earl of Rivers. She married first a Sir George Trenchard, a Dorsetshire gentleman, and was left a widow when only seventeen. Being as beautiful and rich as she was young, she was sought in marriage by three men, Sir George Gage, Sir John Gage, and Sir William Hervey. "To appease the quarrel arisen respecting her," says an old chronicler,

“she threatened her everlasting displeasure to the first of them who should be the aggressor. Thus, as she had declared for none, by balancing their hopes against their fears, she stilled their resentments, adding good humouredly that if they would keep the peace and have patience she would have them all in their turns, which singularly enough did happen.” So well had she learnt the motto of her father’s house, *æquam servare mentem*, the art of keeping an even mind. She died in 1633.

PENELOPE BOOTHBY was the one visitor whom Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, always welcomed, no matter how busy he might be. She would sit for hours in his studio, beguiling her “own ownest” friend with her sweet ways and pretty turns of speech. One of his most beautiful paintings represents her, at the age of three and a half, clad in a white dress, with a dark belt, sitting with her mittened hands folded in her lap, and her eyes demurely cast down. The high mob-cap on her head belonged to Sir Joshua’s grandmother. This picture was sold in 1885 for £20,000. Sir J. E. Millais’ “Cherry Ripe,” they say, is the portrait of a little girl whom he had seen dressed as “Penelope” at a children’s party. Little Miss Boothby died when she was scarcely six years old. She lies buried in Ashbourne Church in Derbyshire, and on her tomb, a masterpiece of sculpture by Thomas Banks, are words so full of unbelief and despair that one wonders how they were permitted to be set up in a Christian church :

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

TO PENELOPE

Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby.

Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13th, 1791.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured their all in this Frail bark,

And the wreck was total.

PENUEL or PENIEL means *the face of God*, Gen. xxxii. 30, and is a fitting name for every little child, according to George MacDonald's lines :

"But how did you come to *us*, you dear?"

"God thought about you, and so I am here."

PENUEL GRANT, daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, was the wife of Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), an Edinburgh man of letters, known always from the title of one of his books as *The Man of Feeling*. "Filial love and sorrow," says one of her eleven children, "place her name beside his from whom she was not long divided. Her record must tell of what adorns the Christian's path and glorifies the Christian's God; the generous heart and open hand, the patient humble mind, a soul in which the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. She lived a blessing to all around her, and died, Blessed in the Lord."

PHILADELPHIA means *brotherly or sisterly love*. It is the word used in the Greek New Testament in Heb. xiii. 1, Let brotherly love continue. It is a big name for a little girl, yet surely a fitting one, specially for that PHILADELPHIA whose

mother's first name was Ursula, which means *a little bear*, whose father's name was Quarles — Francis Quarles (1592–1644), a poet, author of *Divine Emblems* —and she had a house in which the Quarleses increased and grew year after year, for she had seventeen brothers and sisters!

John Pym (1584–1643), the first and one of the greatest of Parliamentary leaders, a heroic man who feared neither the King nor the House of Lords, had for his mother PHILIPPA COLES. She was early left a widow, and taking Sir Anthony Rous for her second husband, became the stepmother of that Francis Rous who lived to be a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, Provost of Eton, Speaker of Barebone's Parliament—so called after one of its members, a leather merchant, whose name was "Praise-God Barbon"—and, last and greatest of all, the chief author of our Metrical Version of the Psalms. Many of you have heard of the saying of Fletcher of Saltoun: "I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." But here was a woman, strange to say, who had in her hands the making of the two men who made both the laws and the ballads of our land. Francis Rous, as if he had learnt to love the name—and stepmothers, so often so cruelly ill-used, are worthy of double honour, and more than double honour—chose for his own wife a Philippa, too. She was four years older than her husband, and died two years before him, in 1657. Lady Rous died in 1620.

The minister who preached at her funeral took for his subject, "Death's Message to the Living," from the text, Eccles. vii. 2, "That is the end of all men," and speaking of her used these words: "She who not long sithence came cheerfully unto this place on the Lord's day, as her godly manner was, hath caused us mournfully to repair hither on this day. She who used to come in her coach is now carried in a coffin. She who used to hear attentively and look steadfastly on the preacher, is here now, so much of her as now remaineth, but can neither see nor hear the preacher: but in silence preacheth to the preacher himself, and to every hearer and beholder, that this is the end of all men. And by her own example, which is the life of preaching, she confirmeth the doctrine that neither arms nor scutcheons, nor greatness of state, nor godliness of life, nor gifts of mind, nor sobriety of diet, nor art of physick, nor husband's care, cost, nor diligence of attendants, nor children's tears, nor sighs of servants, nor prayers of the church, can except us from that common condition; for if they could, we had not seen this great and sad assembly here this day."

A few months ago I told you about Mr. Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General to whom we owe the parcel-post and postal orders, and about his wife, and their only daughter who used to guide her father when he was skating by whistling to him. He died in 1884, and some years afterwards that daughter, whose name was PHILIPPA, was placed in the Cambridge Mathematical Examinations List "above the Senior Wrangler," a Mr. Bennett of

St. Johns—an honour it was thought till then no woman could possibly reach. She herself thought she had done badly in the examination, but she was first by 400 marks. It was an interesting circumstance that the meeting, at which it was first resolved to build Newnham as a college for women, had been held in her own mother's house scarcely twenty-one years before, when she was but a baby eighteen months old. When the news of her victory reached Newnham, her fellow-students carried her in triumph through the courts to a feast which Miss Clough the Principal had caused hastily to be prepared. Miss Fawcett, it seems, during her college career had made a point of going to bed, no matter how busy she was, not later than eleven o'clock, and so, said Miss Clough in the little speech with which she opened the proceedings, "I hope, my dears, this will be a lesson to all of you *to go to bed early!*"

PHILIPPA, like Philip, means *fond of horses*.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340–1400), the earliest of great English poets, had PHILIPPA ROET for his wife. She was one of the ladies attached to the royal household, but it is evident from one or two things said by her husband about masterful women, whose tongue "aye clappeth as a mill," that she did not know how excellent a thing in woman it is to have a voice that is "ever soft, gentle, and low."

PHILIPPA, of Hainault in Belgium, was the wife of Edward III. and mother of the Black Prince. Her

husband and she, returning once unexpectedly from the continent, with a few servants, landed at the Tower Wharf in London at midnight, December 2nd, 1340, and found the sole garrison of the Tower, at that time one of the chief fortresses of the kingdom, to be the royal children and their three nurses. The careless constable or keeper of the Tower, Sir Nicholas de la Beche, had gone out to visit a friend, and his soldiers had all followed his example. It was well for them, when they returned, that Philippa was there to plead for them.

PHŒBE, which means *bright* or *radiant*, was the name of a woman of whom Paul says, "She hath been a succourer of many and of myself also." She lived at Cenchreae, nine miles east of Corinth, a great port for Asia, and her house, no doubt, would be overrun by visitors, especially in times of distress and persecution. Some of these would turn out to be impostors, many would try her and her servants sorely and give them little thanks, but to have had Paul for a guest would be an experience and a memory that would make up for a thousand disappointments. She got many rewards, but perhaps the greatest was this that, apparently, she was entrusted with the carrying to Rome of the Letter to the Romans. Little did she think, when as a child she began to get the name of being good at going messages, that she was fitting herself for such high honour and purchasing for herself so good a degree. And what must Satan's rage have been when he saw that priceless package in her keeping and he could

not take it from her, because the angels had charge over her, to keep her in all her ways, and God Himself had made an hedge about her, and about all that she had, on every side.

The grandmother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American thinker, was PHŒBE BLISS, daughter of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, a man who is described on his tombstone as "a flame of fire," a bold, zealous, impassioned preacher in an evil age when there were few enthusiasts amongst preachers of the Word. Phœbe Bliss's mother was PHŒBE WALKER, "such a woman," says her granddaughter, "as I have read about, but, except her, never seen. She never fell before affliction. My mother reproached her with want of feeling because she went to church whilst her husband lay dead in the house. But she was rapt in another world."

PHŒBE HINSDALE (1783-1861), wife of a Mr. Timothy Brown, a painter, said of herself, "My history is soon told—a sinner saved by grace and sanctified by trials." She was born in Illinois, U.S.A., was left an orphan at two, and only learned to read and write when she was eighteen. She was in the habit after marriage of retiring for prayer to a lonely spot by the side of a little brook, like that Isabella Campbell, of whose little sanctuary at the head of the Gareloch in Dumbartonshire a picture was given in *The Morning Watch* many years ago. Being surprised and ridiculed by a neighbour one day, she went back to her house, and, after pouring out her

soul to God, wrote the hymn of which these are the first two verses :

“I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.”

She used to send any small sum she could save to the missionaries in India and South Africa, and had in time the highest honour and greatest joy a Christian mother can have—the happiness of seeing her only son himself going to the mission-field. This son, Dr. S. R. Brown, was the first American missionary to Japan.

The name PHYLLIS naturally connects itself in one's mind with thoughts of the sprightly gaiety of youth, partly from its sound and its meaning—it is the Greek word for *Foliage*—and partly from the use Virgil and Horace and other poets have made of it.

When the Roman Emperor Domitian, one of the cruellest men that ever lived, was assassinated A.D. 96, the only one to show his dead body any kindness was his old nurse PHYLLIS. Domitian was the younger brother of Titus, the man who besieged and took Jerusalem, A.D. 70, and was thought to have poisoned him. This Phyllis is one of the many nurses who have an honourable place in history.

A very beautiful modern illustration of the high place a nurse may win is to be found in the recently published *Memoir of Henry Sidgwick* of Cambridge, whose sister was the wife of the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury. He himself was married to the sister of the late Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour. One of the three portraits in the book is that of Elizabeth Cooper, who still lives, in her eighty-seventh year, the old nurse who brought up all the Sidgwicks and afterwards all the Bensons. She has been over seventy years in the family !

LADY PLEASANCE SMITH, daughter of MRS. PLEASANCE REEVE, survived her husband, Sir James Edward Smith, a distinguished botanist, nine-and-forty years, and died in 1877, at the age of 104. She was a highly accomplished woman, with a special love for nature and poetry, and there are many still living who remember her stately beauty. On her hundredth birthday she gave a dinner to a hundred of the oldest persons in Lowestoft—their average age was seventy-seven—and she herself received a copy of *Our Life in the Highlands* from “her friend Victoria,” our late Queen. On being told that Dean Stanley and other members of the Antiquarian Society, met under the Presidency of the Earl of Stanhope, had sent her their kindest greetings, she said, “You must not tell me such things as these. They drive me mad. I find it harder to support the many marks of kindness and distinction I have received, than to bear the burden of 100 years.” Up to this time she scarcely knew the meaning of illness ; her colour was fresh, she had

kept nearly all her teeth, and her eyes were bright though the sight was beginning to fail. Three months earlier she had written: "I can yet see the landscape. This is a great alleviation, but I cannot see the lines I attempt to write." She continued writing, however, till within a fortnight of her death. When she was in her 103rd year she wrote to a friend: "Oh that you were here in Lowestoft to see the wild beauty of the heath and dunes—a cloth of gold as far as the eye can reach—what was the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold' to this!" She never lost her interest in the great movements of the day, and did not think it right to say the past age was better than this. When people spoke to her of their fears of the seemingly dangerous tendencies of science, she said, "I am for inquiry." Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, having once asked her what was the first thing she remembered, she said, "I am confident I remember being taken to my aunt's when I was nine months old, and I can remember her eyes, and the crocuses in the border, and the flutter of the fringe of my own robe."

In her youth her portrait was painted by John Opie, R.A. (1761–1807). When she was 103, Sir Richard Owen did what he could to get her to sit to the late Sir J. E. Millais. "Opie's portrait," he said, "shows the 'human face divine' in the prime of beauty—a woman of the highest race of mankind. Millais' would show the same individual at a stage of human life never again likely to be a subject for art under the same circumstances. For the Natural

History of the Human Species such a pair of portraits would be notable to all time. If the present opportunity is lost, it is most improbable it may ever occur again."

PRISCILLA MULLINS was the name of the Puritan maiden whom Captain Myles Standish (1584-1656), one of the most famous of the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed in the *Mayflower* in 1620, wished to marry after the death of his first wife. The story goes—you will find it in Longfellow's Poems—that Standish, instead of interviewing the maiden herself, asked his scholar friend, John Alden, to do it for him. Alden himself, however, loved her, and yet, perplexed though he was, was doing his best for his friend when Priscilla astonished him by saying, "Prythee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" There could, of course, be but one answer to such a question, and the poor Captain had to go elsewhere.

Julian Fane, diplomatist and poet, died in 1870, aged forty-three, after much suffering. Owing to a trouble in his throat he was unable to swallow any liquid, and for a whole year could not speak. He had an extraordinary gift of mimicry. One of the things his friends often asked him for was his imitation of a thunderstorm, and this he did without the aid of voice or action, and simply by the rapid change of expression on his face. He could conjure up before the eyes of the most unimpressionable people its whole pageant and process. "I have often watched him," says one who knew him well, "and

never without seeming to see before me with unmistakable distinctness the hovering transit of light and shadow over some calm pastoral landscape on a summer's noon—then the gradually gathering darkness in the heavens above—the sultry suspense of nature's stifled pulse—the sudden flash—the sportive bickering play of lightning—the boisterous descent of the rain—the slow subsidence of all the celestial tumult—the returning sunlight and blue air—the broad repose and steady gladness of the renovated fields with their tinkling flocks and rainy flowers.”

But perhaps the most wonderful thing about him was his love for his mother, PRISCILLA POLEWELLESLEY, wife of Lord Burghesh, afterwards Earl of Westmoreland, daughter of the Earl of Mornington, and kinswoman of the Duke of Wellington. She died in 1879, aged eighty-six. She was a woman of many accomplishments, being specially skilled in languages. Every year, from his childhood to the close of his life, her son wrote her a poem on her birthday. Here is the one he sent her from Vienna in 1869. It is not one of his best, but our reading of it may be in part an answer to his prayer.

“Oft in the after days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky,
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face ;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace ;

Oh may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying, 'What love unto her son she bore!'
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
'Nor ever yet was mother worshipped more.'

So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honoured name."

PRISCILLA is the diminutive or endearing or loving form of PRISCA, and means *little ancient*, just as we say *Maggie*, or *Jamie*, *wee wifie*, or *little mannie*. Priscilla and her husband Aquila are the only inseparable couple, of whom we know much, mentioned in the Bible. They are spoken of six times, and always together. Now, remember, you are not to pronounce Aquila as if it were Aquilla and rhymed with Priscilla. The accent is on the first syllable. These two agreed in everything else, but not in the rhythm of their names! But I wonder what Priscilla's pet name for her husband was, for she must have had one for him, just as he had one for her. Perhaps, after all, she would sometimes call him *Aquilla* for fun!

PRISCILLA HURRY, daughter of a Yarmouth merchant, was the mother of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice (1805-1872), a man of great influence two generations ago. Her letters, it was said, were the dictionary of his writings—that is to say, there were some notable words and phrases which they used, like most mothers and sons, in a way peculiar to themselves. "In spite of her fancy," he says in one place, "which made her miserable by filling her with the most unnecessary fears about all who were

dear to her, she was in all her own trials, even in sudden emergencies, brave and collected, and she had an inward truthfulness and love of accuracy which I have seldom seen stronger in anyone. . . . Always depreciating herself, in each of her birthday letters she records her sense that a birthday ought to be a season of gloom, not of rejoicing. 'Though I have little hope of a ray of comfort reaching my heart,' she once wrote, 'yet I am always looking for it.' "

She had a daughter PRISCILLA, of whom one in whose home she spent some months every year said, "She was the most exacting person I have ever known, a fearful scourge to my childhood. She used to come to us armed with plans for the reformation of the parish and a number of blank books, ruled in columns for visitation," etc. etc. "She was engaged in a tireless search after the motes in her brother's eyes," a remark which agrees well with a sentence in one of Maurice's own letters to her—"Your letter told me at least what I ought to have been and ought to be."

MRS. PRISCILLA BELL WAKEFIELD (1751-1832), the Quakeress wife of a London merchant, signalised herself by another kind of blank ruled book, for she was one of the earliest founders of "Savings Banks," or "Frugality Banks," as they were then called. No matter what their name, they are splendid institutions, and I hope you all belong to one, and that you are always putting in money and very, very seldom taking any out. Mrs. Wakefield was

the granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the apologist of the Society of Friends ; the aunt of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist ; and the mother of Daniel Wakefield, a writer on political economy.

Another political economist, David Ricardo (1772–1823), had a PRISCILLA WILKINSON for his wife. Ricardo, a man greatly esteemed and beloved, was the son of a Dutch Jew, but, much to his father's grief, became himself a Christian in early manhood.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, tells us that Solon, a very wise and much travelled Athenian, being asked by Cræsus, King of Lydia (550 B.C.), "who was the happiest man he had ever seen?" replied, "Tellus the Athenian, because, living in a well-governed state, he had sons who were good lads, and he saw children born to them, and then afterwards himself died nobly in battle." In like manner the Duke of Wellington pronounced Dr. Christopher Wordsworth (1774–1846), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and youngest brother of the poet, the happiest man in England for at least one day, because all his three sons gained certain great University prizes the same year. Their mother, PRISCILLA LLOYD, a Birmingham lady of Quaker birth, died in 1815 in her thirty-third year, when her youngest boy was only eight. The record of honours won by her sons at College is said to be unequalled in English history. For forty years after her death her grave was kept strewn with flowers by some poor person whom she had befriended.

PRUDENCE is a short form of the word PROVIDENCE, and means *foreseeing, looking ahead*.

PRUDENCE is the name of one of the maidens of the house "Beautiful" in *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was she who warned Christian of the danger of slipping on the way down the hill to the Valley of Humiliation, and it was she who long afterwards catechised his children, and was able to say, as I hope they may do who catechise you, "Good boy, thy mother has taught thee well, and thou hast hearkened to what she hath said unto thee." It was she also who successfully warned young Mercy against accepting the love proposals made to her by a Mr. Brisk, "a man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion, but a man that stuck very close to the world."

Sir Thomas Crewe of Nantwich, who died in 1633, father of the first Baron Crewe, had for his wife a Miss Temperance Bray. They had four sons, and also four daughters, named Patience, Silence, PRUDENCE, and Temperance, and if Prudence was as good at coveting the best gifts as her parents seem to have been, the man who got her for a wife got a goodly heritage.

RACHEL means a *ewe*. There is little said about her in the Bible we can either admire or respect, yet her husband was fond of her—and he knew her best—and she was loved and wooed and lamented and remembered as few women have been. The pillar

Jacob set up over her tomb is the first gravestone we read of.

RACHEL, daughter of Lord Southampton and his wife, RACHEL DE RUVIGNY, a beautiful French Huguenot, married first, in 1653, in her seventeenth year, a Lord Vaughan, and secondly, in 1670, after his death, William Russell, younger son of the Earl of Bedford. Their union was one of the happiest of which we have record in the English language. Her letters to her "dear man," her "dearest man," as she often calls him, are very beautiful and touching. "My best life," she says to him in one of them, "make my felicity entire by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission without murmur to His most wise dispensations and unerring providence. He knows best when we have had enough here; what I most earnestly beg from His mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but He will support us under what trial He will inflict upon us. . . . Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon this; it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present, which I hope will be long; though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through

the merits of Christ." In June 1680 she writes: "May you live one fifty years more; and if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep you company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats." (Brats in those days was simply a term of endearment.) . . . "Expressions of affection are but a pleasure to myself, not to him who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to by my words." Here is one other prettily turned phrase, October 1681: "I never longed to be more earnestly with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression. If I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy; *but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality with you, except that of sincerity*: and I will ever be (by God's grace) what I ought, and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife."

The end came sooner than either of them thought. In 1683, at the instance of Charles II. and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., her husband was arraigned of high-treason. During his trial she sat beside him and acted as his secretary. On the eve of his execution he asked her to stay and sup with him. "Let us eat our last earthly food together," he said. Next morning, at eleven o'clock, says Burnet, "my Lady left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. After she

was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him."

She died in 1723, at the age of eighty-six.

At the crisis of the Revolution, King James asked help from the aged Earl of Bedford, who had offered £100,000 to save his son's life. "My lord, you are an honest man, have great influence, and can do much for me at this time."

"Alas! sir," was the answer, "I am old and feeble, but I *once* had a son who might *now* have served your Majesty."

George Gilfillan, a well-known United Presbyterian minister in Dundee (1813-1878), had for his mother RACHEL BARLAS, "a woman comely to look on, with bright hair and open look." "I never saw her angry," says her son, "and I never saw her weep. She loved my father warmly, but shed no tears at his death; the grief was within. A month afterwards her hair became grey, and she looked ten years older." When she married she was twenty-two, and her husband, a minister, thirty-one, with a stipend of £50. They lived together for thirty-three years, but their income never reached £100. Dr. Watson, in his *Life of George Gilfillan*, gives the old people's balance-sheet for 1803, when they had five children. Their income was £62, 14s.; and their expenditure—for clothes, £7, 3s. 4d.; fuel, £2, 7s.; meal, milk, etc., £24, 12s.; butcher meat, £2, 17s.; servant's fee, £3, 10s.; books and post, £7, 6s.; etc. etc. There was an overplus of £1, 7s. 2d., and at the foot of the

page the old man gives thanks to God for all His mercies.

In July 1705 there died at Dumfries a young woman named RACHEL BLACK. She was a "Cameronian," "of a pretty good understanding and good education, and was come of godly parents, and used to teach children to read." As a child she herself had often heard James Renwick, the last of the Covenanting martyrs, preach. Seventeen days before her death she wrote her dying testimony. In it she tells how, when she was about thirteen, God in His infinite wisdom and love manifested Himself to her, "engaging my heart to love Him so that I could not rise up out of that place wherein I then was, without covenanting with Him personally, giving myself away to Him. And in my coming away from the place my heart was so fully set upon God to bless and praise Him, that I was even made to invite all the creatures to come and join with me in blessing, praising, and commending of Him. . . . And many times after He so engaged my heart with love to Him that I was necessitated to renew my covenant with Him." She specially mentions "the Burnside of Tinnald" as a place where she received "love-blinks" from Christ.

At the close of the paper she bids farewell to the light of the sun, moon, and stars, and all things in time. And then she adds: "Farewell, sweet Bible, *and all orthodox commentaries made thereon.*" All orthodox commentaries! Good girl as she was, poor Rachel would have been much better and happier,

and very much wiser, if she had had a little sense of humour. What a surprise she would get, when she entered heaven, to find not only orthodox but unorthodox commentators waiting to receive her, and all of these of both classes, especially the orthodox ones, confessing that their books had been full of blunders, and fearful blunders, from beginning to end! And above all, what a glad surprise to her to find that she herself had gone farther astray than any one of them in her views both of God and man.

I hope, however, none of you will imagine that we are done with the Bible when we die. On the contrary, it is only in heaven that we shall find out its full meaning, and see all its truth and beauty.

“RACHEL DAY, my mother’s maid,” says Miss Mary Boyle, in her Autobiography edited by her nephew, Sir Courtenay Boyle, “was a most consequential and important character in her own eyes. During a visit we paid to Longleat, the residence of the Marquis of Bath, ‘the most august house in England,’ Day was found by the head housemaid wandering about the corridors. ‘Can I be of any use?’ said the housemaid in a patronising tone; ‘I dare say you feel lost in such a large house.’ ‘Oh dear no,’ she replied, with an air of offended dignity, ‘we live in a much larger one at home!’—which was true, for our home was the Palace of Hampton Court. When my sister became maid of honour to Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV., Day assumed an extra dignity and courtliness of manner, and invariably talked of ‘when we go to Windsor,’ ‘when our

waiting begins,' and the like." She was a great stickler for etiquette. One evening, for instance, she came with this difficulty to her mistress: "In the housekeeper's room do I follow or precede the Honourable Mrs. Spalding's maid? for I do not know if a Viscount's daughter goes before the wife of the younger son of an Earl." She loved high-sounding phrases. During a prolonged stay in Florence she heard a great deal about the Middle Ages and mediæval customs. "My friend Mrs. Chapman," she would say, "wore quite a Middle Age satin."

REBEKAH is said to be connected with a word which means *a cord with a noose or with loops for tying lambs*, and seems therefore to denote *one who has a winning, captivating way*; just as, on the other hand, a wicked woman is said in Ecclesiastes to be one "whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her."

One of the great-grandmothers of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American philosopher, was REBECCA WALDO. Her son, the Rev. Joseph Emerson, "a heroic scholar," believed that it was good for a man to be poor, and used to pray every night that none of his descendants might ever be rich.

"The roads to the unknown regions west of the Missouri in America during the mighty stream of immigration forty years ago, were strewn with in-

numerable graves of men, women, and little children. One of the most noted of these may be seen about two miles from the town of Gering, Scott's Bluffs County, Nebraska. Around the lonely grave was fixed a wagon-tire—fit emblem of a finished course—and on it rudely scratched the name 'REBECCA WINTER, 1852.' The tire remains as it was originally placed, and, as if to immortalise the sad fate of the woman, many localities in the neighbourhood derive their names from that on the rusty old wagon-tire, 'Winter Springs,' 'Winter Creek Precinct,' 'Winter Irrigation Co.,' etc." (*The Great Salt Lake Trail.*)

A good woman whom I know told me lately some things about her mother, whose maiden name was REBECCA STEEN. She and her husband occupied a little farm in the north of Ireland, and had for their neighbour a man of so bad a character that he was called, and regularly known as, "the Devil." What he would have termed his "proper" name I may not give, for his children are still alive and, happily, have redeemed the family name by not walking in their father's steps. "This man," said my friend, "used to drive his cattle into our ground at night after we were all in bed, but my mother knew it. My father was a quick, hasty man, and to prevent a quarrel she rose at three in the morning and removed with her hands everything that showed that cattle had been there, and she would say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.' She suffered from dropsy. Her knees were terribly swollen, and before

she knelt to pray she used to rub them to slacken them so that she could bend. She used to pray behind the byre door, and never went there in trouble, she said, without getting relief. She often warned us against untruthfulness, and if we were speaking carelessly would say, 'Watch! mind what the Bible says—"and all liars shall have their part"'—and there she would stop (Rev. xxi. 8). She was always telling us to keep near Him, and would say, 'If there is such a thing as a disappointment in heaven, I'll be disappointed if I don't meet you there.' When she was dying, and had been refreshed for a little by a drink of water, she said—and said it so lovingly—'*Fondly, fondly* would I have stayed with you, but I am more than half-way on my journey, and I *wouldn't* turn back now.' Our bad neighbour came to see her at the end, and when she was gone he said, 'If there is an angel in the good place, it's Rebecca'; and he refused to go away till we allowed him to have some hand in preparing her body for burial."

REBECCA in the Bible found her husband at the well's mouth, so to speak, but there was a REBECCA LE BAS, a Northamptonshire lady, who, poor creature, lost hers there. She was the wife of Simon, first Earl Harcourt (1714-1777). He was governor to the prince who afterwards became George III. He was also Viceroy of Ireland, and while holding that office proposed a tax of two shillings in the pound on the rents of all absentee landlords. He lost his life by falling into a well, from which he was trying to pull out a favourite dog.

And as Rebecca owes all her fame to the way she treated Eliezer of Damascus and his camels, so there is one in English history who owes hers to the way she treated a creature of much less heroic proportions. MRS. REBECCA SNOOKE—let us hope her husband's name was the worst of him—was the aunt of the Rev. Gilbert White (1720-1793), whose *Natural History of Selborne* is an English classic. She lived near Lewes in Sussex, and it was from her house to his own, eighty miles off, that he carried in a post-chaise the "old family tortoise," of which he speaks so often. "I was much taken," he says, "with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity, but remains inattentive to strangers. Thus not only the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it and is touched with the feelings of gratitude."

Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham, a great Nonconformist minister who died a few years ago, had for his grandmother REBECCA YEATES. She died while her daughter, his mother, was still a child, and there is little said about her in his Life. But if one can tell what a girl is likely to become by looking at her mother, so one ought to be able to tell what a mother was by looking at her daughter. If that be so, then Dr. Dale's mother came out of a good nest. For ten years before his brother Thomas was born,

Robert was an only child. His mother's one desire for "her Bobby" was that he should grow up to be a minister of the gospel. For this she seemed to live; for this she prayed incessantly; for this she laboured; for this she would make any sacrifice. From his birth she had given him to God. She died in 1854 on the day he agreed to become the colleague of the well-known John Angell James. Dr. Dale once said that his mother's death-bed was to him "a new chapter in the Evidences of Christianity."

Of Oliver Cromwell's nine brothers and sisters the youngest was ROBINA, so named after her baby brother who had died the year before, aged four months, "that the name of the dead might not be cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place." She married a Rev. Dr. French, and had a daughter Elizabeth, who became the wife of Archbishop Tillotson. When the marriage was first proposed, Miss French desired to be excused, but her stepfather—for her widowed mother had married again—insisted, saying, "Betty, you shall have him, for he is the best polemical divine this day in England." If any of you wish to know the meaning of *polemical*, don't be lazy, but turn up the dictionary!

RHODA, ROSE, AND SOPHIA

“I beseech you (chiefly that I may set it in my prayers), tell me your name.”—SHAKESPEARE.

RHODA, which is Greek for *rose*, is one of the only two young girls whose names are mentioned in the Bible. She was one of those who sat up praying for Peter when he was in prison (Acts xii. 12), and when the Angel set him free and Peter came to the door, she “knew his voice,” but “opened not the gate for gladness.” Miriam, as we see from her clever speech to Pharaoh’s daughter, is the type of the girl who keeps her wits about her in an emergency. Rhoda, on the other hand, lost her head, yet thereby gained her crown! All wise teachers and examiners know that, now and again, more capacity is shown by a blunder than by a correct answer to a question, and in some such cases they are justified in giving the scholar or the student the highest possible marks. So it was with Rhoda. Our Lord promises a reward to those who “take the stranger in”; but Rhoda entered into the joy of her Lord because she did *not* take the stranger in, but left him knocking at the door!

At two o'clock on the morning of the 7th March

1557, in the reign of "Bloody" Mary—a name she won for herself by her fierce persecution of her Protestant subjects—Edmund Tyrrel, one of the justices of the neighbourhood, came to take ROSE ALLIN and her father and mother prisoners, to convey them to Colchester Castle, in Essex. The mother being very sick, and having desired that her daughter might fetch her a drink, Rose went for it, taking a stone pot in one hand and a candle in the other. Tyrrel met her on the way back, and after a little talk said, "Then I perceive you will burn with the rest for company's sake." "No, sir, not for company's sake, but for my Christ's sake, if so I be compelled; and I hope in His mercy if He call me to it, He will enable me to bear it." So he, turning to his company, said, "Sirs, this gossip will burn, do you not think it?" "Prove her," quoth one, "and you will see what she will do by and by."

Then Tyrrel, taking the candle from her, held her wrist and the burning candle under her hand, burning cross-wise over the back thereof so long till the very sinews cracked asunder, saying often to her meanwhile, "Why, wilt thou not cry? wilt thou not cry?" Unto which she always answered that she had no cause, she thanked God, but rather to rejoice; he had more cause to weep than she, if he considered the matter well.

After the sinews broke, he thrust her from him. Then she said, "Sir, have ye done what ye will do?" And he said, "Yea, and if ye think it be not well, then mend it." "Mend it! nay, the Lord mend you and give you repentance, if it be His will. And now,

if you think it good, begin at the feet and burn to the head also, for he that set you on the work shall pay you your wages one day, I warrant you." And so she went and carried her mother drink.

"While my one hand was a-burning," Rose said afterwards, "I having a pot in my other might have laid him on the face with it, if I had would, for no man held my hand to let (that is, to hinder) me therein. But I thank God with all my heart I did it not." "But was not the pain very great?" "It was some grief to me at first, but afterwards the longer I burned the less I felt, or well near none at all."

On the forenoon of the 2nd August, six martyrs were burnt at Colchester, amid cries from a witnessing multitude of—"The Lord strengthen thee," "The Lord comfort thee." In the afternoon of the same day other four suffered "with joy and triumph," and amongst these was our Rose. "Thus ended," says the old chronicler, "all these glorious ten souls that day their happy lives unto the Lord, whose ages did grow to the sum of 406 years or thereabout."

"Manum amisit, sed Palmam retinuit," *Lost her hand, but kept the palm* (the palm of victory), says Thomas Fuller, applying to her what was said of Caius Mucius Scævola, a brave Roman youth, who, when threatened by King Porsenna with death by burning if he would not reveal the whole story of a conspiracy, thrust his right hand into the flame of an altar that was standing close by, and held it with unmoved countenance till it was consumed, saying,

" See how little thy tortures can avail to make a brave man tell the secrets that have been entrusted to him."

It is a very awful thing, both for this world and the next, when a girl takes up with foolish or ungodly companions, as did ROSE BELL, "so clever and so pretty," of whom Mrs. Browning says:

" Poor Rose !

I heard her laugh last night in Oxford Street :
I'd pour out half my blood to stop that laugh.
Poor Rose, poor Rose !"

ROSALIND was the "feigned name, well ordered," given by the poet Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) to ROSE DYNELEY, "the widow's daughter of the Glen," the maiden whom he wished to marry. She said of him that he had "all the intelligences at his commandment," but though she so clearly foresaw his greatness she refused to be his wife. Spenser never forgot her, and neither blamed her himself nor allowed any other to do so. Sixteen years after he had written about his rejected love in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, he wrote these touching lines in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* :

"Not, then, to her, that scornèd thing so base,
But to myself the blame, that lookt so high ;
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above,
Such grace shall be some guerdon of the grief
And long affliction which I have endured."

(The fifth line means: that I may honour her *publicly, before all men.*)

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American writer (1804–1864), had a daughter ROSE, whose birth in 1851 Mrs. Hawthorne thus announced to the baby's grandmother: "I am happy to tell you that we have multiplied our powers of loving you by a whole new soul." Twenty years afterwards, when Mrs. Hawthorne was dying, her son Julian tells us how his sister, that same Rose, brought in a little yellow crocus early in the morning, the first that had come up that year, and laid it on the quilt beside her. "It was a Sabbath morning and a very lovely day. Towards noon the little crocus had opened wide upon the quilt—a perfect sun."

ROSE STANDISH, first wife of Captain Myles Standish, one of the leaders of the Pilgrim Fathers who founded the United States, landed in America on December 21, 1620, and died in January, the first of the little company who sailed in the *Mayflower* to be buried in the land of her adoption. But the first-fruits of the New Englanders unto God was the wife of Mr. Bradford, another of their leaders. She was washed overboard after the *Mayflower* had come to anchor in Plymouth Bay. The Pilgrims numbered in all one hundred men, women, and children, and within three months fifty of them had died. Their graves were carefully levelled and sown over with wheat, that the Indians might not know how few and weak the new comers were.

The meaning of RUTH is uncertain, but it is such a pretty name, and the character of the first who

bore it is such a noble one, that one wonders why so few parents have ever given it to their children. She was one of those from whom, as concerning the flesh, our Lord was descended, and yet we are told there was a man who got the chance to marry her and would not do it, lest he should mar his own inheritance!

"I said once to Tennyson," says F. T. Palgrave, 'Why do you not write an Idyll upon the story of Ruth?' The deep tone of conviction with which he answered still seems with me—'Do you think I could make it more poetical?'"

The mother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American poet and essayist (1803–1882), was "the pious and amiable" RUTH HASKINS of Boston. His father, a minister with 330 dollars, that is less than £70 a year, was a great book buyer, and often found it hard to make both ends meet. But after his marriage, though his wife brought him no money, his anxieties came to an end. "We are poor and cold," he wrote, "and have little meal, and little wood, but, thank God, courage enough." A wise girl can make one shilling go as far as a wise man could make five, and twice as far as a foolish girl could make twenty, and however poor she is she never loses heart. Mrs. Emerson seems to have been another of those women who are ordinarily very calm and undemonstrative. Her two boys were once late in returning from a holiday. "My sons," she said, "I have been in an agony for you." "I went to bed that night," said her most famous son,

"*in bliss* for the interest she showed." Boys often don't know, till too late, the agony their mothers are continually in on their account.

You should get your fathers some Sabbath night to read you Josephus' account of the destruction of Jerusalem. I shall never forget the night my father read the 5th chapter of the 6th Book, about the man who went about the city for months crying, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" and then, one day, suddenly cried out, "Woe, woe to myself also!" and was struck the next moment, and killed, by a stone hurled by one of the Roman engines. The best known translation of Josephus was made by the Rev. William Whiston (1667-1752), who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. He married his schoolmaster's daughter, RUTH ANTROBUS. I am sorry that is all I know about her. But she must have had her own troubles, for her husband loved controversy, and was never out of hot water. He was a fearlessly outspoken man, as several stories prove. He was talking one day with Chief Justice King about men who signed articles of faith which they did not believe, in order to get preferment, and was surprised to hear him say, "We must not lose our usefulness for scruples." "Does your lordship allow such prevarication in Court?" he replied. "No," was the answer. To which, says Whiston, "I replied, 'Suppose God should be as just in the next world as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?' To which he made no answer, and to which, said

Queen Caroline when I told her the story, 'No answer was to be made.'"

Queen Caroline herself asked Mr. Whiston to point out some of her faults. "One of them," he said, "is talking during public worship." "Tell me another," she said. "No, madam, not till you have corrected that one."

In *The Morning Watch* for last month I said it seemed a little curious that so few parents have named their children RUTH. A few days ago, in one of our Greenock schools, a lady teacher told me she had both a RUTH and an ORPAH in her class. Strange to say, the Bible lesson in ordinary course that day was on the Book of Ruth, and Orpah was absent! But I saw her the next day. The girls are not relatives.

With reference to the rarity of the name RUTH, I have received a kind letter, in which the writer says: "The name is more common with us in the South of England than with you in Scotland. For example, my only living sister is a Ruth, my stepmother was a Ruth, my only daughter's mother-in-law is an Orpah. I have three old friends who have each a daughter with the name of Ruth, and I have a maid-servant Naomi." It is not every day that one's hap is to light on a part of the field like that! Surely a house of Obed-edom which the Lord hath blessed!

Dr. Alexander Leighton (1568-1644), physician and Presbyterian divine, the father of Robert Leighton,

Archbishop of St. Andrews, wrote a book called *Sion's Plea against the Prelacie*. It was printed as the title page says "the year and month wherein Rochelle was lost," that is, in 1628. On the last page are these words: "Kind Reader, bear with the Literal Faults; want of due points, or accents; and some sections not well divided; whereof we could give you divers causes." But there were worse faults in the book than mistakes in spelling, in the eyes of Archbishop Laud, and chiefly through his instigation the poor author, according to the barbarous usage of those days, was publicly whipped, had one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and his face branded with the letters S.S., Sower of Sedition. Good man though he was, his taste was by no means infallible, as one can see even from the names he gave his children. When one finds that two of them were called James and Robert, and the other two Caleb and Elisha, one feels that one pair of them at least had some reason to complain. And further, greatly daring, he called his daughter SAPPHIRA. It was a curious thing for him to do, though perhaps he could have given "divers causes" for that also.

SABRINA. Thomas Day (1748-1789) was a somewhat eccentric Englishman who resolved to choose a wife on what he deemed to be philosophical principles. Going first of all to an orphan asylum at Shrewsbury, he picked out a flaxen-haired beauty whom he named SABRINA SIDNEY, Sabrina after the river Severn—being its name in Latin—and Sidney after Algernon, the

famous grand-nephew of the still more famous Sir Philip. Then from a Foundling Hospital in London Mr. Day chose a brunette whom he called Lucretia. He undertook to make one of these girls his wife, or to give her a marriage portion if he changed his mind, and to apprentice and maintain the other till she married or became independent. Lucretia turned out a stupid girl, but, all the same, easily found a husband. With Sabrina he tried several experiments, but as she screamed when he fired pistols, loaded only with imaginary balls, at her petticoats, and started when he dropped melted sealing-wax on her arms, he judged her to be infirm of purpose and of an unheroic mould. She married a friend of his, a barrister. Mr. Day gave her £500, and when she became a widow, three years after, settled on her £30 a year.

After several other attempts and failures he succeeded in getting a wife at last, a Miss Esther Milnes. She was an heiress, but he insisted that her money should be left entirely in her own control. One is pleased, and yet not a little surprised, to find that they lived happily together for eleven years. He met his death in characteristic fashion. He set out one day to visit his mother on an unbroken colt, in accordance with one of his pet theories, that kindness would subdue any animal. The colt shied on the way, and threw him on his head. He died an hour afterwards.

Mr. Day is best known by his *Sandford and Merton*, written to set forth his ideal of manliness. There is much in it that is absurd, but in the opinion

of many it is one of the best books for children in the language.

We know SARAH as well as we do any woman in the Bible. She is the only one whose age at the birth of her son (90 years) and at death (127 years) is recorded. We know she was beautiful even in old age; we see her on a journey, and in her tent; we see her baking, listening—and she had a right to listen; we hear her telling a fib; we read about her temper, her quarrel with her maid, her obedience, her pride in her husband, her faith and tremendous courage in many a crisis; we are told about her death and burial; and her grave and the grounds about it, the only bit of ground her husband ever owned in the Land of Promise, are described with a loving minuteness that is unequalled—"the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about." She lived before Christ about as long as we live after Him, 1900 years, and we can still hear and join with her in her holy laughter; for God, she said, "hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me." A pretty, wise, infectious, merry laugh—not the loud laugh you hear on the streets sometimes which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot—is a great gift of God. "My wife," says Mark Twain in his *Autobiography*, "had the hearty, free laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music. I heard it for the last

time when she had been occupying her sick-bed for more than a year, and I made a written note of it—a note not to be repeated.”

Dean Stanley, when travelling in the East in 1852, being then thirty-seven years old, thus writes to one of his college friends: “If you pass by our house in London after having heard of us, go and see our dear Sarah,” that was, SARAH BURGESS, his nurse. Four years afterwards he thus writes from Canterbury to Jowett of Balliol: “Early on Wednesday morning our old and dear friend after whom you so kindly ask passed away. She had been with us for thirty-eight years, and was certainly one of the best persons I have ever known, perfect in her generation, a constant refreshment and support when the heavens have been black around us, and when faithfulness has seemed to be ceasing out of the earth. It was always instructive to hear her talk. To us, to servants, to her own family, she was equally an oracle. One thing struck me a good deal the last time we spoke together about her end—the way in which she placed her whole confidence, not in the mercy, but in the justice of God. (See 1 John i. 9.) Happily we were all together here. On Monday next I propose to follow her remains to Cheshire, and lay them beside her father and mother in Alderley Churchyard. Forgive me for saying so much, but to us no loss out of our own selves could be greater, and her loss can never be filled.”

Mrs. Carlyle in her *Letters* thus describes another

SARAH whom she had in 1860: "Sarah's tidiness and method are just what were wanted to correct little Charlotte's born tendency to muddle; while little Charlotte's willingness and affectionateness warm up Sarah's drier and more selfish nature. It is a curious establishment, with something of the sound and character of a nursery, Charlotte not nineteen till next March, and Sarah seventeen last week. And they keep up an incessant chirping and chattering and laughing; and as both have remarkably sweet voices, it is pleasant to hear. As neither of them can awake of herself, I don't know what I should have done about that hadn't Charlotte's friends come to the rescue. An old man who lodges with her aunt raps on the kitchen window till he wakes them every morning at six on his way to his work, and her uncle raps again on the window before seven, to make sure the first summons has been attended to! to say nothing of an alarum, which runs down at six, at their very bed-head, and never is heard by either of these fortunate girls."

Writing in 1894, at the age of eighty-five, when his eyesight was troubling him, Mr. Gladstone wrote these words: "Many kind friends have read books to me. I must place LADY SARAH SPENCER at the head of the proficients in that difficult art: in distinctness of articulation, with low, clear voice, she is supreme."

Here is a story of a little SARAH, who, without knowing it, made her mark in history.

Benjamin West, the great painter, was born in Pennsylvania in 1738, the tenth child of Quaker parents. In his seventh year he was placed one day with a fly-switch in his hand to watch his eldest sister's sleeping baby, while his mother gathered flowers in the garden. As he sat by the cradle, the child smiled in its sleep. Struck with its beauty, he took a piece of paper and drew its portrait in red and black ink. His mother presently returned, and seeing him trying to hide the paper, snatched it from him. Having looked at it, she exclaimed, "I declare he has made a likeness of little SALLY!" and then she took him in her arms and kissed him fondly. He died in 1820, and was buried in London in St. Paul's Cathedral.

When Lord Macaulay was a child he had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells, which a maid named SALLY threw away one day as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining visitors, walked into the circle, and speaking very solemnly said, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark" (Deut. xxvii. 17).

In the *Diary* of Philip Henry (1631-1696), father of Matthew Henry the Commentator, we have in his references to four Sarahs a beautiful glimpse into his character—(1) as a good brother; (2) as a good master; and (3) as a good father.

(1) "Sister SARAH came to us; told me several

passages in connexion with her stay in Ireland. God that hath hitherto kept her keep her still from all evil. Amen."

(2) "Deborah Brookfield went from us after two years' continuance with us, I wish I could say proportionately better. SARAH PROBART came to live with us in her stead. Lord, let her soul live in Thy sight."

(3) "25 July, 1671. This day SARAH went to school to SARAH MICKLEWIGHT. The Lord in mercy preserve her there and prosper the means of her education. Give her and the rest of them that better part that shall never be taken from them. Amen."

SARAH FORD, who died in her ninetieth year in 1759, the mother of Dr. Samuel Johnson, was a woman of distinguished understanding though unacquainted with books. Her son told Boswell that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heaven as "a place to which good people went," and Hell "the place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to Thomas Jackson their man-servant. Of Dr. Johnson's last letters to her, these two may be given:

"HONOURED MADAM,—The account which Miss Porter gives me of your health, pierces my heart. God comfort, and preserve you, and save you, for the sake of Jesus Christ. I would have Miss read

to you from time to time the passion of our Saviour, and sometimes the sentences in the Communion Service, beginning—‘Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’

“I have just now read a physical book, which inclines me to think that a strong infusion of the bark would do you good. Do, dear Mother, try it.

“Pray send me your blessing, and forgive all that I have done amiss to you. And whatever you would have done, and what debts you would have paid first, or anything else that you would direct, let Miss put it down; I shall endeavour to obey you. I have got twelve guineas to send you, but unhappily am at a loss how to send it to-night. If I cannot send it to-night, it will come by the next post. God bless you for ever and ever.—I am, your dutiful son,
“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,—Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.—I am, dear, dear Mother, your dutiful son,
SAM. JOHNSON.”

It was to defray the expense of her funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left, that he wrote his *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. He com-

posed it, so he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the evenings of one week, sending it to the press in portions as it was written.

Forty-five years ago, in January 1862, over two hundred men and boys perished by accident in a coal-pit at Hartley, in the North of England. When their bodies were recovered some days afterwards, it was found that some of the men had written messages to their friends, scratching them in the dark on anything that came to hand. One man had written on the lid of a box these words to his wife: "Farewell, SARAH, the Lord will bless you."

When the Earl of March, afterwards the second Duke of Richmond, was in his eighteenth year, in 1719, he was married to LADY SARAH, daughter of the Earl of Cadogan, one of the Duke of Marlborough's favourite generals, *to cancel a gambling debt between their parents*. He was brought from college and she from the nursery for the ceremony. "She stood silent and amazed," while he, as he looked at her, cried out, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Immediately after the marriage he was carried off by his tutor to the Continent. Returning after three years, he spent his first night in England at a theatre, so disagreeable was the recollection he had of his wife. There, seeing a lady of remarkably fine appearance, he asked a bystander who she was. "Sir," said the man, "you must be a stranger in London not to know the reigning beauty, the beautiful Lady March." Whereupon Lord

March proceeded to the box where she sat, announced himself, and claimed her as his bride.

It was their daughter, LADY SARAH LENNOX, whom, when she was fifteen, George III. wished and promised to marry. Court intrigues, however, compelled him to give her up. The loss of a crown was no small trial to her, but a greater trial, we are told, befell her at the same time, and that was the loss of a pet squirrel. Many years afterwards she married the Hon. George Napier, and had some famous warrior sons. She died in 1826, having been blind for many years.

Lord Macaulay's mother was SELINA MILLS, daughter of a Quaker bookseller in Bristol. (SELINA comes from the Greek word for the *moon*.) Macaulay used to say it was from her side of the house he got all his joviality and love of fun. He was such a loving, tender-hearted little boy, crying, for example, with joy every time he saw her after however short a parting, that she feared he was not destined to live long. She had the good sense never to flatter him or make him show off his extraordinary powers before others, and when he begged her, as he often did, to let him stay away from school of an afternoon, she would say, "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go." Her character, however, is perhaps to be best seen in a letter she wrote to him in May 1813, when he was thirteen-and-a-half years old:

"I have always admired a saying of one of the old heathen philosophers. When a friend was condoling

with him that he so well deserved of the gods, and yet that they did not shower their favours on him, as on some others less worthy, he answered, 'I will, however, continue to deserve well of them.' So do you, my dearest. Do your best because it is the will of God you should improve every faculty now. . . . You see how ambitious your mother is. She must have the wisdom of her son acknowledged before angels and an assembled world. My wishes can soar no higher, and they can be content with nothing less for any of my children. The first time I saw your face I repeated those beautiful lines of Watts' cradle hymn :

' Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise,'

and this is the substance of all my prayers for you."

SIBYL or SIBYLLA was the name given by the Romans to a prophetess. The most famous Sibyl was the one who came in the early days of Rome to King Tarquin the Proud. She offered him, the story goes, nine books to buy. When he refused them, she went away and burnt three of them ; then bringing back the remaining six, she offered to sell them at the same price that she had asked for the nine. He laughed at her, and then, as before, she went and burnt three more, and coming back asked still the same price for the three books that were left. The King, struck by her pertinacity, asked his augurs what this might mean. "By all means," said they,

"buy the three; but you should have bought the nine, for they are full of great and solemn secrets." So the King bought them, and they were kept in a stone chest underground in the Capitol, and two men were set apart to take charge of them and to consult them when the State was in danger. Which things are an Allegory, to be considered and interpreted by all wise girls.

It was to see SIBELLA PIRIE, Mrs. Robertson, one of his earliest and dearest friends, a mother in Israel, and a woman well known for her hospitality especially to ministers, that Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, son of John Brown of Haddington the Commentator, made the ride so graphically described by his son, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, in a letter to Dr. Cairns. When the old man expressed a wish to ride with his son, whose patient "Sibbie" was—she was lying hopelessly ill at Juniper Green, near Edinburgh—the friend, a Mr. Stone, who was lending the son a horse, said, "You ride!" "Let him try," said the son, the upshot being that Mr. Stone brought round a sedate pony for the old minister, with all sorts of injunctions to the son not to let his father try the chestnut thoroughbred on which he himself was to ride. But the old man, who had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years, soon got teased with the short pattering steps of the sedate pony—whose name was Goliath—and looking wistfully up at his son and longingly at the tall thoroughbred which stepped once for Goliath's twice, said, "I think we'll change." "And so," says the Doctor, "we

changed. I remember how noble he looked ; how at home ; his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. . . . In a twinkling he was out of sight. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford I asked a stonebreaker if he had seen a gentleman on a chestnut horse. 'Has he white hair?' 'Yes.' 'And een like a gled's?' (that is, a hawk's). 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, he's fleein' up the road like the wind ; he'll be at Little Vantage (about nine miles off) in nae time if he haud on.' I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate, neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in ; he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the midst of prayer. His words as I entered were, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee' ; and he was not the less instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride. He never again saw Sibbie. On coming out he said nothing, but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly. His heart was opened : he spoke of old times and old friends ; looked at the hills, and the sky ; . . . and broke into Cowper's words : 'Yes,

He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year ;
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.' "

SOPHIA is the Greek word for *Wisdom*, and it is one of Christ's names. "Rabbi" Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh (1796-1870), great scholar and great saint, lost his mother when he was five, but happily got for his stepmother one SOPHIA SUTHERLAND. The neighbours—as many bad women still do—cruelly did all they could to poison his mind against her, but he never had a better friend. His father, a stern, harsh man, wished to make his boy a shoemaker like himself. She, discerning the promise of the child, set herself to answer his prayer, "Oh that God would spare me till I get on the red cloakie,"—that is, the red gown worn by the students of Aberdeen. She used to hear him say his lessons, and marvelling at the speed with which he rattled them off, would say, "Mind the stops, Johnny, my boy!" And well was her love repaid. Once, being very angry with his father for some act of severity, the little fellow made his will in Latin, with a brevity and yet with an amplitude that revealed both his hatred and his love, in these terms: "Omne matri, nihil patri"—Everything to mother, nothing to father. After her husband died, she married a Mr. Booth, who equalled his wife in devotion to her stepson. Dr. Duncan's frequent letters to them, many of them "registerdies" like Jamie's in *A Window in Thrums*, were carefully arranged and laid past, and when Mrs. Booth was dying she kept the bag that held them under her pillow.

MISS SOPHIA JOHNSTON, or SUPHY as she was always called, was one of the best known women

in Edinburgh in her time. Her father and mother made a vow, when she was born, never to teach her anything, or break her spirit by contradiction, but to leave her entirely to what they called "Nature." In her girlhood she hunted with her brothers, wrestled with the stable-boys, sawed wood with the carpenter, became an expert worker in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made trunks, played well on the fiddle, sang bass, and was an excellent mimic. When she was a young woman she got the butler to teach her reading and writing. Her dress, according to Lord Cockburn, was always the same—a man's hat out of doors and indoors too, a cloth covering cut like a man's greatcoat buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, and strong shoes with large brass clasps. Thus dressed, she sat in any drawing-room and at any table, amidst the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. She was very outspoken, and if anyone said a foolish thing in her hearing, no matter who it was, would say, "That's surely great nonsense, sir." For thirteen years she lived with the Countess of Balcarres, and had a little forge fitted up for her in one of her apartments. It was she who taught Lady Balcarres' daughter, Lady Anne Barnard (1750–1825), the melody for which that lady wrote the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." In her later years Miss Johnston lived alone with only one servant. When the servant went out—it might be for a whole day—she was told to lock the door and take the key with her. This saved her mistress the trouble of answering the door, but she had a hole made through which she could see who came, and if



THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA

she was inclined she talked to them through it, and when tired told them to go away. Her closing years were very unhappy. When her old friends of the Lindsay family called they generally found her crouching in a corner of her den, and her first salutation, as she stretched out her skinny hand to receive their gift, was always: "What hae ye brocht? what hae ye brocht?"

In 1701, when the question of succession to the throne of Great Britain was discussed, it was found that all the descendants of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England were either dead or were Roman Catholics, with the exception of SOPHIA, wife of the Elector of Hanover, and her family. (The King of Hanover was called *Elector* because he was one of the great princes who had the right to elect the Emperor of Germany.) Sophia was the twelfth, some say the thirteenth, child of Elizabeth, wife of the King of Bohemia and daughter of King James. The name Sophia was chosen for her by lot, which was a very wrong and foolish thing to do. Her parents should have gone straight to God, and He would have guided them in answer to their prayers. One of Sophia's brothers was Prince Rupert, the man who during the Civil War in England won many battles by his resistless charges and then lost them by his too headlong pursuit. Sophia was brought up amid all the ridiculous ceremony that has ever been the pride of the German Courts. Every day at dinner she had to make nine profound obeisances to her brothers and the attendants. Many princes sought

her hand, and she was even betrothed for a time to one of them, Adolph of Sweden, but she was not sorry to give him up. He had a bad temper, and, perhaps worse still in her eyes, "a chin like a shoe-horn." Her heart, she says in a letter, had lain towards this country and its people ever since an English lord had remarked in her hearing that when she grew up she would be the most beautiful of all her sisters. Accordingly the putting of her name in the Act of Settlement greatly pleased her, though, as she said, "I am too old to think of any other kingdom than that of Heaven." She died on the 8th of June 1714, aged eighty-four. Had she lived seven weeks longer she would have succeeded Queen Anne, who died on the 1st of August, aged forty-nine, and would have been, instead of her son George, the first of the present dynasty to sit upon the throne of Great Britain.

There was another woman of this name, SOPHIA CHARLOTTE, the mother of Frederick the Great's father, born 1669, wedded 1684, died 1705. Her husband, who used to call her *Fiechen*, that is *little Sophie*, was, says Carlyle, "a solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear; whatever quarrels they had, capable of being healed again." She had fourteen children, but her heart was wrapped up in the oldest, Frederick William. He was sent out on his travels in his seventeenth year, and a few days afterwards a piece of paper was found on which she had drawn the picture of a heart with the French word PARTI, *Gone*, printed over it. Sophia is known in history as the Queen who solaced herself during the long-drawn-out

service at her husband's Coronation by taking a pinch of snuff—a thing considered very scandalous, yet surely no worse than what our own grandfathers did who passed their snuff-boxes to each other from pew to pew every Sabbath, just as their descendants eat peppermints and chocolates to keep themselves awake and make the time they spend in the house of God pass pleasantly.

Some years ago, at a roadside railway station in Wigtownshire, having some acquaintance in those parts, I asked a little boy who was playing about the waiting-room what his father's name was, and what his mother's. The second question seemed to puzzle him. "What does your father call her?" I said. The look of puzzlement gave way to a look of distress, and fearing I had pained him, I sought to change the subject. The boy, however, continued marching up and down, and at last, greatly to my relief, replied, "He ca's her SHOOSHAN." It was perhaps the first time in his life he had ever called her anything but "Mother," and it may be he was feeling he was treading on holy ground.

SUSAN, which means *lily*, is the Hebrew word *Shushannah*, so that the little lad's pronunciation was not so far amiss.

"If you go to Dundee," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to her husband sixty-three years ago, "you might spend a day very pleasantly with *those good Stirlings*." The good Stirlings—a fine name to go down with into history—were a worthy engineer and his wife, SUSAN

HUNTER. Carlyle called, and found them gone out. "I remember hearing afterwards," he says, "that Susan had from her windows with a prospect glass singled me out on the chaotic deck of the steamer about to leave, and kept me steadily in view for about an hour, in spite of crowds and confusions, till we actually steamed away: which seemed curious."

SUSANNA—ZIPPORAH

“A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW.”—MARK xii. 42.

O woman, casting thy two mites, how is't
Thy name's not given?
Himself a widow's son, the Evangelist
Might well have striven—
“Hush! hush! it was the doing of the Christ.

“This silence that my Master on me laid
Increased her fame!
Her glory's all the greater, for He made
Her Deed her Name—
The widow that did cast in all she had.”

HERE is an inscription, seventeen hundred years old, taken from a wall in the Catacombs of Rome: “Once the happy daughter of the Presbyter Gabinus, here lies SUSANNA, joined with her father in peace.” SUSAN, you may remember, means a *lily*.

SUSANNA, wife of William White, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, holds two American “records,” as we say nowadays, records which can never be taken from her. (1) She was the mother of the first English baby born in New England. This child, born on board the *Mayflower* in Cape Cod harbour, was named *Peregrine*, which comes from two Latin words

—*per*, through, and *ager*, a field—and is the same word as *Pilgrim*, and means a *stranger*, one who comes from over the way. (2) She was the first New England bride; for, her husband having died, she was married, after a brief widowhood, to Governor Winslow, himself a widower, on May 12, 1621.

When Peregrine became a man he petitioned for a special grant of land, on the ground, no doubt, that though first come he had been last served, and got 200 acres. He died at the age of eighty-three. An apple tree planted by him on his lot was still bearing fruit a few years ago.

LADY SUSAN HERVEY had a son John, of whom Bishop Burnet tells us that he was one whom King Charles II. loved personally, and yet upon a great occasion he voted against that which the King desired, so that the King chid him severely for it. Next day, another important matter falling in, he voted as the King would have him. So the King took notice of it at night, and said, "You were not against me to-day." "No, sir," he answered, "I was against my conscience to-day."

SUSANNAH CLIFFORD of Frampton Court had a daughter Anne, whose epitaph is *Dum Virgo Dum Virago*, Both Maidenly and Masculine, or, as one has translated it, *Maid Manly-made*, she having served six hours on board her brother's fireship against the French off Beachy Head, June 1690.

Another "manly maid" was SUSAN FROST, a Sussex woman, who saved Sir Charles James Napier,

the future conqueror of Scinde, when he was an infant, from a murderous nurse, and ever after watched over him with inexpressible affection. During the troublous times of 1796 she was left with some of the youngest of the family, while the rest were in England, in charge of the family mansion near Dublin. The house was attacked by some hundreds of men clamouring for arms. They expected no resistance from a few maid-servants. The old serving-man, Lauchlan Moore, acting under Susan's orders, defied them. Having put the children in one of the rooms, she stood outside the door armed with pistols, while Lauchlan shouted defiance. At last, when the men began to batter in the front door with a beam, he proposed to surrender, but Susan cried, "No! never, never! Let them take what they can; I will not give." The firing waxed hotter, the windows were all shattered with bullets, the door was yielding, and the assailants were pressing the assault, and all seemed lost, when suddenly the tumult ceased and the men hurried off. Susan at the first alarm had sent off a maid by a back way for help, and help had come. Twelve servants had been sent from a house a mile off, under the guidance of an old soldier, who had served through the siege of Gibraltar fifteen years before under General Eliott, and must have recognised in Susan a spirit akin to that which possessed that brave commander.

When Thomas Manton, the Puritan divine, was asked after he had baptized SUSANNA, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley, how many children the

Doctor, himself an only child, had now, he replied, "It is either a couple of dozen or a quarter of a hundred." The latter estimate was right, for SUSANNA was the twenty-fifth, and became herself the mother of nineteen, two of them being the famous John and Charles Wesley. She taught her children from their infancy "to fear the rod and to cry softly, so that," as she herself puts it, "that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house." Further, "they were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them that when any of them were ill there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine. They were quickly made to understand that they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask a servant for anything without saying, 'Pray give me such a thing,' and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word." She died in 1742, aged seventy-three. A short time before her death she said to the members of her family who stood round her bed, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." Then, addressing Christ, she said, "My dear Saviour, are You come to help me in my extremity at last?"

The Marquis of Dalhousie (1812-1860), one of the greatest of Indian viceroys, first met his wife, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in November 1834, and wrote in his diary, "LADY SUSAN HAY is a nice girl." The love that sprang up between them filled him with deep joy and sent him often to



SUSANNA WESLEY

his knees before God. They were married in January 1836, and lived together in unbroken and ever increasing happiness till her health compelled her to leave India. She died on the homeward voyage, May 6, 1853. It fell to his military secretary to break the terrible news to him. Lord Dalhousie had just returned home from his usual drive on the Calcutta Course. Major Ramsay took him apart and, falling down, clasped his knees and said, "My lord, oh my lady, my lady!" He fell to the ground as if suddenly stricken dead. After a time he rose, locked the door, and remained alone for several hours. Two days afterwards he wrote a line to his secretaries telling them he could not see them, but begging them to send in their boxes with documents as usual. "Give me work to do. Keep me incessantly employed. It is my only chance." But there is a silence more eloquent than words. He had kept a diary, day by day, since he was a boy at school twelve years old. But from the 6th of June, the day when the news of his wife's death reached him, till the 9th December, there is not a single entry in it. She lies buried at Cockpen, near Edinburgh, with these words on her grave: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

They had two daughters, but no son, and it was a touching letter from the elder of these, LADY SUSAN RAMSAY, then only seventeen years of age, a lady who died but a short time ago after a life of no little sorrow, that first taught him, as he himself said, "that he had still something left to love."

Mr. Spurgeon's wife was a MISS SUSANNAH THOMPSON, daughter of Mr. Thompson, Falcon Square, London. She saw him for the first time one Sabbath evening, December 18, 1853, when he was preaching, and was much amused, she tells us, at his huge black satin stock, his long badly trimmed hair, and his blue pocket handkerchief with white spots. They met occasionally after that at the house of a common friend. On the 20th of the following April he sent her a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* "with desires for her progress in the blessed pilgrimage." On June 10 they were present with a party of friends at the opening of the Crystal Palace, and while sitting together "near where the great clock is now fixed," waiting for the procession to pass by, Mr. Spurgeon handed her a book, Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, and said, "What do you think of the poet's suggestion in these verses?—

'Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of His Providence;

Yet ask not in bold confidence that which He hath not promised :
Thou knowest not His good will ; be thy prayer then submissive
thereunto,

And leave thy petition to His mercy, assured that He will deal
well with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the
earth ;

Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal.'"

Then he added in a whisper, "Do you pray for him who is to be your husband?" and then, after a little, "Will you come and walk round the Palace with me?"

Mr. Tupper was perhaps scarcely at his very very

best as a poet when he wrote these lines, but the thoughts are as good as can be.

On the 2nd of August they were engaged. The entry in his "own doubly-dear Susie's" diary that day reads thus: "It is impossible to write down all that occurred this morning. I can only adore in silence the mercy of my God, and praise Him for all His benefits." They were married on Tuesday, January 8, 1856, and for upwards of forty years the aspiration written by him in his Family Register was answered to the full:

"And as year rolls after year
Each to the other still more dear."

It was fitting that Charles Darwin, the man who found out many of the secrets of Him who formed us out of the clay, should have for his mother SUSANNA, the daughter of a potter, Josiah Wedgewood. Before Wedgewood's time the dishes our forefathers used at table were mostly rough and coarse and often very ugly. He taught our countrymen, having first learnt it himself after long labour, to make them shapely and beautiful. Mrs. Darwin had a remarkably sweet and happy face. She was married in 1796, and died in 1817, when her famous son was only eight. Strange to say, he remembered only her black velvet gown, her curiously constructed work-table, and her death-bed.

Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of the poet William Wordsworth, was married in 1838 to MISS SUSANNA HATLEY FRERE,

he being then thirty-one and she twenty-seven years of age. The day after they became engaged he sent her a packet containing the nine gold medals he had won at Winchester and Cambridge, that he "might connect with her his past as well as his future life." "Having won you," he added somewhat unwisely, "I am not eager for any other honour in this world. May God of His infinite mercy grant that we may both obtain together a crown of glory in that which is to come." A few weeks after, when she and her parents went to visit him at Harrow School, of which he was at that time Headmaster, he did a very beautiful thing. He took her by herself into every room in his house, and offered up a little prayer, thus consecrating her and himself in all their incomings and outgoings to God, making God, as it were, their first Guest and their perpetual Host. She seems to have been a singularly good woman, "absolutely truthful and thorough," "modest, diffident, retiring, yet never flinching from an acknowledged duty or evading a painful responsibility," so tranquil, brave, and self-possessed that it used to be said in the family in times of anxiety that "things must be going badly because she was so cheerful." She was, further, a very beautiful woman, a lovely singer, and a most charming reader. Her husband used to speak of anything he had written as if she had been joint author. After his edition of the Greek Testament had come out, he would say, for example, in referring to a passage, "You will find that in Mrs. Wordsworth's Commentary." They lived so happily together that he often said he would like it to be put on their tombstone, according to the

old jest, "that they were never reconciled." She died, aged seventy-three, in October 1883, her husband following her five months later.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's grandmother was a MISS TEMPERANCE BISHOP. She was a good house-manager, never eating the bread of idleness, and an admirer of learning. She and her husband always began Sabbath at sunset on Saturday. From that one fact we can guess many more. When she had been some years a widow, a worthy man, who had watched and admired the way she had managed her husband's estate and brought up her eight young children, bethought him of asking her to marry him. She, divining his purpose and wishing to spare him the pain of a direct refusal, read to him some extracts from her favourite poem, Young's *Night Thoughts*, specially one passage in which the poet, speaking of grey-headed people who forget how old they are, compares them to damaged clocks, whose bell strikes one hour while the hands point to another :

"Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve."

If the *Night Thoughts* have been often similarly used, one need not wonder that Young's claim to rank among minor poets is rejected by many men of sensibility.

THEODORA, THEODOSIA, THEODATE (four syllables, the *a* short), like DOROTHY, all mean *Gift of God*.

The American Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier was descended from a Captain Christopher Hussey who married THEODATE, daughter of a Rev. Stephen Bachiler who was born in England in 1561. From a brother of hers was descended the greatest of American orators, Daniel Webster. It was often noted that Webster and Whittier had the Bachiler eye, dark, deep-set, lustrous. "Eyes which first saw the light before Shakespeare was born have repeated themselves, generation after generation, to this day." Mr. Bachiler came from England to Boston when he was seventy-one. At the age of seventy-eight he and Captain Hussey founded the town of Hampton, New Hampshire. Fourteen years afterwards, at the age of ninety-two, he returned to England, and had still eight years of his life to live!

Joseph Alleine (1634-1668), one of the brave Puritan ministers who suffered fine and imprisonment during the reign of Charles II., wrote a book, still read, called *Alarm to the Unconverted*, of which 20,000 copies were sold. Three years afterwards, when its name was changed to *Sure Guide to Heaven*, 50,000 were sold. He was an Oxford man, and as a student "toiled terribly." He was a scientific experimentalist and observer, and intimate with the original founders of the Royal Society. His wife was THEODOSIA, daughter of Richard Allein (1611-1681), one of those who signed "The Solemn League and Covenant," and author of a book called *A Vindication of Piety*. The book was refused licence, but on being published without it was rapidly bought up and "did much to

mend this bad world." Dr. Grosart in the *National Dictionary of Biography* tells us that Roger Norton the royal printer caused it to be seized and sent to the royal kitchen to be burnt, but, as he glanced over the pages, he was arrested by what he read, and feeling on second thoughts that it was a sin that so holy and so saleable a book should be killed, bought back the sheets, and bound them and sold them in his own shop. For this he had to beg pardon on his knees at the Council Table. It was further ordered that all the remaining copies should be "bisked," or rubbed over with an inky brush, and sent back to the Palace for lighting fires. But even in Charles II.'s Palace, as in Cæsar's household long ago, there were men who would not do as they were bid, and bisked copies occasionally turn up still.

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), one of the greatest of portrait-painters and colourists, was the seventh child of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, master of a grammar-school in Devonshire, and THEOPHILA, daughter of the Rev. Matthew Porter.

There are perhaps few men in history to whom we are more in debt than the "most excellent" Theophilus, the man but for whom Luke might not have written the Third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. His name is a very beautiful one. It means *a lover of God*, and THEOPHILA is the feminine of it. Sir Joshua's father, we are told, was an absent-minded man. Once, when he was riding, for example, one of his boots dropped off, and he never missed it. He must surely have had an equally bad attack the

day he bought such an easy-fitting pair. On his wife's name he made this rhyming "domestic arrangement":

"When I say—'The'—
Thou must make tea;
When I say 'Ophy'—
Thou must make coffee."

They must have been a very busy couple when they had to converse by a telegraphic code!

Grace Darling (1815-1842), the brave girl who, on the morning of September 7, 1838, rowed out with her father, a lighthouse-keeper on one of the Farne Islands in the north of England, to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, and saved the nine survivors of a ship's company of fifty-two, had for her mother THOMASIN or THOMASINA HORSELEY (1774-1848), a farmer's daughter. She was twelve years older than her husband, William Darling. He died in 1865, aged seventy-nine.

Earl Bathurst (1714-1794), Lord Chancellor of England from 1771 to 1778, wrote his own epitaph: "In Memory of Henry Earl Bathurst, Son and Heir of Allen Earl Bathurst and Dame Catherine his wife. His ambition was to render himself not unworthy of such Parents." Lawyers, especially Lord Chancellors, consider him one of the least efficient, "the weakest though one of the worthiest," of those who sat on the woolsack during the eighteenth century. He was twice married, his second wife being a MISS TRYPHENA SCAWEN.

TRYPHENA and TRYPHOSA were two women, probably sisters, to whom Paul sends his regards in his Epistle to the church at Rome. Their names, which are "characteristically pagan," are Greek words, which have been translated *Dainty* and *Disdain*. In our day these two ladies would have been called the Misses High and Haughty, or the Misses Nice and Nasty. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that in his boyhood, having heard someone describe his future stepmother as a "pert minx," he turned up his dictionary to see what a minx was, and found it was "the female of mink"—whatever that might be. That their two daughters should be pert minxes was the highest ambition the parents of Tryphena and Tryphosa had, at least if we may judge by the names they chose for them. No Greek or Roman wished his children to be "meek and lowly." The last thing in the world these two women would once have thought of doing would have been to put their necks to any kind of work. But to their everlasting honour it is said they put on Christ's yoke and learned of Him, and toiled and toiled hard in His service, and thus their pagan names have actually become Christian ones. Yet neither name is common.

On the 28th of August 1685, Lady Alice Lisle was found guilty of having sheltered a Dissenting minister who was supposed to be a rebel. The infamous Judge Jeffreys—you may read the whole story in Macaulay's *History*—condemned her to be burnt alive that afternoon. She was respited, however, for five days, and, at her own request, beheaded and not

burnt. Her death was what we call a judicial murder. She had two married daughters, TRYPHENA LLOYD and Bridget Usher, and through their efforts, four years afterwards, in the days of King William, the sentence that had been passed against their mother was annulled by Act of Parliament. Mrs. Lloyd having afterwards become a widow, had for her second husband Lord James Russell, a brother of the patriot martyr Lord William Russell, to save whose life from the fury of King Charles his father the Duke of Bedford offered £100,000 in vain.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American writer, gave his first child, born March 3, 1844, the name UNA, taken from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "As to her name," wrote a friend, "I hardly know what to say. At first it struck me not quite agreeably, but on thinking more of it I like it better. The great objection to names of that class is that they are too imaginative. If your little girl could pass her life in playing upon a green lawn, with a snow-white lamb with a ribbon round its neck, all things would be in a 'concatenation accordingly'; but imagine your wife saying, 'Una, my love, I am ashamed to see you with so dirty a face'; or, 'Una, my dear, you should not sit down to dinner without your apron.' Think of all this, before you finally decide."

The story of her life is a very touching one. After her father's death she became engaged to a young American writer of great promise. His health being delicate, he set out on a voyage to the Sandwich

Islands. He died on the passage. A lady wrote to her announcing the news. "The letter came one afternoon," says a friend, "when we were all sitting in the library. She began to read, but after a moment quickly turned over the page and glanced on the other side. 'Ah—yes,' she said slowly, with a slight sigh. She made no complaint, nor gave way to any passion of grief, but she seemed from that hour to relinquish the world along with her hopes of happiness in it." She continued to devote herself, as she had done for some years previously, to the upbringing of orphan and destitute children. But before the end of the year her dark auburn hair had become quite grey. She died soon after, near London, in 1877.

Ursa is Latin for a *she-bear*, and URSULA or URSILLA, therefore, means a *little* she-bear. Ursa Major, that is, the Greater Bear, is the name that astronomers and sailors long ago gave to the constellation of seven stars which we now call the Plough or Charles' Wain—that is, Charlemagne's Wagon. If you do not know it by sight, ask any grown-up person to show it to you the first clear starry night you are out of doors. The two stars at one of the ends are called the *pointers*, because they point in a straight line to the Pole-Star, so called because it tells us that when we look at it we are looking almost due North. I should not wonder if it was some mariner who first called his wife or his little girl Ursula because the thought of her kept him in the right course and drew him home.

"Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun."

That is what every Ursilla and every good girl will do: she will seek to guide all who look at her on their happy voyage "towards no earthly Pole."

Henry Lord Stafford, who died in 1565, and his wife URSULA, daughter of Sir Richard Pole, K.G., and Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, had a son Richard who died very poor. This Richard had a daughter Jane, born in 1581, who married a joiner in Shropshire, and they had a son a cobbler, on which one of the old writers on English genealogies remarks as follows: "The granddaughter of Henry Lord Stafford, the great-granddaughter of the mighty Edward Stafford Duke of Buckingham, and of Margaret who was heiress of George Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward IV., the wife of a joiner and her son a mender of old shoes!—tell it not in the College of Arms, publish it not—but the moral lesson ought not to be withheld."

Tennyson in his *Harold* makes one of his characters say, "My father was great and cobbled," and Dr. Robertson of Irvine once described one of his elders as "a man who lived in communion with God and made shoon." May we not say that possibly the Plantagenet who had Cardinal Pole for a brother was less to be envied than that other who had a cobbler for a son?

When Martin Luther the Reformer was a boy of fifteen, in 1498, he was sent to a school in Eisenach, in Saxe-Weimar. There, says Principal Lindsay in his *History of the Reformation*, "he was a 'poor

scholar,' which meant a boy who received his lodging and education free, was obliged to sing in the church choir, and was allowed to sing in the streets, begging for food." One day when he had been repulsed from three houses, and was standing hungry and downcast before the house of a burgher named Conrad Cotta, URSULA COTTA, his wife, who had often watched young Luther at church, and now noticed his dejected air, opened the door and bade him come in. Conrad was so much pleased with the lad's society that after a few days he made him an intimate of his home. There Luther learned that there was nothing on earth more lovely than the love of husband and wife, when it is in the fear of the Lord. There, too, to please this good Shunammite, he learned to play on the flute and cultivated that gift of music which afterwards did so much for Germany and for the Reformation.

John Brown of Haddington, the Commentator, was twice married, his second wife being VIOLET CROUMBIE. She is said to have been a superior and even a remarkable woman, clear-headed, frugal, industrious, and a notable house-mother. She was a great reader of books, too, and literally read the libraries in the town of Haddington dry. Her mother having died young, she and the rest of a large family were taken care of by a faithful old servant. The children never forgot the strange emotions that came over them every Saturday evening when they saw the long row of shoes, all black and shining, which she had laid out for them for the Sabbath day.

Miss Croumbie's father, a merchant who supplied the packmen or pedlars who in those days carried goods along the less frequented by-ways, seems to have been a man of striking character. He had one strange experience. He kept a store of gunpowder in a cellar right below his shop. One summer evening, as he sat at his window over his ledger, one of his apprentices went into the cellar with a lighted candle in his hand. A spark lit on the powder, the barrel exploded, the lad was killed, the ceiling was blown up, while Mr. Croumbie himself was hurled up the street over thirty yards. That Gunpowder Day was never forgot, and every year after, when the date came round, Mr. Croumbie spent the day in prayer and thanksgiving. His premises and stock were insured, but he peremptorily refused the money when it was offered him. He felt that he himself had done wrong in letting an inexperienced youth go on such a dangerous errand. The Insurance Company, in their astonishment at such unprecedented delicacy of conscience, gave him a service of plate. More than two hundred of John Brown's descendants are alive at this present moment, the most distinguished of them being Professor Crum Brown of Edinburgh University, and the Rev. Professor Cairns of the United Free Church College, Aberdeen. Twenty-one years ago last June, fifty of the family met in Haddington to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Brown's "death, ascension, and entrance into the joy of his Lord." It was Mr. Croumbie's silver service that was used at the parting meal at the close of that memorable day.

If ever there was a Scottish "mother in Israel," "addicted to the ministry"—if the phrase may be so used—it was surely VIOLET ADAMSON, who had a husband, and four sons, and all her sons-in-law, ministers of the Gospel. Her husband, Mr. Andrew Simson, who died minister of Dunbar, was master of the grammar-schools, first of Dundee, then of Perth. His pupils in the latter city, 300 in number, having hissed a friar who was preaching against Luther, and the magistrates having insisted on an inquiry, it was found out that the disturbance arose from the reading by a craftsman's son to his schoolfellows of one of Sir David Lindsay's books. The boy, being called out for punishment, denied that the book was heretical and asked his master to read it for himself, offering to submit to punishment if the book proved to be what the friar said it was. Mr. Simson agreed, read the book, and from that hour took the side of the Reformers. When he was dying, as his son Patrick remembered when he too came to die, he quoted the text, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And that was "a great memory," as an old chronicler says.

Patrick Simson died in his sixty-third year, in 1618, minister of Stirling. He was a man of great learning, great courage, great modesty, and great piety. Having, to quote the old chronicler again, "the commodity and liberty of a bibliothek," or, as we should say, the run of a good library, he attained to a great perfection of the Greek language, wherein he did greatly delight, reading Plato, Xenophon, Thucydides, Homer, Demosthenes, Socrates, Josephus. Being

asked why he applied his mind to ethnic (that is, non-Christian or worldly) writers, he answered that he got the benefit of the language by them, not only the pure Greek, but the Ionic, Doric, Attic; and as the Israelites borrowed jewels of Egypt, whilk they dedicated to the Tabernacle, so whatsoever golden or precious sentences he read among those, he consecrated them to the worship of God. Similarly, in the Preface to one of his books, he says: "Take in good part the goats' hair and the rams' skins which I present to cover the Tabernacle of our God. I refer the ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones for beautifying the inner parts of the Tabernacle, to others upon whom God hath vouchsafed greater gifts. The house of God is large and ample; and as it hath need of bright-shining torches for the halls, parlours, and chambers, so it hath need of smaller lights for cellars. If my farthing candle give light in the lowest cellar of the house of God, my heart is fully content. Farewell. Thine in the Lord."

VIRGINIA, eldest sister of Galileo the astronomer (1564–1642), was married in 1591 to Benedetto Landucci, son of the Tuscan Ambassador at Rome. Writing to his father at the close of 1590, Galileo says: "I am preparing for Virginia a set of silk bed-curtains, the silk for which I bought at Lucca, and have had it woven at little cost, so that, although the stuff is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide it only cost me about three *carlini* (that is, about tenpence) the yard. The stuff is made with a selvedge and is sure to please. I am now having the silk fringes made for ornamenting the

curtains. I could also have the bedstead made, if desired. I beg of you not to speak of this in the house, as I wish it to be a surprise. I shall bring them at the Carnival holidays, and if you wish I could also bring enough to make four or five vests of damask and velvet of an exquisite design." Galileo, though poor, bound himself further to provide her dowry. One would have thought that the bride who provided such a brother-in-law for her husband brought him something much better than gold and silver, but Landucci was determined to have all that was nominated in the bond, and even held out the threat of prison to the man whom God was calling to roam at large amongst unseen stars and undreamt-of worlds of worlds.

In 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh made his last attempt to colonise the territory on the other side of the Atlantic which Queen Elizabeth had named Virginia. He sent out three ships under a Captain John White, with 150 souls, of whom 17 were women. One of these was the captain's own daughter, a Mrs. Dare, and it was her daughter, VIRGINIA DARE, that was the first child born in America of English parents. Twenty years afterwards, when a new expedition arrived, only seven of the 150 were found alive—four men, two boys, and this one maid. Professor Walter Raleigh thinks it possible that Shakespeare may have had her in his mind when he was writing about Miranda in *The Tempest*.

WILHELMINA, elder sister of Frederick the

Great (1712–1786), was the third child of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. of Great Britain. It was her two baby brothers that were said to have been killed, the one by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over his birth, and the other by the heavy dress and chiefly by the little crown he wore at his baptism. In her childhood she was “a wise little girl, of almost too wise wits.” Through life she was “the truest of magnetic needles, but only too sensitive and liable to deflection,” “shaky but steadfast.” She wrote two volumes of *Memoirs of her life*, in which, says Carlyle, we can see “a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness; a veracious book, done with her heart and from eyesight and insight. The book,” he adds, “is full of mistakes, indeed; and exaggerates dreadfully; but is above intending to deceive: deduct the due subtrahend—say, perhaps, twenty-five per cent., or in extreme cases as high as seventy-five—you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina.” In her early youth she had such trials as we do not usually associate with the lot of kings’ daughters. Her father in his passion threw plates at her head, and once struck at her with his crutch, “which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me.” He chased her for a while in his wheel-chair, but the people who drew it made it drive heavily, and gave her time to escape into her mother’s chamber. On another occasion, because she sided with her brother when he had sentenced him to death for disobedience, her father struck her on the face with his clenched fist again and again, and made

to kick her when she fell. The Queen's shrieks and the pitiful cries of the younger children alarmed the very guards, and gathered a crowd under the Palace windows. Finally, her father shut her up in her apartments and fed her with bread and water of affliction. But one day, as she and her maid sat listening to the tramp of sentries, and looked mournfully at each other, "with nothing but a soup of salt-and-water, and a stew of old bones full of hairs and slopperies," there was a tapping at the window. They started up in surprise, to see what it could be. It was a raven, such as Elijah, not Noah, had to wait on him, carrying in its beak a bit of bread, which it left on the window-sill as it flew away. Other trials common in kings' houses, specially those connected with marriage, she had in abundance. Two, three, some say four, kings, or kings to be, all sought her hand, one of them a Prince of Wales, all of them such men as most kings have been; but she wisely would have none of them. Once, when the King her father commanded the Queen her mother to insist on her daughter's acceptance of one of these proposals, and backed up his threat by quoting the text, "Wives, be obedient to your husbands," the Queen said, "But there's another text which tells us that when Eliezer of Damascus asked Bethuel's daughter in marriage for young Isaac, Bethuel said, 'We will call the damsel and enquire of her mouth. And they called Rebecca, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man?'" Wilhelmina was married at last, however, and not unhappily, to the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, in 1731. The chief sorrows of her married life were

those of her wedding-day. For her hair went all wrong, through over-dressing, and hung on her face like a boy's, and her gown of cloth-of-silver, trimmed with gold lace, with its train twelve yards long, was like to make her sink to the earth ! She died in 1758.

WINIFRED, which they say means *peacemaker*—"and blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God"—was the name of the wife of Peter, the Welsh preacher, whose strange spiritual history George Borrow describes at some length in the story of his own life in *Lavengro*. She was very good-looking, with a composed yet cheerful expression of countenance, "decked with quiet graces." She stirred up the gifts that were in her husband, telling him that if "he would but exert himself there was much good he might do in the wide world with the blessing of God," and so it was her husband could describe her as "the truest wife that ever man had, and the kindest." Let me put to you with all affection the question she put to George Borrow, "Excuse me, but do you know anything about God?" and let me wish for you, now and at all times, as she wished for him, "that you may be visited by sweet and holy thoughts."

"It is the unexpected that happens, and it is therefore conceivable that someone who reads this may be called ZILPAH, but it is not likely, and indeed one would be surprised to find three of that name in all Britain. It was the name of Leah's maid, the mother of Gad and Asher, 3600 years ago, and in modern

times it was the name of the mother of the poet Longfellow. Her father was a General Peleg Wadsworth, a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens of *Mayflower* and *Miles Standish* memory, and as her minister was Ichabod Nichols, her people evidently did not stay in the beaten track when they searched for names. She had a brother Henry, after whom the poet was called, a lieutenant in the American Navy, who in his nineteenth year voluntarily perished in the fireship *Intrepid*, blown up before Tripoli, September 4, 1804, to save it from falling into the enemy's hands. The poet's mother was fond of poetry and music, loved nature in all its aspects, would sit by a window during a thunderstorm, was a good neighbour, kind to the poor, and a constant reader of the Bible, especially the Psalms. On Sabbath evenings she used to take up the great Family Bible and look at the pictures, and sing, and go over "the family record of births and deaths which grew upon the blank pages between the Old and New Testaments." Here is an extract from one of her letters in 1824, when her son was seventeen: "Not a day passes that I do not think of my absent sons, nor do I ever forget them in my daily petitions to that Being who alone can protect us." She died in 1851. Her son, summoned by telegram, went to Portland and found her lying "in a chamber where I last took leave of her, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with the body, without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me, as if there had been no shock or jar in nature, but a

harmonious close to a long life. Next day I looked for the last time at the mild, sweet face of my mother."

ZIPPORAH, one of the least regarded women in the Bible, might have been one of the best known and best loved women in human history had she only known how great a chance she had in being asked to be the helpmeet of such a man as Moses.

John Arthur Roebuck (1802-1897), grandson of Dr. John Roebuck, founder of the Carron Ironworks near Falkirk, and himself known as "Tear 'em," one of the potsherds and firebrands of parliamentary life who have their brief day, had for his father an Ebenezer, and for his mother a ZIPPORAH, a conjunction of Scripture names not easily to be matched. She was the daughter of a Mr. Tickell, brother-in-law to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the tragedian and orator. She was married at the age of sixteen, but was early left a widow with six children and slender means, her husband having died in India when he had an almost certain prospect of making a great fortune. Being very beautiful, very clever and fascinating, she was sought in marriage by many, and finally accepted a Mr. Simpson, with whom in spite of great poverty she lived happily till her death in Canada in 1842. She taught her son to read *with feeling*. For many years it was his custom to go into her room before she was up, and lay on her dressing-table a letter written on any subject that suggested itself to his fancy. When she first proposed this to him, he

objected on the ground that he had nothing to say. Her answer was: "Never mind that, write anything, no matter what. Tell me what you have done during the day, what you have seen, what you have read. You may always find something, never mind how trivial. You will find as time goes on the task more easy, and by and by it will become a pleasure." "And so it did," he adds.

In her girlhood Mrs. Roebuck had one singular experience. She was brought up by a Miss Anne Boscawen, to whom her father at one time had been engaged. Miss, or rather Mrs. Boscawen, to give her official title, was one of Queen Charlotte's maids of honour. She gave up her post in order to be married, but Mr. Tickell broke his word. She returned to Court to act as the Queen's laundress, a post at that time thought worthy even of a peer's daughter. Many waters, however, cannot quench love, and some years afterwards, when Mr. Tickell's children were left orphans, she sent for them and brought them up as though they had been her own—so like is woman's love to the love of God.

Those of you who have names that are beautiful in themselves, or that have been made beautiful by those who have borne them before you, must see to it that you keep their beauty undiminished and their honour untarnished. "Remember," said Alexander the Great to one of his soldiers who was called Alexander, "remember that you bear my name and act worthily of it." A decoration constitutes an

obligation. If your name is an ugly one, or if the sin of others has made it hateful or ignoble, ask God to help you by His grace to redeem it, and He will beautify it with His salvation. And seeing a child's name is a big bit of its inheritance, if any of you in the years to come are called in the providence of God to choose a name for anyone, you must plead with God to guide you in your choice. Try to please Him, and Him only. And upon every one of you may He write His Own New Name—whatever that may mean—at last, and may I be there to see it, one with you in Christ.

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